



# SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 21, No. 15

{ Saturday Night, Limited, Proprietors }  
Offices: 28 Adelaide Street West

TORONTO, CANADA, JANUARY 25, 1908

Single Copies, 5c.  
Per Annum (in advance), \$2.

Whole No. 1051

## THE FRONT PAGE

THREE citizens were discussing the Senate of Canada the other day. "The method by which senators are appointed," said one, "should be improved—the power of appointment should be taken out of politics, in some way."

"Senators should be elected, not appointed," said another.

"Abolish the second chamber altogether," declared the third citizen.

A great deal of significance attaches to these remarks, for it is evident that until two persons out of three can agree as to what should be done, nothing will be done. It is very generally agreed that something in the way of Senate reform is called for, but while opinion diverges as it does at present the Senators may smile, knowing that nothing will come of a discontent that is as yet indefinite and uned. The same divergence of view that cropped up in the conversation of the three citizens, revealed itself in the debate in Parliament on Monday when motions concerning the Senate were under discussion.

But let us stick to the remarks of the three citizens, for they broadly represent popular opinion. Something should be done to make the second chamber other than it is. The first citizen would change the method of appointment. A Senator proposed recently that the power of making appointments for life to the Red Chamber should rest with the Governor-General, not with the administration. There are many, however, who would cry out against this. It would make the Senate a weapon of interference in the hands of the Governor-General; it would kill the roots of our self-government; there would be danger of antagonism between the two Houses—peril for the Governor-General's office itself. From other quarters come various proposals for re-arranging the method of appointment or selection, by giving representation to the universities, the clergy, the press. But in the end it may be questioned if every man does not know in his heart that no method of appointment can be devised which would much change the character of the Senate or deprive the ruling party of the use of such appointments as the rewards of partizanship.

THE second citizen would have an elective Senate, which means that the Dominion would be divided into large senatorial districts in which candidates would present themselves for election at the polls, or, that Senators should be elected by the various provincial Legislatures. The fault with placing the power of election in the hands of the Legislatures is that it would tend to demoralize the provincial Parliaments—introducing an extraneous and violently disturbing interest, yoking federal and provincial politics together, and introducing pull, influence and bribery, open or concealed, in the choosing of senators. This system, as we see it in the United States, does not impress us as admirable. To elect a Senator by popular vote over a very large constituency would mean that only the very wealthy, or those who could summon from some source a very large campaign fund, could enter the field as candidates with any prospect of success. Open a second elective House in that way, open the candidature only to those with large means or to those with a wide popularity, and very soon election to the House of Commons would be dwarfed in importance. A seat in the Upper House would become the more desirable, because of the larger constituency represented and the longer period during which the Senator would sit. We should then have competing Houses, instead of one complementing the other. In fact we should be embarking on a constitutional change too serious to be lightly undertaken.

"ABOLISH the second chamber altogether," says the third citizen. It is pretty generally conceded that it is of little use as it stands, and needs to be reformed, yet how reform it? Turn which way you like in the effort to reform it and difficulties bristle. It seems rash to talk of abolishing the second chamber, but wherein does the rashness consist? We have no second chamber in Ontario, and I venture to say nothing could induce the people of the province to set up such a chamber. As a matter of fact Premier Whitney does not have his own way more entirely than does Premier Laurier at Ottawa. In both Province and Dominion the administration of the day rules, as should be the case in a democratic country. Few indeed are the instances in which the Senate has imposed a barrier to legislation, and as often as not the barrier has been wrongly imposed. In such a country as ours the people have no right to expect wiser legislation or better government than that given by those elected to represent the voters. The Senate of Canada as it exists is an evidence of the distrust of a past generation in those too free institutions that were seen approaching. It was proposed by perpetuating the Senate to protect the country against the possible folly of the people at the polls. It was a body created to resist parliament on occasion, and curiously enough the fault found with it is that it does not do it, while if it did resist, it would soon cease to exist. As time goes on, however, it becomes evident that the established order needs no upper chamber to protect it, or if it did would find no protection in a body quite as actively partizan as the Commons itself. Parliament, too, proves to be easily led and the established order has little to fear. The people at the polls prove to be not half as dangerous as was feared by those who with terrible misgivings saw the franchise broadened. The conditions that gave us a Senate no longer exist. The Senate, as it exists, is no longer such a body as its founders would have given us. The Fathers of Confederation did not mean to do this thing. It is all a mistake. But what will our children and grand-children think of us if we allow this mistake to continue?

THE Parliamentary debate on the Senate did not call forth a speech in defense of that body. This is discouraging. It tends to show that the present discussion is merely so much vocal exercise, for if the Senate were in real danger of being either reformed or abolished quite a stubborn defense of it would be put up by those who are in it, and those who expect to be in it, flanked by influences and interests which find the Senate very handy in a pinch.

Gibert McIntyre, M.P., finds the Senate old, inert, without incentive. He would have an age limit fixed; he would have its members appointed, fifty per cent. by the Government, twenty-five per cent. by the Opposition, and twenty-five per cent. by the provincial assemblies. But it may be pointed out to Mr. McIntyre that this plan, in order that it should work equitably as between a Government and an Opposition, would require that a new Senate

that will compete and clash with Parliament, and impede and restrain popular government.

HON. GEORGE P. GRAHAM, it is said, is prepared to concede on behalf of the Dominion Government that "in all matters affecting the rights of municipalities, railways incorporated by the Federal Parliament shall be under the control of the provincial authorities." This should be conceded. It straightens everything out with brevity and good sense.

SPEAKING of a case in the London courts, T. P. O'Connor says: "One of the things which this trial brings home to me is the extraordinary difference it makes—at least, in this country—between the simplest facts as they are presented in a court of law and with the full publicity of the press, and as they are known and

The changed color thrown by the court room on conduct and actions familiar enough elsewhere, can have escaped no person's observation. Business men who have cheerfully gone into court confident that they had nothing to fear, have come out haggard and alarmed lest each uniformed policeman was charged with the duty of arresting them. Those who have had experience with "investigations," whether as to combines in trade, the conduct of trust companies, the discharge of duties as a public official, or in anything whatsoever where the atmosphere and light of the court room gets its chance to throw individual conduct into bold relief, have felt that they were singled out for ill-treatment. They have felt that the picture made of them was grotesque, distorted. Perhaps it was not. It may be that the high, pure light of the court room is the true sunlight in which human conduct should be seen in order to estimate the honor and morality of it. Is a man honest in his business? He may think so, but how would his methods look if minutely examined in a court of law, mercilessly probed by a hostile inquisitor, and with rough, unfeeling strokes sketched in the daily press? Is a man honorable and loyal to his friends as well as honest? He may think so, but what kind of a figure would he cut in court if his lightest words were brought into question and if scornful vivisectioners held up on a fork what purported to be his heart?

The court of justice may throw the right kind of a light on men's actions, but it is quite certain that a large percentage of the people are not in shape to have their affairs investigated in the fierce white light that beats upon the witness box. Many a business deal seems well enough at the desk or counter, but detached, isolated from its kind, exposed in the cold air of the courts of law, it shrinks and cowers like a crime. And it may be one. There is no telling—the standards in court and out of it are so very different. Men who are truly honest and those who are giftedly dishonest keep out of the dock.

SINCE writing the foregoing Mr. John S. Chambers, Park Commissioner of Toronto, has resigned, owing to injury done his health by the strain put upon him by a judicial inquiry into all the minute details covering several years past of the department over which he has presided for a quarter of a century. Get any public official into court and he is done for. St. Peter would lose his job if he were investigated. No mere man could serve for years as head of a municipal department, with a large and constantly shifting staff of employees, with an ever changing body of aldermen, controllers and mayors to please, with loose methods of doing business made almost compulsory by circumstances, with no intimation that such a pitiless accounting would in the end be required of him—no mere man could serve in such a capacity, be put through an investigation of this unforeseen character and come out of it with anything except his written resignation in his hand.

No doubt the Park Commissioner feels that he has served the city of Toronto long and well, has been rewarded with ingratitude and pulled down at last by his enemies. The fault is in our system. There is not that close balancing, accounting, auditing, holding of each and all to a strict rule and direction, such as obtains in all modern business. I venture to say there is no preparedness in any department of the municipal service for such an investigation as that now taking place into parks affairs. Turn the searchlight to the right or to the left and further resignations may be had. Not that there is anything much wrong anywhere, perhaps, but small neglects and errors look grave in the light of the courtroom. Trifling acts take on a distorted size.

TRUSTEE LEEVE finds himself entirely without support in the Toronto press in moving that such Roman Catholics as are on the teaching staff of the Toronto public schools be dismissed. When the subject comes to be fully discussed by the School Board it is probable that Mr. Levee will get little support there. Locked at with a hurried glance, the situation might seem to justify the motion made by Mr. Levee. No doubt his argument is that as Roman Catholics maintain separate schools, pay taxes to these and not to the public schools, they should not be employed in the latter as teachers.

But he sidetracks all the general principles of the public school idea when he proposes to dismiss certain teachers because they are of the Roman Catholic faith. Our schools are public, not Protestant. People, whatever their religion, are free to send their children to the public schools—are free to do so and are desired to do so. The public schools are for all the people regardless of creeds, and the expectation should not be relinquished that sooner or later they will serve all. Those who believe that Roman Catholic separate schools in Toronto are unnecessary and should not exist—some say they should not have been allowed to exist or remain in existence—must be among the first to condemn this motion of Mr. Levee's, jarring as it does against their view that the schools are truly public, open to all and should be acceptable to all. A great many Roman Catholic children have attended the public schools of the city, and large numbers are attending such schools here and throughout the province. Of these quite a few will turn to teaching as a profession, after having qualified precisely as all who teach must do. Teachers who are themselves products of the public school system could never be justly excluded from teaching because they follow this or that form of worship.

The public schools should be of such a character as will put in the wrong those who maintain separate or denominational institutions. The state schools should be broad, wide-open to all, with a light ever burning in the window for those who may return. In some way Mr. Levee has deranged his perspective.

When a Roman Catholic citizen has shown his belief in the public school system to the extent of supporting



be appointed after each general election, and the practical working of this would be that in each political party the elected candidate would enter the Commons and the defeated one the Senate. The people would have no chance to have done with men. Throw them out one door, and they would come in another. H. H. Miller, M.P., favored abolition; the Senate was useless now, but if given greater power it would be mischievous. E. N. Lewis, M.P., wanted the Senate question submitted to vote of the people. There is this to be said for his proposal, that it seems highly probable that if anything ever is done with the Senate the people will have to make the move. The politicians will keep on bluffing, because the upper chamber, constituted just as it is, is mighty handy to a Government, and looks from a distance as if it would be mighty handy to a party that expects to get into office sooner or later. One thing the debate accomplished. It drew from Sir Wilfred Laurier another admission on his part that the Senate needs mending. He favored a smaller body than at present, six appointed members from each province no matter how large or small the province. But the Prime Minister did not talk like a statesman who intended to carry out a reform.

If the people want the Senate either mended or ended they have got to make it a people's question.

And the matter seems to stand thus: When the second chamber is in harmony with the Government it is useless; when it is hostile to the Government, it is a nuisance. If we patch it up and make it effective, we create a body

discussed in the intimacy of private life. Take any case you like, and compare its treatment in the smoking-room of a club, and its treatment in a court of law. . . . In a court, things the most familiar lose all their proportion."

The particular case under consideration by "Tay-Pay" was that of the life led by a young man about town in old London, the evidence calling forth expressions of surprise from the presiding judge and the crown prosecutor. Yet the facts which astonished and dismayed a whole court room, are, outside the court, matters of common knowledge. We have T. P.'s word for it that the life of the prisoner under discussion, while it caused something like a sensation when exposed in evidence, is in no essential respect different from that of a hundred thousand other men in that great city. This is not written by way of offering excuse for the life of the prisoner, but in order to indicate the extent to which life as it really exists, is not frankly faced by the courts. Under our system a man is deemed innocent until proven guilty, and we apply this rule even to the extent of overlooking a man's offences entirely although we know all about them—we overlook them altogether unless by some unlucky chance he gets into court and is there exposed. The evidence may not contain a single item that is new to us, may not indeed reveal as much about the man as we knew before, yet until he got into court he was all right, and after that—away with him. The test is not what a man is; the question is not as to what we know him to be. The important consideration is, has he been thrown and branded? Has he sat in the stocks at the four corners?



it with his taxes and sending his children to these institutions to be educated—when he has declined to support separate schools and has cast in his lot with the general public—it can be considered neither just nor politic that a daughter of his, the product of our public schools, should be excluded from teaching on the score of her religion. It poorly requires the confidence shown by this and many another Roman Catholic family in schools which we boast of as public, undenominational, and to which, as we argue, all the children of all the people should be sent. Those among the religious minority who accept the public schools as being what they profess to be, should not have affront put upon them and be given bitter cause to regret their public spirit. It is impossible to believe that the school board can be led into making such a blunder.

LAST week some remarks were made on this page concerning the disregard by family doctors of the danger of spreading infectious diseases in their comings and goings. A French doctor was quoted as saying that members of the medical profession are guilty of a carelessness for which there can be no excuse. In a matter of this kind, if the people at large are to be taught wisdom, an example should be set by professional men. Instead of that their familiarity with infectious and contagious diseases causes most of them to treat with contempt the dangers in which they move. It is very well to be brave, but it is necessary to be wise. Not only should doctors be careful to spread no disease, but their example should be such as to impress on all with whom they come in contact the wisdom of taking every possible precaution against the spread of disease.

The medical profession is either guilty of gross if not criminal carelessness in their personal comings and goings to and from sick rooms, or a great deal of humbug is practiced on people generally in the way of guaranteeing and placarding houses where contagious or infectious diseases exist. Either doctors are not particular enough concerning themselves, or they are too restrictive of the liberties of others.

For instance, can it be right that in a city like Toronto the same ambulance, working for the Medical Health office, should in one day carry to hospital small-pox, scarlet fever and diphtheria patients?

If it is safe to use an ambulance in this way without danger to the patients, what necessity can there be for preaching carefulness to the citizens in such matters? Or what attention will the people pay to such preaching when the health authorities pay no attention to it themselves?

NEW arrivals from England show a remarkable proficiency in writing letters to the newspapers back home. They write well and often and much. The schools of old England may have their faults, but apparently they turn out a race of ready writers. The hired man, lone-some among strangers on a Canadian farm, the pick-handler with the gang on a railway construction job, the clerk in his boarding house, the man-out-of-work, all seek relief in the ink-bottle and tell the British public all about what's the matter with Canada. It is all right. These people will advertise the country well once they begin to prosper in the new world.

However, when a new-comer is in hard luck and gets a pen in his hand he can write a very gloomy letter, and hit a place like Toronto some very hard knocks. An Englishman writing to the Nottingham Express from Toronto pictures the situation here in a way that makes us unrecognizable. He had been in the United States before coming here, and speaking of the cost of living he says: "Canada is dearer in almost everything than America. No working man here earning fifteen dollars a week can afford the luxury of a house for himself." There is a shortage of houses for men earning such wages, but I venture to say there is no city the size of this in America where so many men on such a wage occupy and own their own homes. He goes on to say: "One thing I have learned to appreciate whilst out here is the home life in England, with its society, its comforts, its hospitality, and the sweetness which is England's nature." The wanderer in a strange land always thinks of home in just that way. The Canadian spending a summer in Great Britain or in seeing the show places of Europe, returns up the St. Lawrence with shining eyes eager again to see familiar scenes and faces.

"Outdoors the flowers in Canada have no fragrance, and the grass is nearly always brown; inside home life does not exist." Our critic puts it on rather too strong. As a new-comer he has still something to learn of our wild flowers and of our home life. He should know that he is not yet in a position to speak so sweepingly. "Life is not held sacred in Canada," he says. "The big railways and other monopolies scarcely ever spend a cent on the protection of human life. Six people were killed last week by the street cars in Toronto, and things still go on in the same way." He has been reading the Toronto papers. Life is not held as sacred as it should be—the killing of a man by "accident" is made too much the affair of Providence. We all know it and are striving for the remedy. In other words, the country is new and in the making, and there are many loose ends to be adjusted. "There is a great lack of morality," he complains, "or rather a great deal of license here in Toronto. All besides the English immigrants come here without wife or family, almost without exception. You will find from thirty to fifty living here in a six-roomed house, one of the number acting as cook and 'house-wife' for the lot. You can imagine the morality of a crowd like this." There may be such a house. The fault I have to find with this writer is that, while he may speak the truth as regards particular instances, he wholly misrepresents the sum total of existence in this city. The place as described by him is unrecognizable to any of its inhabitants. For instance, how does he know that there are four thousand men out of work in this city, with its population of three hundred thousand? He does not explain how he knows it, but he knows it because the municipal authorities advertised in the daily press for every man out of employment to come forward and register at the City Hall, a thing it is not customary for cities to do. This meritorious action is used to the city's disadvantage. As the city was undertaking to find employment for idle men, because they were strangers, men flocked in from other places, and if the truth must be told, experience shows that about twenty-five per cent. of these strangers seem to entertain some preposterous notion that to be unemployed is a reproach to the country and a merit in themselves, and fail to put in an appearance when work is assigned them. Some of them want to pick and choose the grade of work they will do, preferring charity to uncongenial employment—a point of view with which this country has no patience whatever.

In publishing this correspondent's letter the Nottingham Express says that the picture he draws of Toronto is not an alluring one, but "the statements tally in the main

## The Wail of the Wicked

BY REGINALD G. SMELLIE

I'M a Master of the Art of Evil-Doing,  
A Napoleon of everything that's bad,  
But I never get the credit for the clever schemes I edit,  
And the lack of recognition makes me sad;  
I have talents that would grace a politician,  
I could shine at any place or any time,  
But I've come to the conclusion that my place is in seclusion,  
There is no respect for undiscovered crime.

I have engineered a few assassinations,  
Doing business both by proxy and by hand;  
I have robbed a hundred houses, and have wedded several spouses,  
And my name should be a by-word in the land,  
But although I've reached the top of my profession,  
I am very much averse to "doing time,"  
I require appreciation, but I hate incarceration,  
And there's no respect for undiscovered crime.

There's amusement in a scientific slaughter,  
And to self-congratulation I am prone,  
But in pulling off a swindle, my enjoyment seems to dwindle  
When I have to do my gloating all alone;  
For I cannot bring my name before the public,  
So I feel that I am simply wasting time,  
And the gist of this tirade is, that until we get to Hades  
There is no respect for undiscovered crime.  
TORONTO, Jan., '08.

with what has been gathered from other sources." This correspondent's statements about Toronto could not misrepresent the city more if they were all false. A man might as well say that "no citizen's life is safe in London if he attempt to cross a bridge," basing the statement on the fact that one man was murdered in crossing a bridge.

A proposal has been made in Parliament that Italian and other foreign immigrants on landing in Canada be searched for knives and other concealed weapons. It might be well if incoming Englishmen were searched for ink-bottles and fountain pens.

MACK.

## Prisoners and the Police.

VANCOUVER, B.C., Jan., '08.

Editor Saturday Night: It is stated in the press that a detective of eighteen years' experience had great difficulty in making an alleged boy murderer confess. Now, sir, there must be some very serious error in reporting the circumstances, or otherwise, a detective "of eighteen years' experience" should be prevented from arresting another prisoner.

It cannot be too plainly stated that the police have no authority to make any prisoner confess a crime, and the Criminal Code of Canada, section 591, sets out very clearly how a prisoner must be treated in regard to any statements he may make:

"A confession of a prisoner is only admissible when free and voluntary. It must not be extorted by inducements or threats. R. v. Elliott, 31 O.R. 14; R. v. Day, 20 O.R. 209; R. v. Vau, 7 Q.B. 362; R. v. Thompson (1893), 2 Q.B. 12; 17 Cox C.C. 641; R. v. Jackson, 2 Can. C.C. 149; R. v. Rose, 67 L.J.Q.B. 289; R. v. MacDonald, 16 C.L.T. Occ. N. 396; 32 C.L.J. 783. Any inducement to confess held out to the prisoner by a person in authority, or any undue compulsion upon him, will be sufficient to exclude the confession."

There are many more authorities and cases bearing upon this question, but perhaps, it is not necessary to go into them as in the interest of the people, the press will probably think it coincides with their duty to emphasize the fact that a prisoner, even if he wishes to make a statement voluntarily, must be warned by the police officer in whose charge he is, that any statements he may make will be taken down in writing, and may be used against him on his trial.

FRANK RICHARDS, J.P.

## Our Governors.

OTTAWA, JAN. 20, '08.

Editor Saturday Night: While listening to Mr. Speaker Sutherland's glowing eulogium of His Excellency Earl Grey, at the meeting in the Russell theater, on Wednesday, and the no less eloquent panegyric, on the same nobleman and other of his equally wise and gifted predecessors in office, pronounced by the Deputy Speaker of the Commons (Hon. Chas. Marcell), who, to my mind, delivered the speech of the evening, I could not but reflect how ungrateful we Canadians have shown ourselves to be, in our treatment of many of these illustrious representatives of the Crown in Canada. While the country, and we ourselves, individually, have signally benefited, as the result of their anxious thought and earnest labors, to that end, what have we given in return? Reference was made by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, in his fine address, in terms of praise to the monument to Wolfe and Montcalm, which exists in the Governor's garden, in Quebec, with its much admired inscription, from the classic pen of the late Dr. John Charlton Fisher. This obelisk, beautiful in its simplicity, was erected solely through the efforts of the Earl of Dalhousie, the then governor general, the same energetic and enlightened nobleman, who founded Dalhousie college and university, in Nova Scotia, who established the Literary and Historical society of Quebec, and who was one of the first to report on the feasibility of the Ottawa and French river route, as a means of reaching the upper lakes, having personally traversed the entire waterway, in a canoe. Perhaps, of all our early governors, Lord Dalhousie, ably and successfully seconded, as he was, by his amiable and much respected countess, left behind him, on his departure from Canada, the most tender and lasting memories. Yet, one will look in vain, throughout these provinces, whose advancement and welfare he had so much at heart, for any memorial of his sojourn among us, beyond those which he himself created. Is there a print, a lithograph, an engraving, or a bust to be found anywhere in the public buildings, of this splendid soldier and able administrator? If there is, I have not seen it. And so it is with many of his successors. Viscount Monck, by whose determined will, Confederation became an accomplished fact, is represented in our national collection by an ugly portrait, in oils, which was secured, I am informed, at second hand; Lord Dufferin, who reclaimed Niagara Falls and aided, very materially, in the establishment of a Supreme Court for Canada, is also represented by a crude performance, unworthy of so brilliant an administrator; the Duke of Argyll, to whose efforts we owe

a royal society for the advancement of literature and science, and other advantages, is here, indeed, in proper form, but solely at his own instance. Such neglect and indifference are not creditable to us as a refined and intellectual people, and the sooner we turn over a new leaf in this respect, the sooner shall we feel ourselves to be entitled to rank among up-to-date communities. Not many weeks ago, I met, accidentally, in Ottawa, Hon. Alexander Bruce, to the able statesmanship of whose grandsire the eighth Earl of Elgin and Kincardine Canada was and is, so much indebted. He asked me about his grandfather, and I was proud to be able to tell him that, while at school in Quebec, I had received a prize from his hand. It would, however, have afforded me a greater degree of pleasure, had I been able to point out to him some memorial, in the national capital or elsewhere, however slight, which would symbolize Canada's indebtedness to one of the foremost fathers of responsible government in the colonies and to whose brilliant gifts of diplomacy this country owed a Reciprocity treaty with the United States. Now that attention has been invited to the subject, and that we have (or soon will have), a national museum, in which to store such treasures, I trust that some effort will be made to make amends, for all the neglect of the past, which, indeed, as I have said, savors of ingratitude on our part. A commencement might be made with a portrait or bust of our present Governor-General, Earl Grey, whom Speaker Sutherland has rightly pronounced to be second to none, among Canada's ablest and most prudent administrators.

HENRY J. MORGAN.

ONE broad fact democracy in this country must force itself to realize," says the London Daily Telegraph. "The Russo-Japanese conflict was one of the greatest, as well as the bloodiest, struggles ever fought in the world, and nothing in the relations of East and West can ever be quite the same as it was before. These are grave words. We use them advisedly. We would fain beg for some attention to them. Upon the Manchurian plains and in the adjacent waters the armies, the fleets of a great white Power went down before an Asiatic adversary. At the sound of that amazing event a new epoch of history opened visibly."

A WISE man once, when asked by an aspiring youth how he could best attract notice in the community, said: "My boy, adopt some peculiarity." And it is to be noticed that all great men have, consciously or unconsciously, done this very thing. The late Dr. Oronhyatekha wore a red cord on his hat; Senator Cox always wears a silk hat, even in a motor-car; Sir Wilfrid Laurier affects a collar-and-cavat style all his own—and so it goes. The cigar has also been adopted as a mark of individualism by more than one eminent man. But, for some reason, it does not meet with the favor of conservative people. An esteemed contemporary refers with contempt to Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, who has just purchased the London Times as a man "of whose character some indications are given by his published portrait—standing with one hand in his pocket and holding in the other the stub of a cigar." And we in Toronto know what recently befell one of our own giants who is always recognized by his cigar. Yet, why should a man be condemned for association with a cigar, as long as he doesn't smoke it with the band on?

PRINCIPAL PETERSON, of McGill, has lodged a dart in Harold Begbie, who complained that we have "no Milton minded men in Canada, no captains and fuglemen whose moral grandeur and fervor of imagination exalt the nation and throw a glamor about its destiny." Speaking at Winnipeg Principal Peterson remarked that it is too soon to expect much from Canada. It took England three hundred years after Shakespeare to produce a Harold Begbie, so Canada may fairly ask for more time.

"DO you notice," enquires a correspondent, "that the banks in taking over the branches of the Sovereign Bank took the ones where they already have branches? The idea of it is to wipe out glad-hand banking."

BRITISH COLUMBIA is a province of 383,300 square miles, and a population less than that of the city of Toronto (says the Toronto Star). Japan is a country about half the size of British Columbia, and a population of nearly fifty millions. A migration of a small percentage of the population of Japan would make British Columbia a Japanese Province.

NOW that the nastiest part of the evidence in the second Thaw trial is all in, it is to be hoped that Canadian newspapers will cease to treat the case as the most important feature of the news of the world. Imagine a continent agape to hear Evelyn tell her story again!

IN these days of dirigible balloons, airships and aeroplanes, the following account of an airship, taken from the London Evening Post for December 22, 1709, is of interest: "Father Bartholomew Laurent says that he has found out an invention by the help of which one may more speedily travel through the air than any other way, either by land or sea, so that one may go 200 miles in twenty-four hours." The airship which was to accomplish this astonishing feat had at the top "sails wherewith the air is to be divided, which turn as they are directed." There was a rudder to direct the vessel's course, and the body was "formed at both ends scolloped. In the cavity of each is a pair of bellows, which must be blown when there is no wind." Two loadstones, some large amber beads and various other items, all had some mysterious part to play in this attempt to traverse the air.

NEARLY half a million dollars will be asked by Dr. Sheard this year for street cleaning, it is said. Many will hear of this with pleasure, indicating as it probably does that he intends to clean the streets.

ONE forgets how exceedingly numerous lawyers are until a new list of K.C.'s is published.

## EVERY TOWN CAR - - EVERY TOURING CAR

Every car of every description to be used during the winter should be equipped with the

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This is the chain without peer and without equal.

We can prove that a car fitted with this chain cannot skid.

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During the month of January we are making a special reduction in the prices of suits and gowns, which will give our customers an opportunity to avoid the disappointments that occur during the heavy Spring Trade.

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Mail orders receive prompt and careful attention.

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## IF DECORATION

is in your mind and you want some practical advice we are here to give it. The very latest ideas in wall hangings with suggestions as to their proper use without passing into the realm of fads is what we have to offer.

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## A Wedding, Reception or Cotillion

Catering in most up-to-date ideas,

## Geo. S. McConkey

27-29-31 King St. West, Toronto

## The "Savoy"

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Choice Chocolate and Bon Bons

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Orchestra every evening

8 till 11 o'clock . . . .

Light Lunch for business men each day  
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## A Place You May be Proud of

to take a friend for supper. You will find the service excellent. After the theatre you will find the ST. CHARLES the popular retreat for supper.

Table d'Hôte daily, from 6 p.m. to 8.30 p.m.  
(Sunday included)

## Acres of Glass . . . .

At our Conservatories, Bloor and Lansdowne Ave., there are acres of glass devoted to the culture of cut flowers. Three times daily the blooms are cut and sent fresh to the store. That is the reason our flowers last so well. We guarantee delivery in good condition. Send for price list.

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ASSETS  
\$2,424,011

CAPITAL (PAID UP) \$2,500,000  
RESERVE FUND \$1,050,000

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LOAN & SAVINGS  
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Bonds of a large transcon-  
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mon stock.

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to the welfare of families, the stability  
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is found in life insurance. And therefore



Invites good lives to join its ever expanding  
household, to become partners in its  
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in all its benefits.

A Policy in this  
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Head Office - Waterloo, Ont.

## Sherry

derives its name from the Spanish  
"Xeres" the wine being called  
this from the name of the town  
"Xeres-de-la-Frontera" which is  
the shipping point of the best  
Sherry district.

It is direct from here that we  
import our Sherry, and we are thus  
the only agents between you and  
the manufacturer—so we can guar-  
antee not only the quality and  
purity but the value.

A good sound dinner sherry of  
fine bouquet is worth \$1.10 to \$1.25  
a bottle.

**Michie & Co., Ltd.**  
7 King St. West

## THE INVESTOR

TORONTO

MONTREAL



TORONTO, JAN. 23.  
So passes the Sovereign Bank.  
Never did a financial insti-  
tution in Canada come to the  
front so quickly, play so large a part so soon, and go down  
hill so quickly once it was started on the slide. Never did  
a Canadian Bank live so vigorously and die so quietly—  
one day in apparent possession of rugged life; the next  
laid out in the cold vestments of death, embalmed and  
ready for interment. Canada retired one night not sus-  
pecting the illness of the Sovereign; the country awoke  
next morning to see crepe streaming from the door.

The praises of the Canadian banking system have been  
sung in no uncertain sound, but the refrain has not re-  
sounded in all cases to the efficacy of a system that should  
be in the interest of the general public good. The sys-  
tem has many good qualities, but in some respects it lacks  
simplicity and directness. From the monthly reports of  
Canadian banks, for instance, it is a difficult matter to  
learn the real condition of a bank. The information given  
is vague, is easily misconstrued, and is of a laborious char-  
acter. Many investors have been misled by them in mak-  
ing investments in bank stocks. A banking institution is  
something more than a private business proposition. Its  
interests are identified with those of the public, and the  
privileges and benefits banks derive from the government  
when a charter is granted, ought to be some sort of guar-  
antee to shareholders. In the protection of the holders  
of notes of suspended banks, and in a partial guarantee  
to depositors, the government should not be absolved from  
all blame when the business of the country received such  
a shock as it did last week through the incapacity of a  
chartered bank to meet its liabilities. Failures of Cana-  
dian banks have not been due to our banking system,  
which is generally considered a good one. In many re-  
spects it is admirably adapted to the trade of the country.  
But it does not go far enough. Trust funds are legally  
entitled to be invested in the securities of these banks,  
and still the restrictions placed upon the latter do not  
appear to be very irksome. The management of the So-  
vereign Bank is responsible for many bad investments in  
securities, but there it rests. It is different, for instance,  
with the insurance companies, the government sharing in  
the responsibility with such concerns. The greatest strain  
on the Sovereign Bank, before its business was distrib-  
uted among the other banks, was the constant withdrawal  
of deposits and its inability to sell securities. There is  
no legal limit to the amount of deposits that a bank may  
hold. When the utmost confidence prevails deposits are a  
source of strength, enabling the institution to greatly in-  
crease its profits; but once this confidence begins to  
waver, large deposits are a weakness. One would naturally  
suppose that legislation in the matter of bank deposits was  
necessary. There are numerous instances of Canadian  
banks having deposits of eight to nine times the amount  
of paid-up capital stock. If banks were compelled to hold  
cash, say to the extent of 25 per cent. of their deposits,  
it would be a good thing. Some of our banks do hold  
this amount of cash, and past experience proves it to be  
ample, but the Sovereign Bank did not. Banks are al-  
ways particular, when issuing periodical statements, to  
draw attention to the amount of readily available assets  
which they hold. Included in these readily available  
assets is the item of securities held by the banks. Presi-  
dent Jarvis made the statement that his bank was un-  
able to realize on many railway securities which it held.  
Part at least of these securities, which were believed to  
be available by those interested in the bank, were really  
unavailable.

A large part of the business community have suffered,  
and are undergoing hardships through no  
fault of their own. In protecting their own  
individual interests, the banks have neglected  
the interests of the community at large. The  
banks in Canada, generally speaking, were never as strong  
as at the present time, yet, banking accommodation and  
assistance in the facilitation of trade has perhaps never  
been as niggardly as in the recent past. This surely is  
not a proper condition. It is not unlike the condition  
that has prevailed in trade circles in the United States  
for some months, for which their banking system has  
been held responsible. The only difference is that while  
our banks had the confidence of the public, theirs had  
not. In both cases the general public were served alike.  
How different it was in Europe. Critical stages in finance  
occurred in both London and Berlin recently, but  
at its worst there the leading banks extended aid in the  
most liberal manner, and the outlook brightened. Our  
banks are hoarding their resources at a time when money  
is needed in the prosecution of legitimate business, and  
when a little aid means everything in the development  
necessary in a growing country. The Banking Act is  
likely to undergo its usual decennial revision in a year  
or two, and it is to be hoped that the discussions will  
result in some amendments being made in the interests  
of business as well as for the protection of those who  
have trust funds at stake.

The Hon. Arch. Campbell, a director of the Sovereign  
Bank, said in a newspaper interview, that  
the cause of the denouement of that bank was  
the fact that Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan re-  
fused to advance half a million dollars. Why  
should Mr. Morgan have been the only one asked? He  
is surely not the only financier who has money left. Why  
not have tried Harry Pellatt, Mr. Carnegie, the Japanese  
Empire, or our own Premier? Although Mr. Morgan's  
name does not appear among the list of shareholders, his  
interest in the bank is probably second only to that of  
the Dresden Bank. The Hon. Mr. Campbell should not  
have overlooked the directors, but given them a chance  
to put up half a million. Perhaps Mr. Morgan had no  
right to refuse such a paltry sum, considering that he ad-  
vanced the bank only about a couple of millions previous-  
ly. But still he got good securities for the loan. The  
Hon. Mr. Campbell's statement is hardly creditable to a  
man of affairs, and perhaps after all the late General-  
Manager Stewart was not far astray in not taking the  
Board of Directors into his counsel in making the bank's  
loans. However, I see by a later statement in the press  
that Mr. Campbell claims he was not accurately reported.  
This explanation often seems as reasonable as it is fre-  
quent.

The tendency of the stock mark-  
et has been re-action-  
ary, but under the  
circumstances prices  
The investment buy-  
ing that was so prominent the first two weeks of the year  
has largely disappeared. Speculation is still restricted  
owing to the stringency in money. The banks are not  
lending on stock collateral, and according to the Decem-  
ber bank statement, this class of domestic loans had been  
reduced to \$44,500,000, the smallest amount of the year  
and \$13,000,000 less than a year ago. Some money, how-  
ever, has of late been obtained from the loan companies  
and private individuals. With time money down to 4 per  
cent. in London and to 4 to 4½ per cent. in New York,  
the outlook seems favorable for this market. However,  
there is much uncertainty of the rates quoted remaining  
as low at the point mentioned. There are big loans in  
prospect, including borrowings by governments and cor-  
porations, and it is doubtful if the low rates will con-  
tinue. Talk of gold exports from the United States is  
heard, and it would not be surprising if large shipments  
were made in February. Stock markets will, of course, be  
influenced greatly by the movements in the money markets.

Mr. E. R. Wood, vice-president of the Dominion Secur-  
ities Corporation, has compiled an inter-  
esting table of the bond issues of Canada  
for the past four years. The figures are  
as follows:

1907	\$82,635,740
1906	53,987,008
1905	134,874,531
1904	34,259,247
The securities placed on the market in 1907, accord- ing to the classes, would be divided as follows:	
Corporation	\$58,931,200
Municipal	14,430,540
Provincial	9,274,000

Corporation issues in 1907 nearly doubled those of  
1906, and municipal issues increased nearly 50 per cent.  
It is an indication of the excellent standing of Canadian  
securities that, during the time of such stress, the market  
took Canadian bonds in such large quantities. The dis-  
tribution of Canadian bonds issued in 1907 was as follows:  
Canada has taken \$14,769,683  
Great Britain has taken 63,085,057  
United States has taken 4,799,000  
"The most interesting thing about this comparison,"  
Mr. Wood explained, "is that Great Britain took during  
1907 nearly two and one-half times as many Canadian  
bonds as in 1906, and came well up towards the \$85,621,-  
395 taken in 1905, the year of the Grand Trunk Pacific  
and other large issues. This is especially gratifying as  
an indication of the continued increasing interest of  
British investors in Canadian securities."

MONTREAL, JAN. 22.

THAT the question of putting a curb on speculation  
should be receiving the serious attention of the  
House of Representatives at Washington, and is also  
being discussed among men representative of the best  
interests of the Dominion, is not surprising. That a stock  
market may be rigged by a group of gamblers to the detri-  
ment of the honest investors is a matter of every day  
knowledge. Watching their opportunities these men buy  
what they cannot pay for or sell what they do not own,  
depressing or inflating a stock as they see fit. And who  
pays for it all? Why, of course, the poor devil who has  
honestly invested his money. These gamblers have no  
interest in the matter beyond a turnover for a commission  
or a scalp. They get in and out, and at the end of the  
day's trading don't own anything worthy of mention. A  
gambler of this stripe watches his opportunity. He finds,  
for instance, some good investment stock which is ap-  
parently receiving no particular support. He offers 25  
shares down a point from the market. No buyer—Bim!  
Down it goes another point, and so on until, perhaps, on  
the sale of a hundred of two hundred shares he has suc-  
ceeded in depressing a stock anywhere from five to ten  
points. Let me cite a specific instance which occurred on  
the Montreal Stock Exchange, the stock in question being  
that of Montreal Street Railway, which, as everybody  
knows who is not clean daft, is one of the best invest-  
ment stocks that Canada owns to-day. On Monday, the  
13th, Street Railway sold at 190 1-2, and at the conclusion  
of business on the morning of the 14th it sold at 177 1-2,  
a clear loss of 13 points. The sum total transactions  
necessary to accomplish this smash was something like  
five hundred shares. The brokers concerned, or their  
clients, saw their opportunity. There were no orders for  
the stock, and no apparent support, so they began offer-  
ing it for no reason in the world but to depress the price.  
In the vocabulary of the "street," it was being hammered.  
Here is a stock for which the public have paid many mil-  
lions of dollars, and which upon the sale of a puny five  
hundred shares, is depreciated upward of one tenth of its  
par value.

Then again there is the other side to the question—that  
of the man of limited capital who is constantly going into  
the market and buying on a small margin. Under ordi-  
nary circumstances and in ordinary times, when brokers  
are able to borrow freely from banks on call loans, a ten  
per cent. margin is looked upon as ample. Presuming  
for a moment that some poor wretch has purchased 25  
shares of M. S. R. on a ten per cent. margin, paying for  
the same 180. Where would he be in the raid of last  
week? With one swoop he would be out his \$250 with  
nothing to show for it but the brokers "I have bought for  
your account," etc.

In times of depression, such as have been experienced  
recently in the stock markets of the world, it is not the  
investor who suffers ordinarily, but the margin buyer.  
The investor hangs on, spends some uncomfortable nights,  
and in the end comes out all right. But with the margin  
buyer it is different. He puts up his ten points and then  
ten more and ten more and so on until he has seen the  
last of his available funds disappear. In the end he loses  
his stock and all he has invested in it, only to find, a few  
months or weeks later, as the case may be, that had he  
been able to put up and hang on all would have come out  
right.

Here is an opportunity for the lawmakers of Canada  
to exploit themselves in a good cause.

## BANK OF HAMILTON

THE MOST IMPORTANT  
FACTOR IN THE INVEST-  
MENT OF SAVINGS IS

## SECURITY

Bank of Hamilton

Capital - - - \$2,500,000  
Reserve - - - 2,500,000  
Total Assets - 33,000,000

Deposits of \$1.00 and upwards received.

TORONTO: 34 YONGE ST.

Branches in Toronto: Cor. Queen and Spadina, Cor. College  
and Ossington, Cor. Yonge and Gould. Toronto Junction.

## THE BANK OF OTTAWA

credits interest on Savings Accounts

## QUARTERLY.

OFFICES IN TORONTO:

37 King St. East and corner of Broadview and Gerrard

A NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION:



"Will Save for  
the Unexpected."

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INTEREST PAID FOUR TIMES A YEAR

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COMPANYForwarders to all parts of the  
World.

MONEY ORDERS and FOREIGN DRAFTS issued.  
Payable Everywhere.  
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are forms of money credits issued by the Dominion Express Company for the special  
protection and convenience of Canadians in paying their expenses abroad. The  
cheques are issued in denominations of \$10, \$20, \$50, \$100, and \$200, and show at a  
glance the corresponding value in foreign money which the traveler will receive  
for his dollars, without discount or commission, by the Company's Agents and Corres-  
pondents throughout the World.  
Positively the best system for carrying funds ever devised.

General Office, Toronto  
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Canada

Toronto Agency:  
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## The Metropolitan Bank

Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000.00. Reserve Fund and Undivided  
Profits \$1,241,532.26

Offers to individuals, firms and corporations thoroughly modern and  
efficient service in handling banking accounts. Correspondents in the  
United States and Europe.

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Deposits of \$1.00 and upwards received. Interest allowed from date of deposit  
and compounded four times a year.

Write for Special Circular on  
BONUS STOCKS

Post free on application

**D. M. STEWART & CO.**  
151 St. James St., MONTREAL

## The Traders Bank of Canada

Yonge and Bloor Sts. Branch

Accounts of Merchants and Individuals received on  
favorable terms.

Interest paid four times a year on Savings Bank  
Deposits.

One dollar opens an account.

Mother—Why did you not scream Daughter—He said if I did he'd  
when Hans kissed you? Daughter— never kiss me again.—Meggendorfer  
He threatened me. Mother—How? Blatter.



IMPERIAL BANK  
OF CANADA

## Dividend No. 70

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of eleven per cent. (11 per cent.) per annum upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this Institution, has been declared for the quarter ending 31st January, 1908, and that the same will be payable at the Head Office and Branches on and after Saturday, the 1st day of February, 1908. The Transfer Books will be closed from the 18th to the 31st January, 1908, both days inclusive. By order of the Board.

D. R. WILKIE,  
General Manager.  
Toronto, 24th December, 1907.

**AGENTS WANTED**  
**Guardian Assurance Co.**  
LIMITED  
Funds: Thirty Million Dollars  
Apply Manager, Montreal

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ANDREW JEFFREY

Yonge and Carlton Streets



BYRRH Tonic Wine taken with Soda or Seltzer is the most refreshing of drinks. Sold at all cafes and stores.

REDUCE YOUR  
FIRE INSURANCE

BY HAVING  
HAND FIRE EXTINGUISHERS  
or other APPLIANCES FOR FIGHTING  
THE FLAMES.

Hand EXTINGUISHERS from Two  
Dollars Upwards. Complete Fire  
Equipment Tendered for.

Write for particulars. Agents Wanted  
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Wedding  
Cakes

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They are shipped by express to all parts of Canada; safe arrival guaranteed.

Illustrated Catalogue Free

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A great combination in

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BEAUTY and STYLE

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which we are always pleased to demonstrate.

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WALL PAPER IMPORTERS

DECORATORS  
and  
DESIGNERSARTISTIC HOUSE  
FURNISHERS

11 King St. W. Toronto

## SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

CHIEF JUSTICE and Mrs. Falconbridge announce the engagement of their youngest daughter, Miss Aimee Falconbridge, and Captain Douglas Young, Royal Canadian Dragoons, Stanley Barracks, Toronto, only son of Colonel Young, of Kingston.

One of the most delightful of the house dances given this season turned Mr. Haney's fine house in Elm avenue into a blaze of beauty and radiance on Monday evening, when a large company were hospitably welcomed by the cordial hostess and given a royal good time. A New York friend, Miss Bernheimer, who has been visiting at Clifton Hall, was the guest of honor, and looked well in pink satin. Mrs. Haney wore orchid velvet with rich lace and amethysts, and carried orchids. The three daughters of the hostess, each so attractive in her own style, and none in the least alike, were in white. Mrs. Rolph in white satin, Miss "Gret" Haney in white embroidered chiffon, and last November's debutante, Miss Eve, in white satin. Many beautiful flowers and fine palms were used in enhancing the charm of the spacious rooms, and the dancers had most of the ground floor for themselves, the dining-room only being reserved for supper, where a real debutante table done in white lilies and green was loaded with dainties. Clifton Hall is big and bonnie, and the dancers found ideal cosy corners everywhere for that rest or sit out which is sometimes so much more prized than the dance. Almost every one of the girls who came out this season was at this dance, for the jolly Haney maidens are immensely popular. A few of the guests were: Miss Elise Mortimer Clark, in pale blue satin, with a *fleur de blue* in her coiffure; the Misses Reed, nieces of Sir Mortimer Clark, in girlish white dresses; Mr. and Mrs. Warren Darling, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Cox, the lady in white *crepe de soie* and artistic lace; Miss Gooderham, of Deancroft, Miss Blackstock, and Miss Hunter Craig, a charming trio; Miss Sylvester, Miss Beattie, of Oakdene, Miss Gzowski, of Clovelly, Miss Flavelle, Miss Muriel Jarvis, Mr. Harris, Mr. Gzowski, Mr. Geary, Mr. John Greer, Mr. Dick Harcourt, Mr. Gerald Larkin, Mr. St. George Baldwin, Dr. Canfield, Mr. Douglas Wright, Mr. Dick, Mr. Albert Gooderham, Mr. Warren, Mr. Kleiser, Mr. W. Duggan, Dr. Rolph, Mr. R. Chadwick, Mr. L. Gooderham, Mr. M. Massey, Mr. W. Willison, Mr. V. Massey, Mr. Arthur Goulding, Mr. Alexander, of Bon Accord, Mr. Guy Burton, and many others.

Mr. and Mrs. Piers Davidson, of Montreal, were in town for a short stay this week. They left for New York on Tuesday afternoon. Mrs. Davidson is as bright and lovely as ever; she is a daughter of Sir William and Lady Whiteway, of St. John's, Newfoundland.

Mrs. Victor Williams and Miss Phyllis are at the Welland, St. Catharines. The little invalid is not doing very grand things in the way of getting robust yet, but she had a very serious illness, and it will take time to restore her to her former sunny spirits and good health.

Mrs. Nixon is giving a tea at McConkey's on Monday afternoon, from 4.30 to 7 o'clock.

Mrs. Campbell Macdonald, who has been with her mother, Mrs. Wyld, at Dunedin, for most of this season, is now again in her home, 485 Huron street, and is giving a tea next Wednesday for her daughter Flora, who has been so sweet a debutante this winter.

On each night this week dances have been on in one or other quarter of the city, and on the first three nights the house dances given by Mrs. Haney, of Clifton Hall, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston, and Mrs. Cawthra, of Yeadon Hall, were remarkably elegant and enjoyable. Next week Government House dance is the event *par excellence*, and those who are fortunate enough to be honored, are looking forward with great anticipations to it. Tuesday evening is sure to be delightful, and the fair girls from England, who have added so much to the pleasantness of hospitable Government House, are now firmly established favorites, their genuine pleasure in their Canadian visit, and their unaffected and happy natures, endearing them to all they meet.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hees and Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Christie sail to-day on the Republic for Italy. Mrs. Hees has been for a month visiting in New York, whence her husband was recalled by the conflagration in his Bay street quarters, but where he rejoined her yesterday.

Senator and Mrs. Melvin-Jones gave a large dinner on Thursday of last week, rather a stately gathering. His Honor Sir Mortimer and Lady Clark being the guests of honor, and some other guests being Sir William and Lady Mulock, Senator and Mrs. Kerr, Chief Justice and Mrs. Falconbridge, Justice and Mrs. MacMahon, Colonel and Mrs. Davidson, Colonel and Mrs. Denison, Rev. J. C. Brown. The banquet was served at an oval table in the new dining-room which was completed last year at Llawhaden, the table being centred by a column of illuminated opalescent crystals, which changed color continually, turning now a deep emerald, now a rosy red, and other colors. From the summit of the column, which was topped with feathery ferns, tiny jets of water played, fountain-like into a bronze basin, the whole forming an unique decoration rising from a bronze pedestal on the floor, and filling the hollowed centre of the festive board with radiance. The flowers were lovely, and the dinner most elaborate and excellent.

Mrs. W. H. Gooderham (*nee* Phillips) gave a small tea on Wednesday.

It is proposed to make Wednesday night "society night" at the Alexandra Theatre. It is a favorite night for little dinners with theatre parties to follow, and some smart people are arranging for a series of informal dinners either at home or down town on Wednesdays to go to the Alexandra afterwards. There has been a gala time in the handsome playhouse this week. On Monday and last evening the students of 'Varsity and their friends reigned supreme, and on other evenings many quieter folk enjoyed "Old Heidelberg."

Mrs. John Alexander received for the first time in her fine new house, 77 Chestnut Park road, on Tuesday afternoon, when a great many people called to welcome her to Toronto and to the delightful neighborhood where Mr. Alexander was wise enough to build. The spacious drawing-room, with its artistic nooks and corners, its well

chosen pictures and every luxury of to-day, the cosy long dining-room, so rich in tone and so handsomely decorated and furnished, evoked many words and looks of admiration from the visitors. The splendid mahogany table, reflecting the silver and flowers and lights, was set with tempting generosity and everything combined to make those who dared a threatening cloud and later a downpour of rain, felt quite repaid for their daring. Mrs. Alexander received in a quiet housegown of pale blue silk, striped with black, and her sister-in-law, Mrs. D. W. Alexander, of Meadowbank, in an exquisitely fitting princess robe of rose velvet, was most kind and tactful in looking after the visitors in the dining-room, which was decorated with Richmond roses.

Miss Cartwright, daughter of Sir Richard and Lady Cartwright, came on from Ottawa last week, for a fortnight's visit to Mrs. Tyrrell, of Binscarth Lodge, Rosedale. I believe she is to return to the capital the end of this week, though her friends, who have only had a glimpse of her, desire her visit prolonged. Colonel and Mrs. Robert Cartwright, who were once living at Stanley Barracks, to whom everyone was so sorry to say goodbye, are now out in British Columbia, where they have taken a fruit farm on account of the condition of Colonel Cartwright's health, which led to his resignation of his military position in Ottawa. Toronto friends will send him and his lovable and clever wife best wishes and kind thoughts.

Mr. and Mrs. James Plummer were in town for a few days this week at the King Edward.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Calderwood will entertain a small party at dinner, Monday evening, to meet two Collingwood friends stopping in town.

A bright little hostess whom Toronto people like better, as they know her better is Mrs. Albert Dymont, temporarily *châtelaine* at Ravenswood, which Mr. Dymont took during Mrs. Arthur's absence abroad.

St. Andrew's College was *en fete* last night for the Cadet Corps annual dance, an event growing to be of considerable éclat.

Mrs. Cotton, 218 Simcoe street, gave a tea yesterday. Mrs. Frank Anglin is visiting Mrs. Clarence McCuaig in Montreal. Mr. and Mrs. Fritz Fox are settled in their cosy flat at Bloor and Yonge streets, where Mrs. Fox receives on Monday and Mondays in February.

Mrs. D. W. McPherson (*nee* Sloane) gave a very jolly tea on Thursday of last week at her home in Bathurst street, at which a large number of her friends presented themselves. The *petite* hostess, in a white lace robe, was the cordial and happy little woman who, whether in her own home or in her girlhood home, always succeeded in making each guest feel specially welcome. Mrs. Nattress, Mrs. Sam Sloane, Mrs. Skeaff, the Misses Gage, and Miss Alice Thompson, assisted in the tea-room, where a pretty table, with lace centre and doyleys, was done with deep pink carnations, and lighted with green and silver shaded candles. It was a most informal and joyous gathering, and everyone enjoyed it very much. The perils of getting anywhere on that afternoon were great, for the thaw had flooded and the frost had glazed the sidewalks, until they were like a skating rink, and several ungraceful tumbles were recorded.

On Valentine's night, February 14, the Daughters of the Empire hold their annual Rose Ball in the King Edward Hotel. The list of stewards is imposing for this event, and I hear the tickets are going off like hot cakes. The names of the stewards are: Mr. Ernest Cattanaach, Major Elmsley, Mr. A. M. Stewart, Mr. Edward Houston, Mr. Eric Armour, Capt. Douglas Young, Dr. Newbold Jones, Mr. Sidney Fellowes, Mr. Marvin Rathbun, Mr. Victor Nordheimer, Mr. Charles Fellowes, Mr. Clement Pepler, Mr. Norman Gzowski, Mr. Archie Armour, Dr. Brefney O'Reilly, Mr. Harry Walker, Mr. Charles Beardmore, Mr. George Alexander, Capt. H. Reginald Pellatt, and Dr. Cronyn.

Mrs. A. H. Ireland and Miss Ireland are at the Welland, St. Catharines, for a few weeks.

A hostess of one of the charming new homes in Rosedale, Mrs. W. Dobie, received this week for the first time at her home, Beau street and Elm avenue.

Miss Gibson, of Beamsville, is visiting her sister, Mrs. John Jennings, Brunswick avenue. Miss Shiers, of Cheshire, England, is also Mrs. Jennings' guest.

Dr. and Mrs. A. Moore, Cobourg, announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Margery Gladys Moore, and Mr. Percy Galbraith, son of Mr. T. Galbraith, Dunnville, Ont.

Mrs. McConnel (*nee* Lister) gave a very pretty tea at her home in Dundas street last week, receiving her many friends in a handsome white lace gown, with a posy of violets, and being assisted by her mother, Mrs. James Lister, who looked very well indeed in a black jet and lace costume. Old friends of the west-end met old friends from the east side, and all seemed particularly bent on being pleasant. The tea-table was done with Beauty roses set in a rock-crystal vase and puffed green tulle and white hyacinths in solitary vases arranged among the many good things. An orchestra played during the reception, and the rooms were decorated with carnations, primulae and ferns. Mrs. Lister has just come from Quebec, where her son, Captain Fred Lister, is stationed and left on Sunday for a visit to Mrs. Allen Aylesworth in Ottawa.

Mrs. Thomas Alison, 223 College street, and Mrs. Gourlay left on Thursday for Florida.

Mrs. W. Franklin Oliver (*nee* Dallas) will receive for the first time since her marriage at her home, 321 Grace street, on Wednesday and Thursday afternoons, January 29 and 30.

Mrs. A. E. Gordon will receive at her home, 53 Hepburne street, on Thursday afternoon, January 30, for the last time this season.

The Sergeants of the 48th Highland Regiment are giving their annual ball at McConkey's next Friday evening, from nine to two o'clock.

## COMPOUND INTEREST

The earning power of compound interest is not as generally understood and appreciated as it should be. It may be illustrated by the following news item which recently appeared in the press:

## A FIVE-DOLLAR BILL AT INTEREST.

(From the Philadelphia Star)

Mr. L. C. St. John of this city has a curiosity in his possession in a five-dollar bill which is 125 years old. He has just gained possession of it, although it was left to him by his mother, who died some twelve years ago. The bill was given her when a child by a relative. It was issued under the Act of July 2, 1770, by the State of Rhode Island, drawing five per cent. interest per annum, and signed by John Arnold. Figuring compound interest, it is now worth \$2,500.

We pay interest at Three and One-half Per Cent Per Annum. Compounded Four Times Each Year.

CANADA PERMANENT MORTGAGE CORPORATION  
Toronto Street, Toronto

## WHY DO YOU CATCH COLDP

Can't help it, says you. Your fault, says we. Start and take Cook's Turkish and Russian Baths once a week. You will never catch Cold, never have the Grippe, and never have Rheumatism and other complaints. You will always feel well and die of old age.

Open day and night, with excellent sleeping accommodation and rooms. Dainty bill of fare at all hours.

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ALL Dunlop Rubber Heels are made of "live" rubber. A Dunlop Heel will bounce when you let it fall on the floor. There is neither wear nor resiliency in a heel of "dead" rubber although it may have every appearance of being just as good as the Dunlop kind.



Dunlop Tire & Rubber Goods Co.,  
Factory: Booth Ave., Toronto



"Toronto needs pure water more than it needs any other thing. Only good luck has saved us from an epidemic."

DOCTOR HELEN MACMURCHY,  
In her Address to the Toronto Board of Control

Toronto city water is unfit to drink more days in the year than it is fit to drink. Every drop of it may menace your health, and your household's. Don't risk your life—drink

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Certified by Scientists as Ideally Pure

Delivered throughout Toronto at  
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The Mineral Springs  
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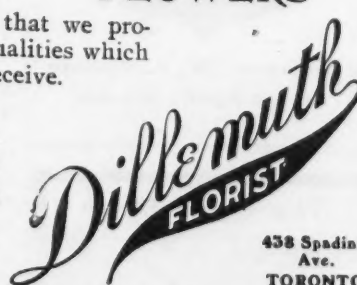
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79 YONGE ST., TORONTO

Toronto, Feb. 4, '07

W. H. LEE,

Druggist, King Edward Hotel,

Toronto,

Dear Sir:

I have used sample of your Liola Cream and like it so much,

I wish you to send me one dozen jars.

And oblige,

Yours truly,

LILLIE LANGTRY



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"Has All of The Taste  
With None of The Waste"

That's Armour's Extract of Beef. All of that rich savory taste of prime roast beef with none of the waste incident to its preparation.

We have captured the taste—let the taste capture you.

Our new cook book—"My Favorite Recipes"—sent free on receipt of one metal cap from a jar of Armour's Extract of Beef.

Armour, Limited, Toronto

**Solid Extract of Beef**

110



When you are thinking of taking out a policy of life insurance, a point which calls for special inquiry is the

**EXACT NATURE OF THE CONTRACT OFFERED**

There can be no doubt as to the nature of the Confederation Life's Accumulation Contract, as it is worded in clear, concise and definite language, and is printed in plain, readable type.

EVERYTHING POSSIBLE HAS BEEN DONE TO MAKE THE CONTRACT A

**MODEL of CLEARNESS AND SIMPLICITY**

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**INFANT FEEDING**  
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A LADY UNDERTAKER TO SEND useful maids of every description to ladies in Canada; the highest references can be given in Toronto and London; same required. MRS. THOMAS, 55 Briston Road, London, S.W., England.

### The Times and its Future.

THE sensational notice in The London Times, which announced its reorganization, and set the world talking, was published on January 7, and ran as follows: "Negotiations are in progress whereby it is contemplated that The Times newspaper shall be formed into a limited company under the proposed chairmanship of Mr. Walter."

"The newspaper, as heretofore, will be published at Printing House-square. The business management will be reorganized by Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, the proposed managing director."

"The editorial character of the paper will remain unchanged, and will be conducted, as in the past, on lines independent of party politics. The contemplated arrangements will in all probability require the sanction of the Court before they become definitive."

"How earth's strong pillars shake!" is the exclamation that bursts naturally from the lips as the astonishing rumor passed from one to another that 'Pearson has bought The Times!' wrote Mr. W. T. Stead in The Chronicle. "The story yesterday was a fable, but it had some substratum of truth. But the circulation of the legend gave us all a sickening shock. The Times has so long been a national institution that to hear about it being sold depresses us as would the report that the Crown jewels had been pawned or that Windsor Castle had been let for a first-class hotel."

"The Times, 'the base, bloody and brutal Times' of O'Connell's savage invective, is still The Times, 'the asylum of the world,' as Kinglake finely styled it half a century ago," continues Mr. Stead. "To maintain The Times in existence as the authentic and trustworthy chronicler of the debates of Parliament of the proceedings in the Law Courts, and of the progress of the world's history at home and abroad, is an object for which I for one would willingly vote an annual subsidy from the National Exchequer. No other paper even aspires to fill its place. It is unique, solitary and indispensable. We can imagine England without its House of Lords, or even London without its Lord Mayor, but we cannot grasp the thought of England without The Times."

In 1904 Mr. John Walter made this announcement: "The control of The Times has been in my hands for a good many years past, it is there now. And there it will remain until events over which mortals have no control shall place it in the hands of my successor. No outside influence of any kind, of any origin, will ever be permitted to affect the character of the great institution which was founded by my great-grandfather 120 years ago, and which has never for a moment passed from the control of his lineal successors."

The special interest of the proposed changes centres in the way in which they may affect the policy of The Times. Two months ago The Times gave a plain hint "to the Tariff Reformers to bury what Disraeli called the 'dead and damned' corpse of Protection out of sight," and this may have provoked the internal revolution that has led to the establishment of Mr. Pearson as controller of Printing House-square. For Mr. Pearson was first chairman of the Tariff Reform League, and it is assumed that whatever may be the political significance of the late obscure shuffle, it is meant to rivet the hold of the Protectionists upon The Times."

Mr. Pearson writes to The Westminster Gazette to say that he is not acting for any party, whether of Tariff Reformers or otherwise, "but it seems to be generally conceded," says that paper, "that Mr. Pearson's connection with The Times will make it more than ever a Tariff Reform journal."

Mr. Cyril Arthur Pearson, the well-known managing director of the great magazine and weekly publishing business of C. Arthur Pearson, Limited, who has crowned a successful business career by securing the control of The Times, is forty-one years of age. After an apprenticeship on the staff of Sir George Newnes, he started Pearson's Weekly, famous for its association with the "missing word" competition. He followed his remarkable success with this weekly by founding Home Notes, Pearson's Magazine, The Royal Magazine, The Novel Magazine, Dressmaking at Home, Fashions for Children, Home Cookery, The Sunday Reader, The Athletic Reader, The Big Budget, and numerous other periodicals.

His career as an owner of daily newspapers began in 1900 when he started The Daily Express, and soon afterwards founded The North Mail in Newcastle, and The Gazette and Express in Birmingham. In 1903 he became vice-president of the Tariff Reform League and vice-chairman of the Tariff Commission, and in November, 1904, obtained control of The Standard and Evening Standard. In the spring of 1903 he bought The St. James's Gazette, which he amalgamated with The Evening Standard. He has now secured control of The Times, which has for generations been known as "the leading journal." Mr. Chamberlain has described Mr. Pearson as "the greatest hustler I have ever known."

The Times first appeared in 1785 as The Daily Universal Register. It assumed its present title in 1788. Its founder was an underwriter at Lloyd's. For an attack on George III's son he was imprisoned for a year, and stood in the pillory for an hour and fined £50. In 1803 the second John Walter took control; in 1847 the third John Walter, and in 1894 the fourth John Walter, the most recent controller.

The Times' greatest editor was Delane, who edited the paper from 1841 to 1877. "Delane went everywhere and knew everything and everyone," says The Mail. "He secured such prestige for his journal that it was constantly used as a channel of communication with the public by the British and foreign Governments. In 1877 he retired, and was succeeded by Professor Chenevix, to whom, again, succeeded in 1884 the present editor, Mr. George Buckle, then only in his thirtieth year."

### An Appreciation of Rev. R. J. Campbell.

A STRIKING appreciation of Rev. R. J. Campbell, the famous young London preacher, in whose work and personality many Canadians are interested, appears in The Daily News, and is evidently from the pen of the editor, Mr. A. G. Gardiner. He says:

Whether to friend or foe, the Rev. R. J. Campbell is one of the most arresting personalities in the London of our time. He is the voice of disquiet and of challenge. He is the disturber of our comfortable peace. He hurries with breathless eagerness from point to point, the lighted torch ever in his hand, the trail of conflagration ever in his wake. He follows no lead, except that of his own urgent, unquiet spirit. He is indifferent to consequences, will brook no interference, drives straight forward, deaf to appeals from the right hand or the left. Friends cannot persuade him; parties cannot hold him; creeds cannot limit him. He is like the wind that bloweth where it listeth.

If stagnation is death and discontent divine then he is one of the best assets of our time. He flings his

### Sour Sonnets of a Sorehead

BY J. A. E. P. HAVERSON

III.

DON'T talk to me of being down and out,  
Nor tell how high you've been up in the air.  
Forget it! This is kidding on the square—  
You've never been no further up the spout,  
Nor deeper down, nor any further out,  
But what there's further still—and I've been there.  
Perhaps you think you're pretty full of care.  
Well, mine's the kind of case you read about.  
If it was raining luck all over town,  
I'll bet that day I would be sick in bed,  
Or else I'd oversleep and it would be  
All cleared away before I'd happen round,  
Or, failing both, when I would show my head,  
You bet your life 'twould rain a brick on me.

bombs into the stagnant parlors of our thought, and thrills the air with the spirit of unrest. Acquiescence and content vanish at his challenge. The sleeper rubs his eyes. He is awake. The vision is before him. The air is filled with the murmur of many voices. He, too, must be up and doing.

Mr. Campbell is the "knocker-up" in the dawn of the twentieth century. The chimes of the great cathedral surge dreamful music on our slumbers; but across from the City Temple comes the sound of a bell, violent, clangorous, insistent, that shatters sleep, and awakes the city. You may not like it. You may find it harsh and discordant. But at least it makes you leap to your feet if only to take up its challenge.

Nonconformity does not know what to make of this apparition that has suddenly burst into its midst. It finds its throne, as it were, in the hands of the revolutionary. It finds the old flag that waved from the keep hauled down, and the twin flag of the "New Theology" and Socialism flying defiantly in the breeze. It finds doctrines vaporized into thin air, diffused into a kind of purple mist, beautiful but intangible. It finds itself indicted in its own cathedral for the sin of Pharisaism, pictured to the world as Mrs. Oliphant loved to picture it—as a system of smug content, caricatured in the bitter sneer of Swift:

We are God's chosen few;  
All others will be damned,  
There is no place in heaven for you:  
We can't have heaven crammed.

It is the irritation with his environment that gives him the touch of perversity which is so noticeable in him. Nonconformity is definite; he is mystical. Nonconformity is individualistic; he is a member of the I. L. P. The I. L. P. is for Free Trade; he, I gather from a conversation I had with him, is for Tariff Reform. He conforms to no system, accepts no shibboleth either spiritual or temporal. When Sir David Baird's mother heard that her son was captured in India and chained to natives, she remarked, placidly: "I pity the poor laddies that are chained to our David." She knew the imperious waywardness of her son. The way of one chained intellectually to Mr. Campbell would be not less trying.

When men reflect upon Mr. Campbell's astonishing career one question rises to their lips. Whither? There is no answer. I question whether Mr. Campbell himself has an answer. He belongs to no planetary system. He is a lonely wanderer through space—a trail of fire burning at white heat, and flashing through the inscrutable night to its unknown goal. His head grey in his youth, his eyes eloquent with some nameless hunger, his face thin and pallid, his physique frail as that of an ascetic of the desert, he stands before us a figure of singular fascination and disquiet, a symbol of the world's passionate yearning after the dimly-apprehended ideal, of its unquenchable revolt against the agonies of men.

### Twilight in a Tuscan Garden.

WHITE roses, roses falling with the dew,  
God's words from latticed stars and trellised sky,  
God's vesper words—pale petals of His dream—  
See, ankle deep they lie!

The drip of unseen fountains strangely bound  
To rhythm of my steps hints shoulders bare  
And piped ditties, flutes among the reeds,  
And laughter everywhere.

Vague shadows track my soul—I see them hide  
In deep green pools where drowned the sunset lies—  
Their eyes shine through the pools like moving stars—  
The dark pools full of eyes.

Dream roses falling through hushed sunset lands,  
Pale star-cool petals, and on boughs o'erhead  
The nightingale—the twilight oracle—  
Singing the words God said.

The drowsy dust and pebbles hear God's feet  
That beat and beat—a wakeful ivy sways—  
Sways to and fro against the ruined arch  
Loving such rhythmic ways.

The dusk! The garden close detached and dim,  
And full of fitful gradual mysteries,  
Strange as a face grown exquisite with love  
And fateful prophecies.

A cry of twisted waters girds the gloom,  
Still thunders leap the garden leaf by leaf;  
Trees, waters, winds cry out—an old world pain—  
Oh Soul, 'tis thine own grief!

The quiet vesper thoughts of God drop down  
Through whirling worlds from gardens of the sky—  
My heart is broken with the passionate mood  
Of Beauty come too nigh.

—Gertrude Huntington McGiffert, in January Scribner's.

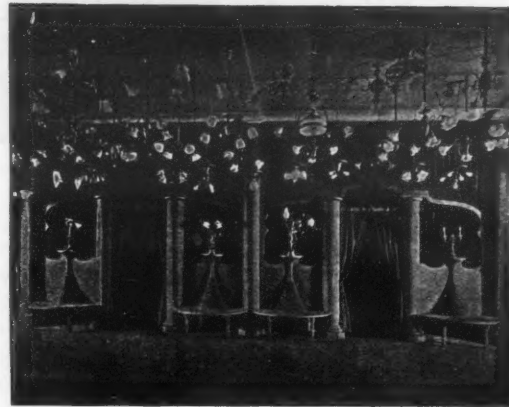
The University of Toronto announces Saturday public lectures as follows: January 25, Rev. Professor John MacNaughton, Queen's University, Kingston, on "Brownings and History"; February 1, Professor Bernard Edward Fernow, University of Toronto, on "The Battle of the Forest"; February 8, Victor Stefansson, B.A., on "The Eskimo of the MacKenzie River"; February 15, J. Humfrey Anger, Mus. Doc., Toronto Conservatory of Music, "A Plea for the Clavichord"; February 22, E. J. Kylie, M.A., Oxon., University of Toronto, on "St. Francis of Assisi". Tickets are, for the course, one dollar, or for a single lecture, twenty-five cents. Students may take the course for twenty-five cents.

## Apollinaris

"The Queen of Table Waters"

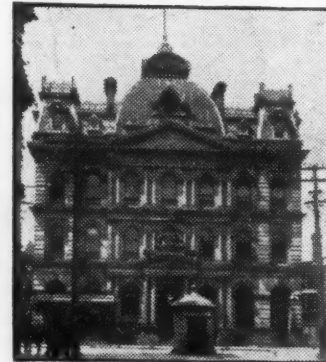


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INTERIOR OF SHOW ROOM

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**SANDERSON'S  
Scotch  
MOUNTAIN DEW**

POSITIVELY THE FINEST WHISKY IMPORTED



## THE MID-WINTER GAIETY

From now until Lent, Society "makes merry." During this period more social functions are held than at any other season of the year.

At Diamond Hall the hostess will find an abundance of dainty and artistic entertainment requisites necessary to make her Party or Dinner a distinct success.

**RYRIE BROS.**  
LIMITED  
134-138 Yonge St., Toronto



### A RARE EVENT IN Modish Hair Creations

WHEN a well known and reputable store only has occasion to hold a sale once in ten years, and that because of enlarging its premises, it is rather good evidence there will be genuine bargains.

We are going to remodel our store, and we want to make room before the workmen commence operations.

**GENUINE CUT PRICES** will rule for everything in our establishment, and absolutely nothing will be reserved. All the beautiful hair pieces that have made Pember famous will be upon sale, and combs, ornaments, toilet creams, manicuring needs, and everything we carry will be reduced in price to aid us in clearing a way for a better, larger and even more complete store.

Every lady who has any intention whatever of adding her hair and appearance should visit the store and the sooner the better.

REMEMBER THE PLACE.

**The PEMBER STORE**  
127-129 Yonge Street

## BREDIN'S CREAM LOAF



No bread baked can be substituted for

Bredin's Cream Loaf

On the quality basis.

The rich nut brown loaf that's all wholesome-ness and flavor.

The queen of breads — fit for a king.

5 cents — at your gro-cer's.



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## Young Canadians Serving the King

LXXXIV.



MR. F. H. MAYNARD.  
Lieutenant 125th Napier's Rifles, Indian Army. Graduate of the R.M.C., 1901.

## SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

MRS. CAWTHRA, of Yeadon Hall, gave a huge tea last Saturday which was really like three teas, the large dining-room being filled with one set of friends, another set choosing to foregather in the sun parlor, and the reception room and hall being generally well filled with a third coterie. It was a great gathering, such as few houses in Toronto now assemble, old friends never being forgotten by Mrs. Cawthra, and her beautiful daughter being so popular with the younger set. The hostess, in a rich black gown, with some fine jewels, received at the entrance to the drawing-room, Miss Cawthra, in dull rose color, being at her right hand to echo her greetings. The dining table was centred with fine crimson roses, and the large punch-bowls filled with an excellent brew, the usual dainties being arranged in dainty silver crystal and china on the table. In the sun parlor there was a touch of spring, daffodils shining golden and fairy ferns waving in delicate green. Mrs. and Miss Cawthra are going south very soon. Mrs. Harry Brock, Mrs. James Burnham, Miss Howard, Miss Cawthra's English friend, and Mr. and Mrs. Victor Cawthra were able assistants in making everyone happy. The handsome rooms glowed with light and flowers, and an enumeration of the guests would leave little room for other items in this column.

Among Torontonians spending the winter abroad are Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. White, who sailed on the Carmanian on January 16 for a season in Cairo. Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Harvey and their family have gone to Florida. Mr. and Mrs. Hees will go to Italy, Venice and Egypt this winter, and in the summer will travel as far East as Budapest, and visit also Dresden, Berlin and other continental cities, returning to Toronto in September. Mr. Hees left on Wednesday to join Mrs. Hees, who was visiting friends in New York before sailing for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Haas gave one of a series of dinners of eight covers on Wednesday evening. These cosy parties are very well done, and their friends are appreciating Mr. and Mrs. Haas' hospitality in their beautiful new home.

Colonel and Mrs. J. B. Maclean entertained at dinner one evening this week at their home in Queen's Park.

The Toronto Humane Society holds an annual meeting on Friday evening, Jan. 31, in the Normal School theatre, at eight o'clock.

A Barrie wedding, of which particulars will interest Toronto friends of the couple, was that of Miss Mary Elizabeth Perkins, daughter of Mr. C. A. Perkins, St. Mary street, Barrie, and Mr. Morrison Parsons Bridgland, of Calgary. Dr. Witten performed the ceremony and it was a house wedding. Miss Perkins wore embroidered chiffon, over taffeta, and carried white roses. Miss Ina Perkins was bridesmaid, in pale blue with pink roses. Mr. Edgar Parsons, of Osgoode Hall, Toronto, was his brother's best man, and Miss Lucy Clark, of Toronto, played the bridal music. Mr. and Mrs. Bridgland will make their home in Calgary.

Mr. John Sinclair Robertson, elder son of Mr. J. Ross Robertson, of Culloden, and Miss Jane Carlyle Hendrick, of New York, were married in the First Presbyterian church, Fifth avenue, last Saturday, by Rev. Howard Duffield, D.D. The bride wore her travelling dress, and carried a bouquet of orchids and lily of the valley. Mr. Irving Robertson was his brother's best man. The wedding was a quiet one, relatives and intimate friends being invited, and Mr. and Mrs. Ross Robertson and their niece, Miss Kathleen Parmenter, going down from Toronto. Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Robertson sail by the Republic to-day for the Mediterranean, on which ship Mr. and Mrs. Hees, Mr. and Mrs. Christie, Mr. and Mrs. Braithwaite also sail.

The foreword about Olga Samaroff and the prestige of the Woman's Musical Club sufficed to fill the Conservatory Hall last week, when the lady aforesaid came, played, and conquered all hearts. Tall, brune, serious, graceful, lithe, dreamy, dynamic, with sweet rare honest smile of pleasure at our pleasure, with half-bows that barely acknowledged our applause, the young woman of the Russian name and Texan birth went through a ravishingly delightful programme and so easily that no sense of fatigue was even suggested. "So easy" was what her graceful bending attitude suggested, as she did exacting piano trills, runs, every skipping, up-toe thing one may do on a

keyboard. Now, it was a troop of tiny mice scurrying in scattered fright, now the velvet footfall of their natural enemy, purring over the muffled tones; poetry sang in her playing, young life rioted at high tide, babies blew soap-bubbles, and the sun painted them rainbow-like! Anon, brazen bells tolled on frosty air, one saw the Neva and old Petersburg, and Cossacks galloping and mujiks in sheepskin coats muttering their sullen prayers, as the Greek church chant rose and fell and throbbed with strange cadences. Never wooden, mechanical, brutally strong, in her music, always vital, charming, powerful, sweet and poetic, a touch of joyous fun in the German dances, a whisper of peace and sweet content in the song without words. And the tall maiden in whose veins runs Dutch and German and Russian blood talked in her music from the heart of each nation, and told us wonderful and lovely things, and looked young and grave, in her soft rose gown, as her head nodded to the crisp chords, or drooped to follow some tender melody. It all made us want very much to hear Olga Samaroff again.

Mrs. Manley R. Sherris holds her post-nuptial reception at 222 Cottingham street, next Tuesday afternoon, from 4 to 6.

Mrs. P. C. Larkin is giving a tea from five to half past six o'clock next Wednesday, at her home 11 Elm avenue.

Trinity Conversat. and the Dental College dance in the Temple building were the "terpsichorean revels" which took up many a bright belle's time last night. About them I hope to give an account next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Lane are living at 38 Gloucester street, and Mrs. A. D. Stewart is with them for the winter. Mrs. Lane, formerly Graeme Stewart, and her mother, receive on Monday.

The president, officers and members of the Aura Lee Club have cards out for an "At Home" in Metropolitan assembly rooms on February 4, at 8.30 p.m. The patronesses of the dance are Lady Clark, Lady Mulock, Lady Moss, Mrs. Chalcraft, Mrs. Dyas, Mrs. Grant, Mrs. J. E. Jones, Mrs. Laurence, Mrs. Pentecost, Mrs. Ritchie and Mrs. C. C. Robinson. Mr. R. S. Pentecost, 407 Huron street is the hon. secretary. The stewards are Messrs. Victor Dyas, Reg Pentecost, C. F. Ritchie, J. Beverley Robinson, Fred Tate and Percy Joliffe.

Mrs. G. P. Reid's tea, at which the young folks bidden had the pleasure of meeting the Misses Reed of Government House, for whom it was arranged, was all that a girl's tea should be, and the house was a bright and gay scene about half past five, when everyone had arrived. Miss Jessie Johnston and Miss Baldwin poured tea and coffee in the dining room at either end of a pretty tea table, done with pink carnations. Miss Mortimer Clark brought the Misses Reed, and there were pretty girls from every part of the city, who were waited upon by the daughters of the house, Miss Reid and Miss Edna, Miss Darling of Rosemount and others. Mrs. Reid received in the drawing room, one of the prettiest salons in Toronto, with soft rose du Barry hangings and many dainty furnishings.

St. Margaret's College in its new quarters held such an opening as has not yet been, both in point of numbers and in regard to the importance of the people who interested themselves in the matter. It was last Friday, Jan. 17, that everybody seemed to be going to Bloor street east, in gala attire, and the guest of guests was Dr. Goldwin Smith, who made a speech, showing how keenly he follows educational matters. Rev. G. Macbeth Milligan, D.D., was in the chair, and the president of Toronto University and Mrs. Falconer, the Provost of Trinity, the Chancellor of Victoria and an army of professors and their wives and daughters, with hundreds of social lights, and parents whose bonnie girls were fitting here and there, rosy and bright-eyed, the best possible comment of the comfort of the college. There was a reception and a tea, after the opening and Mr. and Mrs. Dickson and their staff were probably pretty well tired out when the day and evening (for the pupils' friends) were well over. Everything points to a huge success for the school under their supervision.

The pictures to be exhibited by the Canadian Art Club on their opening night, February third, make a collection as interesting as the personality of the members, each as different from his neighbor as day from night, but each strong, earnest and full of fine work.

Mrs. McBean gave a most delightful "At Home" in the town hall, Georgetown, on Friday evening, January 10; about seventy-five guests were present. Paper dresses, powdered hair, and patches were the order of the evening, and the originality of the dresses added greatly to the gaiety of the scene. Flags and Chinese lanterns made the hall bright and pretty. Mrs. McBean received her guests in a most becoming black paper frock, and black aigrette in her powdered hair. With her were her two sisters, Miss Cotton, in a dainty pale lavender, Miss Minnie Cotton, in palest pink, much frilled, and Miss Wright in pale blue. A quartette of ladies in poppy dresses were much admired, Mrs. R. R. Barber, Miss Reid, Miss H. Barber and Miss McLeod. Another quartette of ladies in colonial costume of pink and white, were Mrs. F. M. Scarff, Mrs. H. B. Henderson, Mrs. H. M. Wetherald and Miss Wetherald. Other costumes were: Miss McKay and Miss Kay, twin roses; Mrs. F. W. Brooke, black, spangled with gold; Mrs. G. A. Ramsden, yellow, with touches of black; Mrs. A. E. Elliott, rose pink; Mrs. D. A. Somerville, red and white; Mrs. H. A. Coffen, white, with border of roses; Miss Bradley, colonial style, pink and white; Miss Ryan, pale blue, Miss A. Ryan, palest pink; Miss Young, scarlet with touches of gold and black; Miss Sutton, pale blue with white and black velvet; Miss Bescoley, pink and white; Miss J. Ruston, yellow with white yoke; Miss Wotton, mauve and white; Miss Langan, pale blue; Miss L. Langan, scarlet; Miss Ina Clarke, pink and white; Miss Cooke, red with frills; Miss Finlay, blue and white, old style; Miss Russell, blue, much frilled and plaited. Others present were: Mrs. J. McDermaid, Miss Lindsay, Miss Henderson, Mrs. Ruston. Supper was served in the council chamber. Among the gentlemen present were: Messrs. W. Arnold, G. Arnold, H. M. Bell, R. R. Barber, J. Brooke, W. F. Bradley, W. A. F. Campbell, E. W. Cole, H. A. Coffen, F. A. Harley, A. T. Ireland, A. Kay, J. S. Laird, Hamilton, J. K. Legge, E. R. Mansfield, Dr. R. R. Nickel, W. Parsons, Toronto, J. Reid, G. A. Ramsden, F. M. Scarff, J. A. Willoughby. On breaking up many a merry congratulation was showered on the bright hostess and her pretty assistants on a most novel and delightful evening.

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As we were just in the midst of our annual Xmas rush, these were laid aside along with other slightly damaged articles.

**A General Fire Sale** Discount Period is now on and lasts only 15 days. One may purchase high grade Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, Bronzes and Cut Glass, etc., at from **20 to 50 Per Cent.** off regular prices. An opportunity seldom available.

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## Books and Authors

Notes Regarding Recent and Forthcoming Publications of Interest to Canadian Readers, and Gossip Concerning Literary People.

N "The Car of Destiny" one of the latest stories by E. and M. Williamson, there is a passage showing how an American ran up against a new point of view in Spain. It must be explained that Colonel O'Donnel was Irish in name but Spanish otherwise, also his daughter Pilar.

"But I suppose Spaniards like getting rich, don't they?" said Dick, who was resting, and letting Ropes drive, while he made a fourth in the tonneau.

"They are not anxious. It is better to be comfortable," murmured the Irish-Spaniard. "Besides it is vulgar to be too rich, and makes one's neighbors unhappy. It is a thing I would not do myself."

"That is true," said Pilar. "It isn't what you call sour grapes. Papa could be rich if he liked. We have copper on our land, much copper. Men came and told papa that if he chose to work it he might have one of the best copper mines in Spain."

"And he wouldn't?" asked Dick. "Not for the world," said Colonel O'Donnel, with a flash of pride in his mild, brown eyes. "I do not come of that sort of people. I am an officer. I am not a miner."

"But," pleaded Dick, bewildered by this new type of man, who refused to open his doors and let money, tons of money, roll in, "but you could sell the land and make an enormous profit. You could keep shares, and—"

"I have no wish to sell," replied the Cherub.

"Well, you might let others work the mine for you."

"But I prefer living over it. It's a beautiful land. I would not have it made ugly. My ancestors would rise from their graves and cry out against me."

"Still, we are poor," said Pilar. "Now brother, pray be careful of Christal's clothes," and she laughed merrily. "It will be a long time before we can afford to buy others."

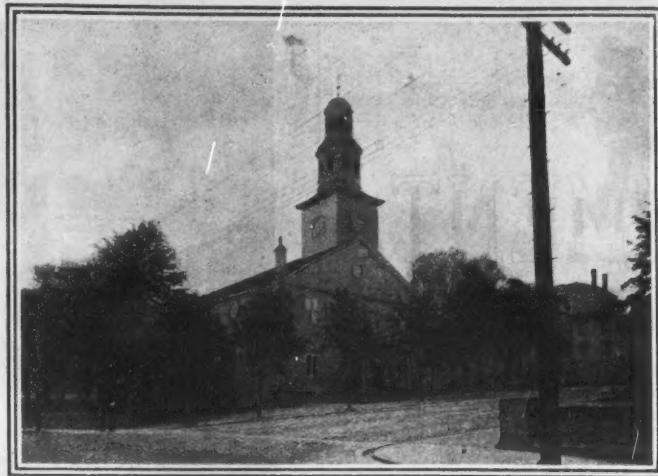
"And all that copper eating its head off underground," gasped Dick.

"We have cousins who are prouder than we about such things," said Pilar. "Two girls and their mother, who live in Seville. They've a beautiful old house with lovely grounds, but nothing else. How they manage not to starve, the saints know. They've sold their china and jewels—everything but their mantillas—to keep their carriage; and they have to share that with two other families of cousins, each taking it in turn: but they have three doors to the carriage—a door with the family crest of one, a door with the crest of the second, and another with the third: so nobody outside knows. A Scotch company want to buy their house and land for an hotel, and have offered them enough money to make them rich for life; but they'd rather die than give up the place. And although one of my cousins can paint beautifully, and could make a great deal by selling pretty sketches of Seville, her mother won't allow it. I do think it's carrying pride too far; but there are lots of people I know who are like that."

The Trinity University year book for 1907-1908 has just been issued, and, as usual, contains much information that is valuable to present and former students, and all who are interested in this seat of learning, which was founded in 1851 and federated with the University of Toronto in 1904. The residences for men and women at Trinity College are filled, the total of students in Arts and Divinity this year being over one hundred and fifty, which is in excess of any previous record.

The speeches delivered during last year at the meetings of the Empire Club of Toronto, edited by Mr. I. Castell Hookins, have just been published by William Briggs, Toronto. These speeches form a convenient book of reference on many topics. One of the addresses that makes interesting reading was that of Mr. W. A. Sherwood, A.R.C.A., on "The National Spirit in Art," in which he expresses some regret that there is not in Canada, as yet, much appreciation of art, and not sufficient interest taken in the work of men who are giving their lives to painting. This subject is coming in for a good deal of discussion in the United States of late, where the feeling spreads that American art should express itself and should not beg in vain for recognition. In his address, Mr. Sherwood spoke not only of Canadian art but also of British. "It is a strange commentary," he said, "that in Canada there are fewer British pictures shown than in any other of our colonies."

The January number of The Atlantic Monthly contains a sprightly short story called "La Tristesse," by Marjorie L. C. Pickthall, of Toronto. This writer makes her first appearance in The Atlantic with this story.



St. Paul's, Halifax

This church at Halifax, N.S., was erected in 1759, and is the oldest Protestant church in the Dominion.

The Australian colonies have purchased a large number of pictures from the British exhibitions, from the Royal Academy, and they have actually galleries in that great colony purely for the purpose of showing British art. Now, sir, in the Dominion of Canada there is on such collection made of British pictures. We have, strange to say, a feeling for the art of all countries excepting England. Why should we be so alienated from British art and fond of singing the praises of British heroes? I cannot understand it. To us it should most directly appeal, because we are a part of it: three thousand miles is not so far that we cannot be in touch in five minutes with the people of England. We read the Academy notes, and study carefully what is being done, yet with all that continuing for years, we have not made a direct purchase from the Academy, nor have we recognized the men who are standing in the very front of all the artists of all nations of Europe. We are content to say they are British, but we do not purchase their pictures. We are the only colony of the British Empire that has not made a direct purchase of British pictures. I think that this idea to-day might be worth taking away with us, and when each year rolls round or such period of time evolves, when another artist will speak, there may be impressed the necessity of recognizing in this country the ability of the British artist, the necessity of recognizing the artists of New Zealand and Australia, and while the compliment may be paid to them that they have produced great men, should not they, in turn, recognize what we are doing, and thus a closer tie be woven, a better portion of the fabric, than that which has been in the past."

English subscriptions to the Keats-Shelley memorial in Rome are not coming in as rapidly as it was hoped they would. They now amount to \$5,000; Americans have contributed \$12,500.

Carl Ahrens, of Toronto, has a letter from Stewart Edward White from the Jumping Off Place, Santa Barbara, Cal., in which he says that he is now "engaged with others in getting up a battle of flowers to welcome the fleet when it shows up here."

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A correspondent writes as follows to the New York Sun, regarding the "trend" of written English:

Is the fine art of phrasing one's thoughts in simple and lucid English about to be superseded by a hodge-podge of overworked phrases like:

The question of.  
Along these lines.  
Of the fact.  
Please note that.  
A condition, not a theory.  
Something to be said.  
The trouble is.  
In addition to.  
For example.  
In general.  
Right here.  
On the other hand.  
In this connection.  
For example, please note right here that in this connection the trouble is that in addition to the question of the too frequent use of phrases like "in general," there is, on the other hand, something to be said of the fact that it is a condition, not a theory that confronts us. Further discussion is invited along these lines.

"Praise to glory the South is going dry!" shouted the temperance advocate, waving his arms. "It will bring sunshine into Southern homes." "Yes, and moonshine, brother," spoke up the little man who had been sitting in the end row.—Puck.

## Curious Things Seen by Globe-Trotters

Oddities That Travellers Ran Across in Various Parts of the World and Forget to Tell Us About When They Return.

GENOA and Naples are the two cities in Italy which are credited with having the greatest variety of foods. Genoa is famed for a peculiar dish of mashed chestnuts and cooked squash, which are mixed together and formed into a huge golden pie three or four feet in diameter and about four inches in depth. The pie is called *torta*, and it is sold in wedge-like slices. With an additional seasoning of pepper and butter, and the omission of the slight flavor of garlic, *torta* would readily find favor in any country as a vegetable dish. It is generally thought that macaroni forms the staple food of Italy, but this is not true. While macaroni is distinctively Italian, and is relished by every man, woman and child of that country, it is far too expensive to be anything but a luxury to the very poor. *Polenta*, which is nothing more than corn-meal mush, comes nearer to being the national food. The peasant live almost entirely upon *polenta*, and so palatable and sustaining is it that it is not disdained by the rich. The peasant likes his *polenta* dressed with a sauce of oil and garlic in which a few anchovies have been chopped and mixed. It is also prepared with chopped ham or other meats, and there are many ways of preparing it with fruit and jam and spices, although such luxuries, like the macaroni, are out of reach of the majority. It is said that Italians prefer *polenta* to meat or bread if they are compelled to choose, because it causes a feeling of satiety which the same quantity of other and better foods fail to produce. A story is told about a certain rich land-owner in Italy who in a philanthropic mood began to distribute meat every week to his peasantry, but he soon discovered that instead of being appreciated, the meat was sold or exchanged for *polenta*.

Few would connect the common bath-brick of our kitchens with a caprice of nature, or would credit that there is but one spot on the entire globe where these scouring-blocks can be manufactured. Yet it is so, for all bath-bricks are made in Bridgewater, Somersetshire, England, and there only, because the river Parrett deposits for a distance of a few hundred yards only the peculiar compound of sand and slime of which they are composed. Farther up the stream the silt contains too much mud, lower down the proportion of sand is too great. Every ebb, therefore, the workmen remove the soil from this favored spot which Dame Nature has placed there the previous tide. Nowhere else in the world is a similar compound to be found.

Among the many curious things that have at one time or another been found beneath the streets of London, not the least interesting are the buried rivers, streams that have fallen on evil days. There were at least four known to preceding generations: the Westbourne, whence we get Westbourne Grove, wherein the late Mr. Whiteley achieved fame as the "Universal Provider"; the Tyburn, destined to give its name to a place of ill omen; the Holebourne (or Fleet), from which is derived the name of perhaps the most famous street in newspaperdom, and lastly the Wall Brook, a name not unknown to city men. The Westbourne is now condemned to flow along the Ranelagh sewer, whose pipes follow the same general direction as the old stream. The Fleet once ran through rural surroundings and spas, and up its tidal estuary ships used to sail as far

as Holborn Bridge, but it declined from a river to a brook, from a brook to a ditch and from a ditch to a drain. Its history is to be found fully outlined in Besant's admirable novel, "The Chaplain of the Fleet."

The many streams that abounded have been greatly lessened by the drainage of London, but the Old Roman Bath in the Strand still delivers 7,000 gallons daily, and there remain a few old *habitués* who occasionally take a plunge into its ice cold waters.

The city of Paris owns 87,000 trees, or one to every thirty-two inhabitants, without counting the trees in some 300 acres of parks. The horse chestnut is the commonest tree planted by the municipality; after it comes the plane tree. In some of the more distant and secluded avenues limes and acacias are found, but variety must not be sought outside the gardens and parks which belong to the state. There one may find almost every tree that may be grown in the Paris climate.

The aquarium at Brighton, England, is one of the largest and most beautiful aquaria in Europe. It is operated with annexes, like a theatre and restaurant, but is admirably maintained, and during the summer is one of the attractions of the English watering-place.

European marriages entail legal formalities unknown on this continent. Instead of the simple process of procuring a proper license and engaging the services of a minister, an amount of red tape must be unreeled that would sorely vex the average American.

For example, the marriage notice of the nuptials of Miss Gladys Moore Vanderbilt and Count Ladislav Szechenyi was posted for the required fifteen days in the cities of Natafalva and Ormeoz by the notary, as required by the Hungarian law. The notice appeared on the dead walls, and invited anyone having an objection to the marriage to make it known.

Among the Lolos of Western China it is customary for the bride on her wedding morning to perch herself on the highest branch of a large tree, while the elder female members of her family cluster on the lower limbs, armed with sticks. When all are duly stationed, the bridegroom clambers up the tree, assailed on all sides by blows, pushes, and pinches from the feminine relatives, and it is not until he has broken through their defence and captured the bride that he is allowed to carry her off.

## The Modern Poet.

THE bygone poets of the past  
Have shrunk unto mummy'd  
shards.

The impatient spirit of the day  
Has little use for antique bards.

It gloats no more o'er shield and spear  
Or glitt'ring helm and pennon gay  
It snickers at the charging steeds  
And knights in boiler plate array.

The modern poet's left to sing  
"The glamor of the golden lure,"  
To fudge a limerick in praise  
Of pills that kill but do not cure.

Or glorify Industry's chiefs.  
Recite their strenuous deeds of  
fame,  
Of how they bullied, cheated, bribed,  
And, stealing millions, won the  
game.

Some genius of the coming time,  
"Hitching his wagon to a star,"  
Will write in rich melodious rhyme  
The epic of the motor car.

H. S. WALTER.  
Hartney, Man., Jan., 1908.

## The Oldest Protestant Church in Canada.

BY far the oldest public building in English-speaking Canada, St. Paul's, Halifax, is also the oldest Protestant church in that vast region, known yesterday as British North America. Erected in 1749, at the first settlement of the city, and constructed of timbers brought from Boston, the old church remains today in a perfect state of preservation and apparently good for at least another century. It is modelled upon the plan of St. Mary's church, Vere street, London, and possesses a pair of bells sent out from England, to judge from their tone, of very ancient workmanship. Underneath the church are extensive vaults containing the remains of a number of prominent personages, including the two Bishops Inglis, father and son. The vaults are now closed, but are still accessible to anyone of a mildly adventurous disposition.

The church contains between forty and fifty mural tablets to deceased clergymen, statesmen, and officers of the army and navy who have died on the station, and a number of "hatch-

# Queen Quality

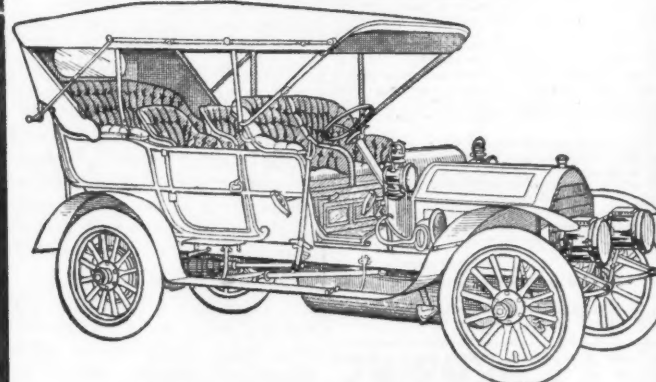
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ments" or "escutcheons" also adorn the walls. There is a magnificent service of solid silver communion plates, presented by the founder, George II. In the vestry hang a number of rare and valuable engravings—Halifax in 1760, Bishop Inglis, Rev. Dr. Breynton, the second rector, in wig and gown. The vestry minute books and registers date about a century and a quarter back, and are most interesting.

## DE PACHMANN'S FAREWELL.

Paradoxical as it may appear, Vladimir De Pachmann's biography offers the most barren field imaginable for the searcher after the secret of the man's magic art. All that has been gathered definitely about the early training of the greatest Chopin player of his day is that, save his father, an amateur violinist, and Professor Dachs of the Vienna Conservatorium, De Pachmann's only other teacher was himself, or as he puts it: "I learned from the sunshines and

shadows of life; both have been my lot." To intimates, however, De Pachmann has confided that he followed his first great successes in Russia, Paris, London, Germany, and Denmark, with a prolonged period of monastic retirement devoted to the most rigid self-discipline and prodigious technical practice. When he re-appeared, De Pachmann's American debut in 1890 proved to be a revelation to the piano-playing world, and since then further tours in this country—the latest in 1904—and concerts in all the capitals of Europe have served to augment his fame to a point beyond which no pianist ever achieved.

De Pachmann gives his farewell recital in Massey Hall on Monday.

A Georgia paper says: "He who rides on the rail courts death." It was an Irishman, ridden on a rail, who said that except for the honor of the thing he would just as soon walk.—Houston Post.

But the religious people of the old school who see in theatre catastrophes the judgment of God on human frivolity are growing fewer and fewer.—Detroit News.

Florida has gaoled a man for writing poetry. Justice may be leaden-footed, but sometimes she sprints in the right direction.—Mexico Herald.



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PORTER



## Synopsis of Canadian North-west

## HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

ANY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Application for entry must be made in person by the applicant at a Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-agency for the district in which the land is situated. Entry by proxy may, however, be made at an Agency on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

The homesteader is required to perform the homestead duties under one of the following plans:

(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) A homesteader may, if he so desires, perform the required residence duties by living on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of the homestead, or upon a homestead entered for by him in the vicinity, such homesteader may perform his own residence duties by living with the father (or mother).

(3) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of a homesteader has permanent residence on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of the homestead, or upon a homestead entered for by him in the vicinity, such homesteader may perform his own residence duties by living with the father (or mother).

(4) The term "vicinity" in the two preceding paragraphs is defined as meaning not more than nine miles in a direct line, exclusive of the width of road allowance crossed in the measurement.

(5) A homesteader intending to perform his residence duties in accordance with the above while living with parents or on farming land owned by himself must notify the Agent for the district of such intention.

Six months' notice in writing must be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa, of intention to apply for patent.

W. W. CORY,

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

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"Please, mister, there's a hole in your window, and our ball's just gone through it."—Sketch.

## SPORTING COMMENT



THE University Curling Club made a good start at its initial appearance before any audience in the single rink competition. Only three

rinks were entered by this youthful organization, and though they were put out of the running, they managed on the way through to dispose of the tenderly nurtured aspirations of seven ambitious skips. The ratio of games won to rinks entered was much better than that of any other club, and if first performances count for anything, the students will bring down a few more gray hairs in sorrow before the ice leaves us. Some of the veterans who watched them perform were not any too enthusiastic about the form displayed, claiming that the young 'uns, while generally accurate, put more pace on their shots than the circumstances warranted, and that a more restrained style of play would have been just as successful, and of greater value in the long run.

Be that as it may, the University Curling Club is a very welcome and very worthy addition to the ranks of the broom experts, and with a growing membership they will be heard from more frequently in the future.

While we are on the subject, we might say that the vociferous rooting of some mistaken adherents of the college boys might be toned down a bit without injury to the game. It is an integral part of college sports, but lends nothing at all to the attractiveness of curling. There is a time and a place for everything, and this "Sis! Boom! Ah!" business, rendered by a band of leather-lunged choristers, grates on the nerves a little, especially as the majority of the players are old enough to be their fathers. It is worth considering.

THAT was not a nice trick that Brockville played on Cornwall in the matter of their Federal League match awhile ago. For those who are unacquainted with the circumstances, it may be stated that Brockville imported the whole tribe of nomads who represent Renfrew on the ice, and they trimmed Cornwall in cruel fashion. As a result, the Brockville banks were glutted by deposits of Cornwall money the next day, and the factory town yearns for revenge with a deep and fathomless yearning.

If the whole desire of the Brockville people was to provide foemen worthy of the Cornwall steel, all might have been forgiven in this league, where everything goes, but when the smoke drifted away from the scene of conflict, it was perceived that the modern peril, high finance, had got in its deadly work, and tight money reared its threatening head in the midst of the Cornwall contingent.

It will be some time, however, before they will obtain satisfaction. There will be no more imports of hockey players entered at the port of Brockville this season, and as a result of the defection of this club, the Federal League, already shaky in the knees, is about due for a short and painless release from care.

On top of these many things comes a despatch which says that the Victorias have been offered a place in the Ottawa Valley League, and that Cornwall may also be taken in.

That "taken in" has a right sinister sound to it, in the light of past events, so, mind your eye Cornwall!

DURING the match last Saturday between Ottawa and Shamrock, Tom Phillips, the \$1,800 importation from Winnipeg, was twice benched, each time for three minutes. Ten schedule matches of sixty minutes each, makes Phillips' time worth three dollars a minute.

Let it be inserted in the players' contracts that their salaries are for a full sixty minutes' play, and that a pro rata deduction will be made for each minute that they are off the ice, and rough play, (in the professional ranks) will automatically cease. Phillips, for example, will not see the value of losing eighteen dollars merely to gratify two momentary flashes of temper.

It is rumored that Stallings, late of Buffalo, is after the Montreal Baseball Club, with a view to purchasing an interest in the same. This is not much of a distinction, as the name of almost every man of prominence in baseball has been mentioned in this connection, but it is interesting from the fact that if he ever did get

in, there would be something doing on Montreal Island.

There is a pressing need for galvanic treatment of the situation down there. Montreal is a city of well over 300,000 people, and yet the proverbial corporal's guard is a crush compared to the attenuated figures given for last year's fixtures. This was largely accounted for by the submerged position of the team all season, and Stallings would be a good man to pull it out of the rut. Personally, he is not over-popular, a tendency to "yawp" loudly upon the slightest provocation being his most unlikeable trait, but no one can deny that he has unlimited ginger and hustle, and these qualities are just what are needed to pull the Royals out of the mire.

Even if he did not get together a team of pennant winners, there is one thing sure—there are lots of people in Montreal who, at present, do not know baseball from button, button, who would have their darkness brightened before the emphatic Stallings had handled the situation very long.

RAY C. EWRY, the standing jump champion, who was the first of the A. A. U. athletes to face the charges brought by Matt. Halpin, and who was subsequently whitewashed by the Metropolitan Registration Committee, is not clear of the woods yet. The Registration Board's finding doesn't look good to Mr. Halpin and he has appealed to the powers that be, Sullivan and his executive.

Quite evident that Ewry doesn't patronize the right sporting goods house, when Czar Sullivan won't believe a registration committee that whitewashes an Olympic champion.

Halpin's most serious charge was that Ewry gave exhibitions at unsanctioned meets, and Ewry admitted the corn, but explained that the meets in question were handled by the Y. M. C. A., the organization that first gave him an opportunity to develop his jumping abilities, and the whitewash easily covered that sin. He also confessed to having accepted a lady's watch as a prize, but pointed out that his wife was wearing the timepiece. No doubt the board was of the opinion that as Ray was a consistent winner it was one of the duties of his better half to help carry his prizes.

WHEN President Sullivan, of the A. A. U., was attending the Federation meet in Montreal, last fall, he made a few statements that were reproduced in these columns, accompanied by an article criticizing his high-handed methods in dealing with his own and other associations. In several succeeding issues we have proceeded to show up his Tammany tactics and we are pleased to note that our efforts towards abolishing the despotic rule in athletics are bearing fruit. Not only are the Canadian newspapers taking up the fight, but every live sporting page in his own stamping ground persists in asking him embarrassing questions about matters that would have passed into oblivion had not the public desired to know something about the real reason for Longboat's suspension. Is it possible that during Mr. Sullivan's school days he failed to become impressed with that clause in Patrick Henry's oration: "Caesar had his Brutus, Charles I. his Cromwell," etc.?

IT is announced that the University of Pennsylvania cricket team, which did some creditable work last summer in England, will visit Canada this summer, and try conclusions with Canadian cricketers, beginning late in June. Coupled with the coming of the Winnipeg team, eastern cricket clubs will have a large and varied programme this year. It looks as though the game during the summer of 1908 will make a spurt. Often one hears reasons why cricket is not more popular among out-door sports in this country, one of them being that it takes up more time than any of the other games. Now this can hardly be said to be correct, for all the city league matches in Toronto start at 2.30 p.m., which is about half an hour before a baseball or lacrosse match. And again, during June, July and August, one can have as much practice as he requires from 5 p.m. until 7.45 p.m. Men who are engaged

in professional work can generally leave their offices at 4 p.m., and get in two hours' work with the bat and ball. The average man can get his practice between the hours first mentioned. There are quite a few holidays during the season, which give time for all day matches. Part of the summer holiday which most people get or take—some a week some more—could be spent in playing or practicing. There is a growing appreciation for cricket in Canada, and as the play increases in skill, the crowds attracted will grow larger. It is pleasing to note the interest that the press is taking in connection with the matter. Anyone purchasing a copy of a Toronto morning paper during the season will see columns devoted to the results of matches played.

It is generally remarked that cricket is a slow game. To the man or woman who does not understand the principles of the game, that game will have less attraction. If a good many people who are bored by cricket would pull off their coats and try the game they would soon be impressed with its earnestness and its manliness.

"IN these later years," said Mr. Grayboy, (one of the New York Sun's philosophers), "I have found that I required less sleep. When I was younger I used to sleep eight hours, and frequently when I was very tired I could use nine; but there came a time a few years ago when I discovered that seven hours sleep was ordinarily all that I required."

"Now, I mentioned this fact, casually, one day, to a friend of mine, and he said that this was one of the benefits that came to men as they increased in years; that requiring less sleep they had more time for labor and so could accomplish more, and that this was one reason why men of maturer years were counted as of greater value."

"A pleasant fancy, that, I thought. 'Another friend of mine said more plainly that my requiring less sleep was a sign of my advancing age; that very young people, young children, required a great deal of sleep; that as people grew older they required less, until in middle life they needed, say, eight hours of sleep; but that as men came to be past middle age they required less sleep, and my needing less simply showed that I was getting old.'"

"Not quite so pleasant that, but here is a new complication:

"I find within the last few months that I am again requiring more sleep. Whereas for some years seven hours I found sufficient I now sleep eight hours. And what does that mean? Does it mean that I have stopped growing old, that I am growing young again? or that I am advancing now to my second childhood?"

"H—m. This sleep business I guess I hadn't better dwell on too much."

OF the self-absorption of Lamb's friend, George Dyer, many amusing stories are told, but not so well known is a story quoted in Notes and Queries of Dyer's equally self-absorbed friend, the Welsh bard Edward Williams:

When in the country he was accustomed to ride. One day, while walking, deep in thought, he came to a toll-gate, at which he stopped and shouted to the keeper:

"Here, what's to pay?"

"For what?" enquired the man.

"For my horse, of course," said Williams.

"There's no horse here, sir."

"Bless me," exclaimed the bard, suddenly awaking to the situation, "I thought I was on horseback."

"LEND my dress suit? Not on your life?" replied the man. "I might get it in the neck the way Corrigan did."

"What happened to Corrigan?"

"Well, two years ago a fellow whom he knew slightly borrowed Corrigan's dress suit to go to a dance. Next thing Corrigan heard was that the fellow had dropped dead of heart disease. Corrigan went to the funeral to do the right thing. When he peeked into the casket he noticed the deceased had on his dress suit. The undertaker had picked it out because it was the only dark suit in the fellow's wardrobe. Corrigan wept real tears when he saw then lowering the coffin into the grave. That was his first and last dress suit. He vowed he'd never get another."



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It was not only royal ladies who in former times were honored with official titles. "The Bold Ladie of Chester," Mary Cholmondeley, was knighted by Queen Elizabeth for her valiant address when that sovereign took upon herself the command of her forces at the threatened Spanish invasion, which recalls the fact that the Begum of Bhopal was made a lady knight of the most noble Order of Queen Victoria when the late queen was proclaimed Empress of India (January 1, 1877). But Mary Cholmondeley was not the first woman to be knighted. Not to speak of Mary and Elizabeth, who were made knights before they were made queens, there is in Abergavenny church the stone effigy, adorned with the insignia of knighthood, of Eva de Cantilupe, who succeeded to the barony and castle of Abergavenny in right of her mother, and was also a knight.

friends in London for a good half hour, unconscious of the turmoil she was creating in the financial world. English bankers who were discussing the American crisis and gold engagements with their Paris correspondents were frantic, not knowing what might happen while the service was interrupted.

A story is going the rounds about a not very well known but wealthy lady of social aspirations, who apologized for the absence of the fourth footman to her friend, a real great lady who had dropped in to a *lete-a-lete* luncheon. "Oh, pray don't mention it," said the latter, "I can never eat more than three!"—Bellman.

Some particularly hard parts of the G. T. P. may cost a hundred thousand dollars a mile to build. A compensating reflection is that the most gorgeous and expensive Pullman car can feel proud of travelling over a line like that.—Toronto Star.

Mrs. Crawford—It's always best to aim high. Mrs. Crabshaw—I'm not so sure about that. I asked my husband for an auto for Christmas, and we compromised on a new go-cart for Willie.—Smart Set.

Jones—I am going to marry an English girl. Bones—You will never again hear me say that the English have no appreciation of a joke.—Town Topics.



## The Love Affair of an Actress

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

SHE sat in the middle of the lounge in the small smoking-room adjoining the bar of the Savoy Hotel and around her a little court of admirers, including the reporter, who was busy taking down the words of wisdom which flowed from her lips, and the boy who wrote things and who stood a little apart from the group. She was pretty or not, according to the accident of the moment, and she had little wavy golden curls coming from unexpected places, a wonderful smile with which her eyes seemed to have something to do, and she was chic from the tips on her patent shoes to the angle of the green feather on her hat. She explained her likes and dislikes in pert little phrases, which seemed to afford her admirers continual delight. New York was really her home, but London was great—everyone had been real good to her and she was going to have another song next week. In the middle of it all she caught the adoring gaze of the boy who wrote things, who wasn't really a boy at all, but who came from the country and was painfully shy. Someone whispered in her ear and she suddenly beamed upon him.

"Say, are you the Mr. Rankin who writes those delightful stories?" she asked him sweetly.

He stammered out something to the effect that he did write stories and she moved up to the corner of the lounge.

"You must come and sit right down by me," she declared. "I want to know how you think of all those wonderful plots."

This was where the thing began. Presently the reporter, finding that there was no more material for him, went away and left the boy who had been his companion behind. One by one the others dropped off, and presently the girl rose, too.

"I must go back and get a sandwich or something before I go to the theatre," she remarked, looking at her hat in the glass.

The young man Rankin was suddenly bold.

"Won't you come into the cafe with me and have something?" he asked eagerly.

She hesitated for a moment and glanced at him furtively. They were certainly rather a queer looking couple, she neat and chic and expensive, he in ill-fitting country clothes, an unfashionable collar and impossible tie. He was just as conscious as she was at her ease, and though the maitre d'hotel handled him gently, he showed a lamentable ignorance in those small amenities which a smart young woman expects from her male escort. However, they got through the meal somehow, and after first under-tipping and then over-tipping the waiter, dropping his hat and treading upon her gown, they got out of the place. When he told the driver of the hansom to drive to the Carlton Theatre—stage door—he felt that he had begun to live at last.

He ventured to ask her to supper, but she had had enough for the present, and declined. But she was in her way a kindly little soul, and when she saw how disappointed he was she made him some amends.

"You can look in for half an hour after the show if you like," she told him, "20 Carlton Mansions."

"What time may I come?" he demanded breathlessly.

"Any time, not before twelve," she answered.

He walked down to the Embankment afterwards. He felt the absolute need of being somewhere where he could think. He was an impressionable young fool, of course, but after all, he was honest and those were beautiful thoughts which came to him as he walked slowly along, his eyes travelling over the dark, slowly flowing water to the glittering arc of lights beyond. Up and up and up he lifted her, up beyond the stars to the divine company of the women who have ruled the world, through the hearts of its conquerors; and yet no higher than his foolish heart which had taken her in for all the days.

It was half past twelve when he knocked with beating heart at the door of her room. The luxury of the place rather oppressed him, wholly unused to such things—the smoothly running lift, the spacious corridors with their heavily piled carpets, the shaded electric lights, the pleasant warmth and the somewhat supercilious air of the servants. A voice called out "come in," and he entered.

She was lying in an easy chair opposite the door. A man was sitting on his arm and she was laughing up into his face. Several other girls in negligee attire were in the room and half a dozen men. There were sandwiches and whiskey and soda upon the sideboard, the remains of a sup-

per upon the table. It was not at all like what he had expected.

She half rose from her chair and introduced him to everybody. He felt that it was rather a trying moment. All the men were in evening dress, and obviously belonged to a set with which he had come little into contact. They all spoke a few words to him, and one of the girls tried to draw him into conversation. But, nevertheless, he felt hopelessly an alien. They talk in a shibboleth which he did not understand, their jokes, their laughter, their flying remarks all seemed to be founded upon a common and intimate acquaintanceship. He did his best but he felt himself a ghastly failure. His hostess came over at last and sat by his side. There is no doubt at all that she was a kindly little person.

"I'm afraid you're bored, as they say over here," she began.

"I'm not," he answered with unexpected boldness, "but I hated to see that fellow sit on the arm of your chair."

Then the laugh came—the laugh which he loved. Perhaps the others thought he had been amusing. He only knew.

"Why, where should he sit?" she demanded. "Wouldn't you sit there, if I asked you to? Come, I'll sit on yours. Now you can't be jealous, can you? Get me a whiskey and soda, there's a dear boy."

He went to the sideboard and mixed one. When he came back she was talking to someone else. He waited for her with the tumbler in his hand, a little awkwardly. Presently she noticed him and came over, but she continued her conversation across the room all the time. He saw that it was a very good-looking man with whom she was talking and that they seemed on excellent terms. He felt himself growing pale with misery. Suddenly she seemed to remember him again and seated herself once more on the arm of his chair.

"Say," she remarked, looking at him critically, "I thought that all your Englishmen always changed your clothes for the evening."

He felt his cheeks grow furiously hot.

"I—I forgot all about it to-night," he answered.

"What have you been doing?" she asked.

"I went for a walk," he answered. She looked at him as at some being whom she wholly failed to understand. "For a walk!" she repeated a little vaguely for a person of her direct habit of speech.

Suddenly it flashed in upon him—the whole vast incongruity, the eternal differences whose barrier between them must reach even to the skies, between the dreamer with his head in the clouds and this charming, acute little person, whose feet were very much upon the earth. It was the moment which might have been the moment of his salvation. A second later and he might have broken away, lived down his pains and come out, a few years older, perhaps, but his own man. The merest chance intervened. The illuminating flash fired his eyes, transformed his somewhat homely features. He seemed to her for the moment almost attractive. She bent down and lightly touched his lips with hers.

"Silly boy," she murmured. Then indeed his case was hopeless. She agreed, with some misgivings, to dine with him on the following day—Sunday. She had been invited to join another party, which she should have preferred, but another girl had been asked first and she was piqued. Nevertheless she had misgivings, and they were justified. He had forgotten to engage a table at the fashionable restaurant which she named, and when they arrived they were relegated to an uncomfortable corner. He had ordered no flowers, his evening clothes were old-fashioned and she was almost certain he was wearing a made-up tie. The maitre d'hotel openly patronized him, when he attempted to order the dinner; he chose the wine recommended by the waiter, which was so sweet as to be most undrinkable, and his nervous attempts at conversation were almost painful. She did her best to help him.

"Say," she commanded, "don't try to talk any more about the theatre. Tell me the things which interest you. Where do you write your stories? How do the thoughts come to you?"

He began to rhapsodize—to talk about the things he loved, the place he lived in, where the west wind blew salt across the marshes and the incoming tide rent long streaks of silver into the brown land. He told her of the white winged birds, the winter sunlight, the wonderful fascinating loneliness of the forgotten village from which he came. And after a moment or two's blank wonderment she was bored. She hid it at first with

gentle yawns behind her fan. He was blind to the hint, and went on—rushing against his fate. A burst of laughter from that other table towards which she had so often covertly glanced, caused her to turn her head. A hand was waved to her, a signal flashed back. A moment or two later, two of the men were by her side.

They spoke courteously to her companion—they had both been at the flat on the night of his visit. They even tried to avoid the appearance of ignoring him, but the thing was hopeless from the first. She was one of those who demands the right to be amused, as the ordinary person demands to live. Her companion had failed—failed utterly in every way. She felt herself aggrieved and the limits of her good-nature had been reached. The rest is quite easy to guess. A sort of amalgamation of the two parties took place. No one was rude to Rankin—they were all too well bred, but the thing came home to him. When the party dissolved he slipped away unnoticed—certainly unmissed.

After that he began to slip and then to fall. He did no work and he lived—he scarcely knew how. He haunted the places where she was to be seen; when he could afford it he leaned over the rail of the gallery of her theatre. He was never obtrusive, a half-cut and a few evasions had been sufficient for him. Yet she was often conscious, uncomfortably conscious, of him. Occasionally she saw a shabby, half-starved figure gliding away from the front of her flat when she came out, or lurking in the shadows of the narrow street in which was situated the stage door of the theatre which she still graced. At first it made her uncomfortable—afterwards, with the divine common-sense of her race and sex, she put him out of her mind as a crank—nothing to be thought of seriously. Then one day she met the reporter and he stopped her in the street.

"By the way," he asked, "do you happen to remember a young man who was with me at the Savoy, one day—a young idiot by the name of Rankin?"

She looked at him curiously. "I guess so," she answered. "What about him?"

"Nothing much," he answered, "only the idiot's disappeared—gone under, from all I can hear, and a good many people are anxious to find him out."

"Why?" she asked. "Some uncle up in the north has left him £80,000," he answered. "Lucky fellow if he ever turns up to claim it. I can't make out what went wrong with him. Clever chap in his way, but not balanced."

Miss Bella Delmain was very thoughtful for the rest of that evening. She had been having a good many late nights, she had missed rehearsal once or twice and the audience had left off encoring her one song. A new piece was being talked of and as yet the manager had said nothing to her about her part. For the next few evenings she looked about outside her flat and outside the stage door. At last she was successful. He was flitting away into the shadows but she caught him firmly by the coat sleeve.

"Why, isn't that you, Mr. Rankin?" she exclaimed. "Why do you always run away from me?"

He was speechless, but his appearance told its story. Her voice sounded very pretty and sympathetic.

"See here," she said, "it's time you quit this foolishness. You've got to come and have supper with me to-night."

He drew a quick, sobbing breath. "Look at me," he gasped. "Fancy me supping with anyone. Let me go. I'm content. I've spoken to you once more. That's enough. I'm going to end it to-night."

"Rubbish," she said firmly. "Now listen to me. It doesn't matter a bit about your clothes. Take this and borrow what you want. I shall expect you outside at half past eleven."

She smiled at him, the same smile, and flitted in through the stage door. He found himself standing there with a gold net purse in his hand and a new life bounding through his veins. He felt the sovereigns, a dozen of them at least. Then he staggered down the street!

The odd part of it was that their marriage is or seems to be a success. She flirts a little, of course, but discreetly, he has begun to write again and there is some talk of a play. They live in a handsome flat and entertain continually, a pleasant but somewhat Bohemian crowd. They own a motor car and go South for the winter. They are well known figures at certain west end restaurants and he has learned to order a dinner. But they had been married a year before he dared to ask her the question, which had been on his mind since the day he met the reporter in the Strand and

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## LAST WEEK OF OUR JANUARY SALE

A few concluding words about our White Goods sale, embracing as they do practically all "our own manufacture." The materials were selected with a view of giving you the very best value obtainable. The laces and embroideries represent the daintiest effects that we could secure from the foremost makers of Europe. Our manufacturing staff is composed of the most skilful workers that we could find. Quite an imposing array of good features, don't you think. Well, added to all these is a positive and very substantial saving of real money. Note the prices on these garments for the concluding week:

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- At \$2.00.** Also four styles at \$2.00, value up to \$3.25. Among these is a round yoke, made of rows of val. insertions, beading and ribbon. Also round embroidery yoke with embroidery beading, run with ribbon and edged with lace; three-quarter sleeve.
- At \$2.25 and \$2.50.** Half a dozen smart new styles in night gowns at these attractive prices, including square neck style yoke of embroidery and satin ribbon sleeves, finished with turn back cuffs. Value \$3.50.
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- At \$3.50.** Handsome high neck night gowns of very fine Nainsook square or V neck, yokes of fine Swiss embroidery and val. lace; sleeves to match. Also square neck, back and front of fine val. joined with embroidery beading; frilled sleeves, ribbon trimmed. Value for \$5.00.
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had a drink with him. He asked it after a little dinner at the Savoy and she leaned back in her chair and looked at him under half closed eyes and that delightful smile.

"Say, Arthur," she murmured with her irresistible drawl, "are you satisfied with your wife?"

"Of course I am," he answered fervently.

"Then don't ask silly questions," she told him.—The Bellman.

"Our new maid put wine glasses on the breakfast table." "Did your wife reprimand her?" "No; we don't want to hurt her feelings, so we have wine every morning for breakfast."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mrs. Bacon—Why, that piano has several keys that make no sound at all. Mr. Bacon—Yes, and there are some other good features about it.—Yonkers Statesman.

### PRAISE FOR THE GRAND TRUNK SERVICE.

The District Passenger Agent of the Grand Trunk has received a letter from a prominent Toronto business man who has just returned from a trip with his family to Chicago, in which he says:

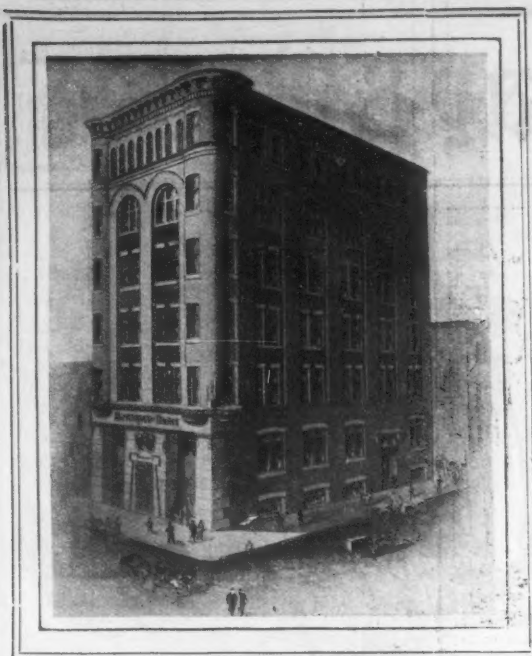
"We had a most agreeable trip and enjoyed every minute of it. The run to and from Chicago was delightful and we were never more comfortable, or better taken care of than on this trip. The service and attendance was simply perfect; the cars both going and coming were so comfortably warm and clean, the railway conductor, the Pullman and dining car attendants and every person connected with the train, were so polite and pleasant. Altogether it was one of the most delightful bits of railway travel we have ever had. Especially in the dining car we were pleased, the service was quick and very good; the

food came on piping hot and looked so dainty and appetizing, and the waiters were skilled and obliging, and I felt that I would like you to know how well pleased we were with the Grand Trunk System."

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JOSEPH T. CLARK, Editor.

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Vol. 21. TORONTO, CANADA, JANUARY 25, 1908. No. 15

## !?! POINTS ABOUT PEOPLE !?!

### When Talk Runs Loose.

THE man who sits with open ears and closed lips in a public place often gets more amusement and entertainment out of the conversations around him than do the participants themselves. This is especially the case when talkers presume to air their knowledge of things with which they have only a superficial acquaintance.

On the first Sunday of the New Year, the smoking room of the sleeper on the train from Ottawa to Toronto was crowded with callow youths, returning to "Varsity" after the Christmas holidays. The only other occupant of the compartment was a Toronto man, who paid no attention to the chatter around him until he heard one of the undergraduates inform the others that the unsavory "Pink Un" (which is to old London what the "Police Gazette" is to New York), was the weekly sporting edition of the London Times. Then followed a conversation on theatrical matters which betrayed an ignorance on the part of the young collegians which was little short of abysmal.

"Wish I'd seen Anna Held's show," said one. "They say it was fierce, spicy, you know."

"Sure, they had to close it up in New York," added another.

"I thought that was 'Salome' they closed up," said a third. "Who was it played 'Salome' anyway?"

"Eleanor Robson," answered the first speaker. "I saw it. They must have toned it down, for there was nothing much to it in Toronto."

A parallel to this conversation was overheard in the Princess Theatre lobby, one night, when Mr. H. B. Irving was playing "Charles I." One student of the drama was proclaiming his preference for musical comedy, but a companion defended the play of the evening on the ground that it was instructive, as it taught history.

"Who was that actor who played Martin Harvey in 'A Tale of Two Cities'?" queried one member of the party.

"Why," came the answer, "that was E. H. Sothern. He's a great actor."

### Old Time Favorite Actors.

IN the daily newspapers Mr. W. H. Crane, the comedian who is playing at the Princess Theatre this week, has told of his early days in Toronto, and has been greeted by many old acquaintances of the sixties. When he was a resident of Toronto a stock company of actors made many friends in the city and were figures in the life of the town. Nowadays the members of a stock company come here and spend months making only a half dozen or so of intimate acquaintances off the stage, so completely is their time taken up by many performances, the study of new parts and frequent rehearsals. They come and go from the theatre without attracting attention. In the early days when there were not so many people on the main streets it was different. Then a popular singer and comedian like "Billy" Crane, as he walked down King street was greeted by every second man he encountered, and was hailed well met everywhere. That is why so many of our fathers think with pleasant memories of the earlier days here when some old actor like Crane comes to town.

He is also particularly associated in their minds with the old Holman opera company, which continued long after he had left Canada, to give gay performances of the comic operas which our fathers declare were so much better than those of to-day. In one point they are right,

for the melodies were vastly superior and made up for the lack of sumptuous and gaudy spectacle which the modern playgoer has been trained to expect. "Mamma" Holman helped to bring up young Crane, and a few years ago he was one of the many actors who graduated from her school who took part in the great benefit tendered her in New York. Her daughters Sallie and Julia won the hearts of half the young blades of Toronto and many a middle-aged citizen of Hamilton and London thinks tenderly of the two clever girls who sang the old melodies.

The clever trio of comedians Crane, Drew and Davidge, also delighted hundreds of Canadians in the early seventies and of them Crane is the sole survivor. Wm. Davidge, Jr., the cleverest of the three, died years ago. Charles Drew who failed to win fame, passed away a few months back, while Crane won success and fortune and has been a well remunerated American favorite for three decades.

### He had to Stand by John.

THAT perjury is not regarded with a tithe of the seriousness it should be by one half of the persons who are summoned as witnesses to court is a fact well known to lawyers and all who have to do with the machinery of justice. Particularly is this the case in connection with minor offences. On greater crimes, where the eye of the public is fastened on their testimony, witnesses are more or less cautious, but in the division court and in the police court the presiding justices daily encounter some tall swearing which it is hardly worth the pains to investigate and punish. The ignorant witness, indeed, is apt to consider perjury as a harmless exercise of partisan feeling. If the accused is a decent fellow in his eyes he will use his best endeavors to swear him out of it.

The situation was illustrated recently in a minor prosecution. A lawyer sitting in court heard an old Scotchman of his acquaintance swear directly the contrary of what he had previously told him were the facts. The lawyer was not connected with the matter at issue, but in walking down street after court closed he encountered his acquaintance, and asked him if he knew what the penalties for perjury were.

"What's perjury?" asked the Scotchman imperturbably. "Why, going into the witness box and swearing to matters that are not true!"

"I did not go into the witness box! I was put in," said the Scotchman, as though it was an important distinction.

"But that does not alter the perjury!" persisted the lawyer.

"Well, you would not expect me to make John a leear," said the sage with an air intimating that the discussion was closed.

### Well, What do you Think of That!!

A STOUT elderly citizen of Toronto was alone in his house one evening reading in his den in the third story, when he heard the bell of his telephone on the ground floor ringing merrily. There was nothing for it, but he must go down and answer the call, as it might be important.

But it was not. It was a young woman speaking and she had got the wrong number. The stout elderly man was not pleased and he said so very plainly.

"You've brought me down two flights of stairs," he said, "you've brought me down two flights of stairs for nothing. Now I've got to climb up there again. You should be more careful—get the right number before you call anybody up. People are altogether too careless. To a man weighing nearly two hundred and fifty pounds climbing up and down stairs is no joke. I'll ring off."

"I'm very sorry," came the voice of the young lady over the phone.

"You ought to be—you ought to be," he replied, and back up the two flights of stairs he clambered heavily, conscious that he had done his duty.

No sooner had he got comfortably settled at his book again, however, than the telephone rang again. He glared. But that did not help any. Still the bell rang its imperative demand. Down he went again and to his surprise he again heard the young woman's voice.

"Excuse me," came her apology, "but are you the gentleman to whom I was speaking a moment ago?"

He was. "Well, I have been thinking over what you said to me, and an idea occurred to me which I thought I should mention to you. If you weigh nearly two hundred and fifty pounds perhaps going up and down stairs a few times would really do you good—don't you think?"

Then she rang off and left him standing there, alone in that great house, without a living soul to hear a word that he said.

### Let the West Doubt Not.

THERE is something uncomfortably suggestive in the fact that Chancellor Wetmore, in his opening address at the first convocation of the new University of Saskatchewan, professed to feel very much in doubt as to whether he would turn out to be an ideal chancellor. That the University of Saskatchewan should with its first breath, as it were, murmur words of doubt, and diffidence is significant. Diffidence in the West! At the first approach of higher education the enervating influences of the effete east begin, insidiously but surely, to get in their fine work. It is too bad, altogether too bad. If these influences are permitted to pervade the West, the picturesqueness and virility of life and language there will fade as the buffalo. The Calgary Eye-Opener will become an *arbitrarily elegant* printed on lavender-scented stock, and the daily newspapers of Saskatchewan and Alberta, when exchanging compliments, will no longer call one another double-faced liars and dubs, but will employ the poor, puling language of the Toronto Telegram, which refers to "the soporific solidity, the sleep-producing sanity of the Toronto News." Who will not heave a sigh at the prospect—but so the world runs.

### Playing One on the "Bookie."

DESPITE legal enactments a certain class of the community known as "bookmakers," (no relation to the Canadian Society of Authors) still pursue their vocation in a few Canadian cities. A tale of how one of the talent got even with one of these gentry comes from the city of Hamilton. A consistent follower of the horses in the Ambitious City had been playing in hard luck for weeks

and was away behind on the books of the betting broker with whom he did business. He was, however, a man who could stand the loss and business relations continued. One day he invited the bookmaker and a friend to luncheon and the trio lingered long in the dining room over their cigars and liqueurs. Presently a bell-boy entered the room with a message for "Mr. Brown." He went about from table to table calling for Mr. Brown, and getting no response went back to the office.

In a few minutes the racing enthusiast looked at his watch and said: "By Jove, it's after three o'clock and I wanted to put a bet on the first race."

"That's all right," said the bookmaker. "I'll take your bet now."

"Oh! but I wanted to put up fifty dollars!"

"That's all right!" said the bookmaker with a smile, convinced of his host's proverbial ill luck. So the entry was made on the better's selection; fifty dollars to win at closing odds. Later in the afternoon it transpired that the horse had won, the customer had cleared his deficit and had a decent balance on his own side of the account.

Subsequently it appeared that the entrance of the bell-boy with a telegram for Mr. Brown was part of the plot. It was a signal to the follower of the races that the horse he bet on had won the race. A different name had been arranged for each of the horses supposed to have any chance of winning. If another horse won the confederate was to send a message in to the dining room for "Mr. Jones," if another for "Mr. Robinson" and so on. There was no chance to lose providing that the bookmaker melowed by a good luncheon chose to take the bet after the race had been run.

### Good Old John

THE name and fame of the late John Baxter is dying out in Toronto, but twenty years ago, as alderman and justice of the peace, he was the best known man in the city. John Baxter was a man absolutely without angles in his disposition or his physical make-up. In figure he was all circles and curves, but he so conducted himself that he did not have to round any curves as a civic representative. His decisions in the afternoon police court where he dealt with minor offences were expressed in homely expressions, but no one questioned their justice that such a roly-poly little gentleman should be alluded to as "the Beak," was preposterous. John Baxter's long suit was in choppy Anglo-Saxon expressions. When he ventured on classic phrases or language of Latin origin he was apt to add to the city's stock of gayety. For instance in stating his position to the city council on some issue of the day he said:

"Mr. Mayor, I stand unanimous upon this question."

On another occasion he is alleged to have uttered the following paraphrase on a familiar fallacy:

"The voice of the vox populi is the voice of god!"

### The Speaker of the Evening

MR. THOMAS MCGILLICUDDY, of Toronto, was speaker of the evening at the annual Franklin dinner of the Typothetae of Buffalo at the Iroquois hotel in that city on Tuesday evening. The affair was, as always, a great success, and the speech-maker of the evening having been for years in the newspaper and printing business, was quite at home in such a gathering. In the announcement preceding the event and on the programme it was stated "an interesting entertainment will follow the speaker." The committee, we are sure, merely meant that the balance of the programme would also be interesting.

### The Very Thin

THE following story is being told about one of the professors at St. Michael's College. He induced a Protestant friend, with whom he had many an argument, to accompany him to a Christmas service at St. Michael's Cathedral. It was this friend's first experience of such a service in a Catholic cathedral, and the odor of incense and the soft cadence of the music quite enraptured him. Leaning over to his friend, he whispered: "Doesn't this beat the devil?"

"I am so glad you think so," smiled the professor. "That is just what we are holding the service for."

### A New Deputy at Ottawa.

THE first of the year saw a notable change in the direction of the Public Works department at Ottawa, when Mr. Antoine Gobeil, for sixteen years Deputy Minister of Public Works, handed over the control of the department to Mr. James Blake Hunter, who has been private secretary to the ministers of that department for several years.

"Jimmie" Hunter, as he is familiarly known, is one of the most popular men in the Federal Civil Service, and his promotion has been well received except by a few intense conservatives who dislike to see an appointee of their own party replaced by a Liberal. The son of the former principal (for 18 years) of the Woodstock Collegiate Institute, Mr. Hunter was born at Waterdown on August 31, 1876.

Educated at the Waterdown public school and the Woodstock Collegiate Institute, he went on to Toronto University and was one of the honor graduates of the famous class of '99. In July, 1900, he was appointed to the Civil Service, serving first in the Privy Council department. Then he was transferred to the Interior, and when Sir William Mulock went to Australia, Mr. Hunter entered upon his private secretarial work, to which he has since devoted all his time, being appointed private secretary to the then acting-Minister. Later he acted as secretary to the Minister of Marine and Fisheries, but when Hon. James Sutherland was made Minister of Public Works, he selected Mr. Hunter as his secretary, and he has held that position until the first of this year. He was the right-hand man of Hon. C. S. Hyman, and since that gentleman's retirement has acted as private secretary to practically all of the Ministers who have at various times been nominally in charge of the department. But whoever has been acting-Minister, it has been J. B. Hunter who has been its presiding genius since Mr. Hyman went out. Night and day he has labored, sparing no detail or no opportunity which would qualify him for the direction of this great branch of the public service. When, therefore, it was announced that Mr. Gobeil insisted upon his right to retire on the ground of ill-health, the promotion of Mr. Hunter became the necessary sequel. Canada may be congratulated upon having so clear-headed a



Mr. J. B. HUNTER.

young man as Mr. Hunter to supervise the affairs of the department, for after all, although the Minister directs the policy, all the multifarious details have to be directed and carried out by the Deputy.

Mr. Hunter is married to a daughter of Mr. W. S. Calvert, the chief Liberal whip, and M.P. for West Middlesex. Some of the Conservative critics tried to create the impression that Mr. Hunter was promoted because he was Mr. Calvert's son-in-law, but this was quickly spoiled by the explanation by Dr. Pugsley that Mr. Hunter's attachment to the department long ante-dated any attachment to Miss Calvert, and that in fact he was not aware of the relationship between the whip and the new Deputy when he recommended the appointment. The promotion was made solely upon merit, a declaration which all "Jimmie's" friends will admit is thoroughly justified by the facts.

### Why the Smoke Was So White

A GOOD story book, something after the style of Josh Billings, could be written about the questions that are asked the captain of a passenger boat and the humorous replies generally given by him.

One time a large lake passenger boat, the Juniata, was just steaming out of a port, and quite naturally the firemen were hard at work "firing up," and so the smoke-stack was pouring forth immense clouds of thick, black smoke. The sister ship, the Tionesta, was just entering the port we had left and was smoking very little, since it had almost "docked."

A woman, who had been standing near the bridge, noticed these facts, and seemed to be at a loss for a solution of them; so she turned to the captain and asked the reason why the smoke of our boat was black and that of the sister ship was white. The captain, after a moment's hesitation, replied in his usual obliging manner:

"Madam, the reason for that particular phenomenon is that the coal on the Tionesta is all placed in a large tank and washed before it is used for firing purposes."

### Story of a Faithful Janitor.

THE other evening the Graphic Arts Club were enjoying an exhibition of lantern slides made from some of the photographic masterpieces of Mr. W. H. Moss, of the Camera Club. The club rooms were dark and quiet, save for a few remarks on the pictures as they appeared upon the sheet. The lantern, in charge of Mr. Percy Rogers, was doing good work except that one of the gas tanks kept up a continual hissing sound, which evidently could be heard at the top of the building.

Someone was heard prowling around the corridors, going up and down the stairs. Presently a knock came at the door and the caretaker explained that if it wouldn't interfere too much he would like to get at the steam radiator. He had examined every other one in the building and had finally traced that hissing sound to the club rooms.

He was invited in to see the show, and enjoyed the general laugh when the cause of his uneasiness was pointed out.

### He Had 'Em That Time

THE professor of biology in the University of Toronto, scored off the freshman class rather neatly the other day. He was lecturing on the ear, and was illustrating certain effects with the aid of a tuning fork, which he referred to several times as a pitchfork. The class tittered at each recurrence of the word till the professor "caught on." Turning to the men, he suavely remarked:

"I see, gentlemen, that most of you have become acquainted with the pitchfork in an agricultural way, and that you have not yet become accustomed to the more urbane and cultured uses to which it is put by science."

### When Harvey O'Higgins was a Boy.

IN Toronto many incidents are remembered whereby one might prove that Harvey O'Higgins, the clever story-writer, now resident in New York, always had a ready appreciation for the practical joke. In The Star Office, in his newspaper days here, he would sit and write in his careful fashion for as long as was necessary to make a good job of the report; but when it was finished the office boy and any juniors who happened to be within reach were wont to keep an eye on him to dodge the little attentions he was sure to bestow upon them as an assurance that life was not all a painstaking grind. An old London boy who knew the O'Higgins youths in that city, tells one on Harvey.

The boys' grandmother came to visit at their home, a very old lady, who carried with her an assortment of spectacles in cases. As soon as it was apparent that certain glasses were used for certain purposes at certain times Harvey undertook to mix them up, putting each pair into the wrong case. When evening came and the old lady settled herself for reading, the boys would sit around in glee watching her hunt through the stock. The grandmother never understood how she could be so careless with the spectacles, and a new arrangement each day provided the young observer of human nature with much entertainment of a high order.

## GOLDEN MOMENTS

### WHEN Day appears

Moments, with opportunities complete,  
Spring forth in quick unbroken succession,  
To scatter chances which we take or leave  
According to each our several wills.

### The Day half done—

From morning's toil the wearied workers pause,  
Then recommence with energy renewed.  
An opportunity they strive to gain,  
And quickly at each fleeting moment clutch.

In his accustomed sleep the sluggard stirs,  
And turns upon his couch of indolence.  
To-morrow's moments are as bright to him  
As those that pass with swift and silent wings.

### The Day near o'er—

A link in life's short chain is almost past,  
Neglected, lost, or prized by but a few,  
Those precious moments flee beyond recall,  
For Time no one can stay, no one control.

### Then Midnight comes—

That thin dividing line which ends to-day,  
And cuts it from the eternity before,  
To leave it as another yesterday,  
To fade into the eternity behind.

Geo. R. RAY.

York Factory, Hudson Bay, Jan., '08.



# Looking in on Quebec

MONTREAL, JAN. 21.

THE Hon. Mr. Weir, Provincial Treasurer, had the temerity recently to say that the people of Quebec thought too much of another world and not enough of the one they are living in; that they fixed their gaze too intently upon some distant and shadowy sphere, while they neglected splendid opportunities of development at the elbow. For this the honorable gentleman was severely taken to task by certain Quebec papers, which insisted that the Provincial Treasurer designed to banish religion and dethrone God—for the phrase is always pungent in Quebec.

The minister felt it incumbent on him to deny the serious charge at which one might smile elsewhere, but which means much in Quebec. What he did mean to say was, that in Quebec, after nearly three hundred years of settlement, development had not got beyond the St. Lawrence valley. Here you had a province larger than Germany, with millions of acres of virgin land, with minerals incalculable for amount and value, with the most incomparable waterways in the world—all awaiting the energy, the daring, the perseverance of a virile people who might say their prayers, if they wanted to, but who would conceive it their duty to do the thing that lay nearest them, which thing, after all, might be in the nature of a religious act, for high authority admonishes all men to be diligent in business."

Privately, Mr. Weir was congratulated by many who dared not for their lives have been so outspoken. Quebec has its own peculiar genius. It loves pure intellect, but is rather indifferent to ploughing. It thrills with the epigram, but it does not care a great deal whether the second blade of grass grows or not. For scholastic philosophy it is incomparable; but it is not too friendly to the modern world. Observe Quebec at the bar, on the bench, in the pulpit, and you will discover logic, the clear-cut utterance, the biting epigram, the vivid eloquence which bespeak an intellectual race. Consider the vast untenanted spaces, the silent "forest primeval," the tumbling torrents, which are the admiration of the tourist, but which an industrial age would turn into dollars, the straggling parish, where all is primitive and drowsy—and you will wonder perhaps why clarity of mind should not serve, and serve influentially, material purposes.

## The Conditions which Prevail.

IT was daring of the Hon. Mr. Weir to emphasize the present world; it was audacious of Mr. Langlois, M.L.A., to insist upon a Minister of Education; it was taking his political life in his hand for the Hon. Mr. Gouin to suggest that the primer might be the concern of Government. We have a curious system which the rest of the Dominion but poorly understands. The individual is dwarfed by authority—educational, political, religious. He is overawed by the agencies of power. That is why he does not build his own bridge, or public building, or make his own roads, or educate his own children, or think out his beliefs for himself. On the other hand, it is also the reason why you have, in the rural parts especially, a quaint, simple, moral people, who are content with little, who look to Government for favors, and to the church for heaven.

Of course, the political trick of bribing the people with their own money is not confined to Quebec; but there is a delightful candor about the thing in the ancient province. A considerable degree of initiative is exerted by the people of the other provinces. Here there is an immense inertia, which governments and all other powers encourage. It is easy to direct a people who are willing to remain in tutelage. Accordingly, it is the government which builds the bridge, or makes the road, or subsidizes the local railway, or offers prizes for dairy products, or makes a new path through the fields.

When the present Government suggested that there should be a Minister of Education, Archbishop Bruchesi, an exceedingly able man, and of charming personality, quietly said "No!" That was final. Under other circumstances, and in another province, the First Minister would have told any kind of extraneous authority to mind its own business. That is because extraneous authority elsewhere is unreal. In Quebec it is entirely in earnest. We have, of course, the dual educational system in Quebec. A Protestant committee administers Protestant rural education. A Catholic committee, consisting of all the bishops of the province, with a certain number of laymen, oversee Catholic elementary education. The Protestant committee is nominated by the Government for life, save in the case of a few associate members whom the Protestant teachers are privileged to nominate. On the Catholic committee, the bishops are ex-officio members. The lay members are appointed by the Government.

The dual system is absurdly cumbersome and anachronous, but no Government of the province has ever dared to lay a hand upon it. The dual system perpetuates divisions which Earl Grey, at the recent opening in Montreal of the new Women's Canadian Club, said should be abolished. It provides, in youth, when the mind is plastic, those separations which will be accentuated in later life. It prevents that co-operation in large things, in matters which appertain to the general welfare, which is imperative, if advance is to be desired or expected.

## The Religious Domain.

NEEDLESS to say, authority is here supreme. This authority, in other countries, erstwhile obedient, is now openly questioned; in Quebec, it is obeyed with readiness and respect. One must admire the unhesitating attitude, the lofty tone, the full assurance of power, on the one hand, while, on the other, he may wonder a little at the submission of cultivated intellect. When the archbishop reprimands a French newspaper, the latter instantly apologizes; when he asks that a censorship of plays shall be established, the managers rush to him with their manuscripts; when he prescribes the degree of sociability which shall exist between Protestants and Catholics, such is regulated in accordance with His Grace's desire; when he denounces a practice, a form of entertainment, the practice is stopped, the entertainment "folds its tents like the Arabs, and silently steals away."

## Quaint Customs.

WHEN we keep holiday in Quebec, we do so in earnest. We have quite a number of them, too—too many, I have heard working French-Canadians say. We may or may not keep what the other provinces call "national" holidays, but holy days are of obligation. Upon such days the judge comes down from the bench. The court house, the city hall, the banks, the French newspaper offices, the French stores, all are tightly closed. A vast silence falls

upon a cosmopolitan city. From out this silence comes the booming of the great church bells. The people pour out to Mass, dressed in their best. After their prayers they will move about, and visit and engage in diversions of one sort or another. The street cars run. The great concerns which are controlled by English-speaking capitalists are going. The trains rush over the level crossings. But this is the curious thing—while you have, on the one hand, a remorseless modernity which cares little about religious compulsions; you have, on the other, the candid avowal that man does not live by bread alone; that there is a God in the world, of whom it behoves human creatures to take cognizance, and that it is of less consequence to lose a day's pay than to starve the spiritual nature, which is the only thing that can endure.

## In the Country.

THE city has, in spite of desire sophisticating effects, and one must go to the country to note the absolute sense of devotion. Upon the holy day, the farmer, however urgent be the call of the simple fields, becomes a devout creature who must dress in his best, go to church, however distant, and abstain from labor for the rest of the day. He does not murmur, for a little contents him, and it is not a great matter if that idle field still remains idle. For, after all, why should one care about the strenuous life of which hints come from the great city now and then? There is enough to eat; there is a patch of tobacco; there are the church and the Cure to remind us of death; there are the calm processes of nature which speak of God; there is the graveyard in the distance in which we shall all lie at the last; there is the vast dome of the sky whose calmness rebukes all hurried creatures. Enough, then; let us do our little bit of work, and eat our food, and smoke our pipe, and tell stories in the evening, and say our prayers, and ask the Cure for guidance, and so pass our days in quietness, not caring to lay treasures up on earth.

## A Glimpse of Montreal.

HALF a million people—soon to be a round million. The modern and the medieval. The tense struggle and the calmness of those who do not work, but only dream. Hurrying creatures, eager eyes; the slow procession of black-robed figures moving on to church, telling their beads as they go. A city of strong banks, and big corporations, and large activities; also, a city which still lives in the past centuries, and which kneels in the mud when the Host goes by.

Curious and profoundly interesting to the student are the contrasting elements and conditions of the metropolis. Go to the court house, and the eloquence will be that of a brilliant French-Canadian lawyer; go to the head offices of the Grand Trunk or the C.P.R., and you will find practical men, who might not be able, on the spur of the moment, to frame a decent sentence, if you gave them a million dollars, directing tremendous operations with the business-like aptitude of the Anglo-Saxon.

Read the French press and you will find the coruscating pasquinade; glance at the English papers, and you will have blunt statement.

Go to the political caucus, and you will be greeted with a magnetic eloquence from a mercurial people. Proceed to the shipping offices, the offices of the great industrial corporations, and you will find silent men, simply doing business.

Drop in at the city hall and you will hear torrents of eloquence, not about the future position of the city, not about the bringing in of large betterments, but about a broken sewer or water pipe. Forty-two members; ten English-speaking, thirty-two born orators; ten silent and ineffectual creatures who might as well be at home for all they can do or say. The slightest provocation brings out all the resources of the tongue of Molière. The vehemence, the declamation, the magnetism which mark the rhetoric, might well be applied to a profound question, say, of national policy. It is really all about the town pump.

The eloquence does not make clean or wide streets; it does not give us more parks and playgrounds; it does not construct noble boulevards in the newer portions of the city which will soon embrace the Island of Montreal. It does not, in a word, spell salvation, but it gives color to drabness, and drabness is the general experience.

A difference of race, of tongue, of creed may have complementary advantages and compensations, but it has been found rather difficult to realize them. A homogeneous people would elect men to carry out their will. A dual people, split in two, elects the men who answer best to sectional appeal. Hence you have two voices, two counsels, and a policy which pulls in opposite directions. Hence, too, you are lacking in united public sentiment, which is the only coercive force you can apply to any sort of government.

The results are seen. An overwhelming majority enforces its ideas. A helpless minority looks on, with the privilege of paying taxes. The minority loses heart and interest. It sees wrong things which it cannot check. It notes extravagances for which it will have to pay. It goes on living; it proceeds to make money; it builds itself lordly mansions, it may be; but it holds itself aloof from the current of affairs. This is not to mend, but to make worse the situation. But this is an old story.

## The Industrial Domain.

COMMERCIALLY and industrially Montreal is supreme in the Dominion. The men who direct the activities which give employment to scores of thousands of people are, by their directions, hard-headedness, and modernity, in curious contrast to that other city within a city which refuses to recognize the twentieth century. Men like Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, Mr. C. M. Hays, Sir William Van Horne, Sir George Drummond, Sir William Macdonald, Mr. R. B. Angus, Sir Robert Reid, give the city its energetic, its progressive character, while McGill University supplies that fearlessness of teaching which is of such inestimable value to the minority in this province.

## Advance in Religious Thought.

ADVANCE the tendency in Protestant theological circles to care less for creeds and more for conduct and character is not without leavening possibilities. Men like the Rev. Dr. Symonds and the Rev. Dr. Barclay, quite calmly announce that creeds and forms are mere matters of convenience; that it is spirit and not formulae; and that the Miltonic theory of the universe is unthinkable. The whirl of the factory strangles romance. From the point of view of early impressions, I rather regret that hell is a figment. I desire the material development of Quebec;

but I would be sorry to miss the poetry which is expressed by the devout processions, by a people who are not ashamed to say their prayers in the presence of the trolley car and 1908, and by an attitude which insists that the chief thing is spirit, and not bread. Would that there could be a wedding between practicality and grace, between directness and elegance—the blend not hindering any saving activity, and yet tempering the unfeelingness of the coarse struggle with the softness of a people whose charm, in many regards, transcends that of dollars.

## Who's Who Out West

M R. CAMERON, who was appointed on January 18 as general superintendent of the Canadian Northern railway system of the West, with headquarters at Winnipeg, is one of the oldest employees of the C.N.R. He



Mr. J. R. CAMERON.

hails, like so many men who are making their way in the Canadian West, from the Maritime Provinces. He came west from St. John, New Brunswick, twenty years ago, and was employed by the Northern Pacific at Grand Forks, rising from the position of trainman to conductor. When the Northern Pacific and Manitoba entered the province, he was promoted to the position of trainmaster, with jurisdiction from Grand Forks to Winnipeg. When the Canadian Northern took over the Northern Pacific's Manitoba lines, Mr. Cameron resigned his position as trainmaster and returned to the position of conductor. He occupied this position until three years ago, and was recognized as one of the most efficient conductors in the West. E. A. James, who was general manager of the C.N.R. three years ago, recognized Cameron's ability as something larger than that required for a conductor, and appointed him superintendent of the newly constructed lines of the C.N.R. west of Kam-sack. He made good. In December, 1906, he was appointed superintendent of the first district of the Canadian Northern Railway at Port Arthur, which position he has retained until the present. He is a man who has worked up through the ranks and knows railroading from top to bottom. As he is a vigorous man, just in the prime of life, his numerous western friends believe he is really only starting a successful western railroad career.

## ONE IMPRESSION

EDMONTON, JAN. 18.

SUDDEN financial stress cast over a certain area may be rectified without much seeming trouble by the laws of supply and demand outside that area; but when it takes hold of a continent, enveloping the whole as of a mist settling down suddenly—all peoples that dwell thereon to some extent must be affected, and however poor these times are to the men of capital, so much more hopeless must they be to the men of labor, whose two hands in good times by their own producing power alone, can never solve that all-absorbing question of individual old age security against want.

To those people dwelling in the Eastern provinces the financial depression of the years 1907-08 will not be felt so severe as to those struggling settlers of the great prairies in the newer West; privations in good times to these handy settlers are always numerous—they are almost necessary to a rugged life in a country that, in quoting Mr. Dooley upon the question of a homestead, remarked that it was a gambling chance offered by a Government to the man who might hold it three years. Our auspicious neighbor from the south who comes across the border, after selling out at good profit, can withstand a bad season without being pinched, as he takes in a sufficiency of supplies to last him until he can effect a crop either from grain or kine; but to the poor homesteader, of which the general public hears so little, hard times often render it most difficult for him to exist even on 160 acres of good arable land, for with barely enough to start with he pays large interest for any favors in buying necessary implements and general trading—hence many such homesteaders are found threading the devious paths to the populated places for winter after spending the allotted six months in the best weather grinding along on a mere pittance to enable them to hold their claim.

Cities like Edmonton and Calgary at such periods are crowded with men eagerly seeking a job—wages are low for any work that is to be had—and the purchasing power of a dollar is fully 20 per cent. less than in the East, consequently many of the thrifty class find themselves drifting into debt by the turn of the New Year, when trade is at its worst, credit at its lowest, and necessities of life inflated in price by poor supplies; with the mercury steadily dropping to a point below zero, clothing fit to weather the climatic conditions must be secured; the younger members of large families with hearty appetites must be fed; it may here be remarked that under such adverse circumstances there are many parents not of the race suicide type, "suffering in silence," trying their utmost to ward off disappointments under a smiling optimism. It is to these settlers that the West owes the best results, and may God assist them to win out. In many hundreds of such like parental fearlessness never a semblance of a squeal is heard until the weight of life's burden becomes too heavy for human endurance, or the life's blood of one of the partners has silently ebbed away, that brings to the outside world any knowledge of what a strenuous existence is being lived by these hardy people in their solid efforts to build up a nation's greatness.

SCRIBLER.

The Toronto branch of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association will hold an informal lunch at McConkey's on Monday evening at 6.15, when the subject of technical education will be discussed. His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor will speak, and Dean Packenham will deliver an address, after which the discussion will become general.

Captain Pritchard of the Mauretania first became a cook on a small Carnarvon sailing vessel, in his fourteenth year. After two and a half years he entered the maritime service proper, and at the end of twelve years was captain and part owner of a brig in the slate trade. He subsequently made voyages in sailing vessels to every part of the globe, and after twenty-one years of sea life entered the Cunard service in 1879. In the intervening twenty-eight years he has commanded every Cunarder, with the exception of the Umbria and the Lusitania.

## IN SNOW BLOCKADE TIME

NO. 9 G.T.C.P. TWO HOURS LATE.

A DRUMMER cursing at the wait,  
A parson with a pious gait,  
A farmer with his quid in cheek,  
A widow, sad-eyed, worn and weak,  
A bald head with a hairy neck,  
A fussy lady's lost her check,  
A red haired drover with a squint,  
An old maid eating peppermint,  
A maiden fair with dreamy eyes,  
Two old hack drivers swapping lies,  
A tanner with his coat defiled,  
A mother with a fretful child,  
A romping boy won't brook restraint,  
A dago with a plaster saint,  
A loud dressed, buxom, bold eyed miss,  
A poor-paid scribbler writing this;  
A driver with a nervous team—  
A toot, a rumble, hiss of steam,  
A platform rush, a hellish din—  
The Western flyer's just got-in.

Toronto, Jan. 21.

D. S. M.

## For a Pure Water Supply.

LINDSAY, JAN. 20, '08.

Editor Saturday Night: With this I forward a copy of the Lindsay Watchman Warder, giving full particulars of the ozonizing of public water supplies, a system of purification almost unknown and unheard of in Canada and the United States. Although practically applied in some places in France, Holland, Belgium, and Germany, the particulars and bacteriological results have been given and tabled by such eminent authorities as Professors Schudler, Proskaur, Pratt, and Ohlmüller in Germany, Professors Gerard and Erminheim in Belgium, Calmette, Mermeier, and Vaut Hoff in France, and Lebreton and Garter in Holland. It should not then be very difficult for the wise men of Toronto to become conversant with all the particulars of the system, if they wish it. Ozonization will, as an after treatment, bring the system of slow sand filtration to perfection, and is the *sine qua non* for such places as have the slow sand filtration now in use. Of itself, at this time, slow sand filtration is a back number, and I cannot understand why if our brainy men so unqualifiedly recommend it. As an established, indisputable fact, no known filter can take a largely polluted water and reduce the bacteria down to 50-100 per cent. Nor can it entirely eliminate the typhoid germs—they quietly and unostentatiously slip through. With the ozone it is different. Being largely carbon, the active oxygen is chemically attracted and they are entirely destroyed. The ozone will reduce to 90-100 and absolutely destroy the colon bacilli. Water has been taken from the city mains with this result—at a rate of 35,000 gallons an hour, ozonization has reduced the number of snore-bearing germs to 12. A notoriously bad water, which carried 2-500,000 bacteria per cent., after straining had 500,000. After ozonization these were reduced to 5, and soluble organic matter, the product of decomposition, was largely oxidized, the water being made clear, bright, and sparkling. You will excuse my dilating on this subject, but it appears to me so important that I would like to get some of you Toronto people interested.

I am, sir, yours truly,

P. PALMER BURROWS.

## Lord Curzon, the Young Man in a Hurry.

From M. A. P., London.

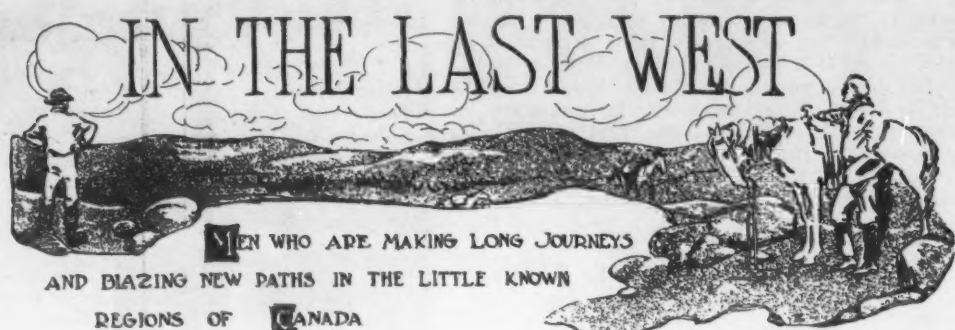
AN extraordinary amount of interest is being shown in Lord Curzon's efforts to be elected as a representative Irish peer in the Upper House. His remarkable personality and brilliant public career have made him one of the most popular men of the age, and although, of course, he has had his share of adverse criticism, even his opponents will wish him success with the Lords. All his life Lord Curzon has been noted for his great determination, and when a boy he was so sure of getting on that before leaving Eton he had made up his mind to become Prime Minister. So confident was he of realizing his ambition that he promised one of his schoolfellows that he would one day make him Chancellor of the Exchequer. It is a somewhat extraordinary coincidence that, years afterwards, an old Hindu sage cast Lord Curzon's horoscope, and among the honors he predicted for him was the Premiership!

Lord Curzon's reputation for energy earned for him the nickname of "the young man in a hurry," and the rapid manner in which he has risen to fame certainly justifies the title. After leaving Oxford with a brilliant record, he became assistant secretary to the late Marquis of Salisbury, and only six years elapsed before he was appointed Under-Secretary of State for India. His abilities for this latter post marked him out for early promotion, and after holding the Under-Secretaryship for Foreign Affairs, he went to India as Viceroy in 1899, where his splendid achievements have since become historical.

In connection with his Viceroyalty there is another remarkable coincidence. From the very moment that he learned that Government House, Calcutta, was modelled on his own ancestral home, Kedleston Hall, near Derby, he wished that he could occupy it as Governor-General of India; although at the time there seemed no chance of his ever doing so. Many years ago, when it was decided to build a palace at Calcutta for the residence of the Viceroy, most of the fine old mansions of England were considered as models, and, strangely enough, the one which was finally selected was the family home of one of the future Viceroy's.

As a young man, Lord Curzon, one made a tour in Afghanistan, and at a period when there was great danger to the white man of being attacked by natives. But the intrepid traveller hit upon a unique plan of securing his safety. He invented an elaborate uniform of a most extraordinary design—all scarlet and gold and unlike any costume that had ever been heard of before. In this non-descript get-up he journeyed through the country in peace, for every native who came in his way was far too much awed by his strange attire to offer him anything but the greatest deference.





**E**LBERT HUBBARD, the East Aurora sage, delivered a lecture in Winnipeg recently. Quite a number of Winnipeg people did not attend. In fact, although the lecture was given in a church capable of seating twelve hundred, only eight hundred were present. But one man—an Irishman by the way—named Vance travelled all the way from Edmonton, a distance of eight hundred miles, to hear what he of the curling locks and flowing necktie had to say. Mr. Hubbard heard about Vance and his trip and was naturally flattered and interested. He hunted him up after the lecture, and, finding him a "character," took him and his companion up to his room at a hotel, and had a long talk with him. Later Hubbard wrote an article about him for The Philistine. Of this man of the far Canadian Northwest he says:

"Vance came eight hundred miles to see me, and some day I'll go eight hundred miles to see him. But no matter how far Vance travels, he'll never find a man any finer than he sees when he looks into a mirror. He is a type that is peculiar, unique, strange, but well defined—an honest, simple and direct man. Vance is six feet tall and weighs over two hundred pounds. All of his forty odd and strange years have been spent in lumber camps, rafting on rivers, on the plains, far from so-called centres of civilization. All the seamy side of life to him is familiar, yet his soul has never been touched with pitch. He is so truthful, unaffected and sincere, that he commands the earnest respect of every one he meets. It never occurs to him to lie."

Hubbard found that Vance had read quite a number of books, and thought a lot about what he had read. He knew Shakespeare, had committed to memory most of Byron's poems, had read enough of Browning to dislike him, loved Tom Moore, and reveled in Robert Louis Stevenson. Vance's companion was a Scotchman, MacDonald by name, who loved Stevenson also, and who had, like Vance, evolved for himself a clean-cut philosophy and a well-defined idea of right and wrong. Over the pipes, these men were induced to tell some stories of our great last west, and here is the substance of one as related by MacDonald, without his dialect:

No, Indians are not bad people if you treat them about half right. They may be savage, but they are not as savage as white men. He is a child by nature, and responds to kindness. It pays to tell the truth to children, and I may be wrong, but I believe in keeping faith with Indians. This was always my policy, and Indians for hundreds of miles around were my friends. They even told me their troubles, which is a very unusual thing for an Indian to do.

The last few winters have been very severe, and my Indian friends have suffered greatly. Two squaws came into the Post last spring, just as the leaves had begun to come out. One of them had a papoose on her back, and with her was an eight year old girl. I remembered the year before when she came, her husband was with her, also a grown up boy and several children.

The squaws sat around all day and said nothing. I guessed they wanted to tell me something. At night they disappeared, but in the morning they came back and told me a tale of hardship that really melted my stony heart, used as I am to suffering.

Winter had set in early and the snows fell. This woman, with the grown up boy who had just killed his first deer and therefore was a man, had laid in quite a stock of frozen rabbits, but a wandering band of trappers coming along and needing food, she had given them all the rabbits. She was sure that her husband and boy could get more.

But the snows kept falling, and the winds blew and drifted the snow so that it was unsafe to leave the teepee. They had eaten the dogs, all save one favorite.

The food was all gone, and after waiting two days the man and boy started forth to hunt. Not a track could be found for the snow was falling and drifting beside.

They did not return and during the night the dog came back alone. The

mother left the children and went forth following the dog to find her husband and boy. They had been famished for food, and were overcome by the cold before they had gone a mile. The boy was dead but the man was still alive. The woman carried and dragged him home.

Something must be done—she placed the man upon a toboggan, strapped the five year old child on top of him, and carrying the papoose on her back, and with the eight year old girl helping to pull the toboggan she started for her nearest neighbor's, ten miles away. All day she moved steadily forward. She arrived and entered the teepee of her friend. One glance told all—her neighbor was even in greater distress than herself, for all of her household were dead, and the woman was alone, just ready to let the fire go out and lie down and sleep the long sleep. The woman who had just arrived killed the dog, and this kept them alive for two days. But the man and the five year old child died, and then the woman, the papoose and the eight year old girl were alone.

The snow had ceased to fall and they caught rabbits and ate bark for food.

At last spring arrived, and when the ice melted they came to the Post to tell me of their loss. There were no tears—just a plain recital of the facts. They wanted nothing, only that I should know. They did not even wish me to condole with them, for after telling me their tale they disappeared in the forest and I sat there, dumb.

**V**ERY often the most interesting piece of news in a daily paper is a two or three-line item which, just missing the "make-up" altogether, is stowed away in some obscure corner. Such an item announces that Mrs. G. R. Ray arrived the other day in Winnipeg from York Factory having made the long overland trip by dog teams. This was a journey of six hundred miles, and Mrs. Ray was in charge of her party, which consisted of her three children and several half-breed servants. It is interesting to note that Mr. Ray, the husband of this plucky lady, who has been at York Factory in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, keeps himself in touch with the literary world, even in the distant North, and has essayed some writing in his leisure moments. In this issue of SATURDAY NIGHT a poem of his appears, which he sent to us from York Factory.

**W**HEN an observant woman goes travelling, and then, carefully and conscientiously, tells what she has seen, we generally learn some new and interesting things. She is apt, of course, to run overmuch to exclamations, a feminine choice of words, and assertionless sentences—but she will tell us much of interest that we did not know before. Thousands of travellers—journalists and others—for many years roamed about England and wrote about what they saw for the magazines and newspapers. But it was left to Lillian Bell, in The Ladies' Home Journal, to inform untravelled Americans for the first time that in English cities traffic goes to the left, not to the right. So when a woman visits the Yukon country, and commits her impressions to paper with a fluent pen, we may be assured that she will throw some added light on life and conditions in that rugged region of gold and romance. Beatrice Briggs has been to the land of the midnight sun, and her observations, which are now being published, are not disappointing. Volumes have been written about Yukon, but she has something more to add to our stock of information on this ever interesting subject. This writer was not looking for the gloomy grandeur of mountain and valley so vividly pictured by Robert W. Service, the poet of White Horse, and she didn't find it either. She says the country isn't pretty. Here is her impression of the far north cities:

"Is that Dawson?"  
"Goodness! What an ugly place!"  
"Worse than White Horse, don't you think?"  
"These and many other equally expressive exclamations were the criticisms that issued from the lips of the

disappointed, discontented group who stood on the deck of The — as she steamed into Dawson one bright afternoon early in September.

"Truly, what an ugly place."

But, exclamations aside, Miss Briggs is illuminating. She says: "The wharf was packed with men as we came in, there may have been some ten feminines among the number. Mounted police officers, rough miners (in most fascinating attire), fastidious pink and white youths, unmistakably of the remittance list, and non-descript collection of loungers, apparently from all parts of the globe, all en masse, elbowing each other with delightful democratic indifference.

"There are no cabs in Dawson. I believe on state occasions, when the governor's wife calls, when society marriages, etc., there is a two-horsed vehicle that does duty, plus an automobile, one red devil as well known round those parts as his famous namesake. Therefore on disembarking, having rid ourselves of our sundry pieces of luggage (one dollar per piece), there was nothing left us but to lift our chins and run the gauntlet of the curious-eyed, interested spectators. We made our way along First avenue—First avenue of saloon and dance hall repute! We turned various corners until we came to the large "fashionable boarding house," brown logs, two storeys high, which had been recommended to us. Boarding houses, especially when prefixed by the word "fashionable," are very much alike the civilized world over.

"After our canned fare on the trip in, how we enjoyed those first meals! How delicious were the fresh vegetables! (grown in ground which never unfreezes more than two feet!) the curly tender lettuce, the crisp celery, the cucumber, the beet root, potatoes, without their match, I wager, even in the little Emerald Isle itself. To be sure, we were still enjoying canned milk and cream, but then as everyone assured us that we should grow to love even that in time, we endured in silence, then, like the babes in the advertisement! For all this sumptuousness plus a clean room and minus plumbing, we paid four dollars and fifty cents per day. And here perhaps it would be as good a place as any to quote a few of the far famed, much abused Dawson prices. To the Toronto housewife they may be interesting. Upon reading them, she may feel a little thankful that she is not "up against it" quite so much after all.

"The house problem is not nearly as fierce as in Toronto. Dawson has remained a mining camp. In the opinion of many she can never become anything different. Her population comes, her population goes. Not only does her climate, seven months of winter (often 70 below they tell me) preclude anything pertaining to a lifelong residence, but her very inaccessibility and out of the worldness would always be an insurmountable obstacle. It is not only hard to get in, but it is expensive, and it is even more expensive to get out. Therefore when people having made their pile (or not, as the case very often is), pull up stakes and depart, as far as the stakes are concerned, metaphorically, alone. In other words, they are only too glad to leave everything except their golden nuggets, behind. It is no uncommon sight when walking in the hills to come upon a deserted cabin, either partly or wholly furnished. It is not much to be wondered at, then, that furnished houses are almost as cheap and much more available than unfurnished ones. As for rent, \$25, \$30, \$40, \$50 per month, according to size, etc. At present we are domiciled in a dear, cosy, seven roomed house, a two story log building covered with frame, furnished as comfortably as it is conveniently, and all for \$30 a month. Telephone (several on the same switch, \$5 extra. Lighted throughout with electricity and heated by two stoves. They burn a horrid native article called "sour-dough," price \$15 per ton.

"Beef, in comparison, about the cheapest thing in here, is 50 cents per pound. Mutton is the same. Eggs and butter, 50 cents, not much worse than Toronto. We thought to have an economical dinner one day and ordered liver, the despised—three

pounds for one dollar, if you please. Vegetables are always sold by the pound, potatoes 8c., carrots 6c., turnips 5c.; fruit, singly, apples, two for 25c. Upon entering a green grocer's one feels very like the pathetic little boy of the joke: 'Farthing's worth of carrots, please; I'm a regular fiend for fruit.' Only in this country one would have to substitute in place of the farthing, 25 cents as being the smallest coin.

"It is interesting to notice one's changed attitude to this once mighty piece of silver. In the east it stood for: an afternoon at Shea's, six long street car rides, a bargain, as for church collection, a regular fortune. And coppers! Was one ever mercenary enough to stand waiting, tired, cross and nervous, until a dilatory clerk chose to hand over one's miserable two cents change?

"In compensation for all this outpouring of wealth, allow me to give a few facts concerning Yukon salaries. Beginning at the top: The commissioner, or governor, as he is generally called, draws yearly \$12,000, and is given house as well. Judges receive \$10,000; government clerks, \$2,200 to \$2,400; school teachers and bishops are for once on an equal footing, each drawing \$2,500 per annum, the church allowing the latter a residence. Stenographers command \$2,100, while nurses thrive on \$7.50 per day. And so forth."

**A** NEW post of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police is to be established at Fort Vermilion. This information was obtained at Edmonton the other day from Inspector Jennings, who is leaving Regina to take Major Constantine's place at Lesser Slave Lake, the Major being on a vacation.

In speaking of the condition of the country, Inspector Jennings said: We have no trouble at all in the district. Matters are very quiet, and really, the only people who are apt to create a disturbance are the freighters, who try sometimes to smuggle in a little whisky for the Indians. It is a rough country, is sparsely settled and will remain so for a few years at least. The produce that is raised is only for home consumption, for the farmers could not freight it and sell it to make it pay.

"The missions and schools are doing a great work there and probably are doing more for the country than anything else. They take a big interest in bringing up the children. The work of the mission is decidedly creditable.

"It is understood that two new police detachments will be opened in the spring in the vicinity of Lesser Slave Lake, and that is one of the reasons why I am going north. It is a big country and can not be adequately covered by one man."

**M**R. J. W. ASTLEY, civil engineer, of Dawson and Winnipeg, is in Ottawa, having come down to sound the Dominion Government concerning the development of the North country by means of the Saskatchewan, Saskatchewan, Peace River and Dawson Railway, from Saskatoon to Dawson, a distance of 1,600 miles. A Charter for this road has been applied for, and Mr. Astley believes it will help materially in developing the agricultural and mineral resources of that region.

Mr. Astley is sixty-three years old, and has just finished a walk of over 400 miles, alone, on a tramp over one of the transcontinental surveys, in which he is interested. The walk, which began on October 6, at Lake Saul, ended on December 26 at Heron Bay in Western Ontario.

"I've spent twenty years in the Northwest territory," said Mr. Astley, to a newspaper reporter at the capital the other day, "and nine years in Yukon. Some men say I'm getting old, but that little walk I tell you, doesn't look like it! I like the snow, and Ottawa with its plenty of beautiful just suits me. Toronto made me ill—no snow to amount to much.

"The walk? Well, I began east of J. D. McCarthy's contract on the survey, and carrying 90 pounds, I made the 400 miles in six weeks. No Indian would come with me for more than three days; then they would slip away. I slept out with a six-pound blanket; but I had to get up every hour and light the fire again. It was cold, all night, but I made through. I never go in for a thing I can't look into, so I walked the land over."

**I**N the Prince Rupert Empire some very interesting information is given in regard to conditions in the Pacific port of the new transcontinental line now under construction. The Empire says:

"Prince Rupert is a townsite in which lots are not sold, because the townsite is not surveyed in lots. The land is owned by the Grand Trunk Pacific railroad company and when it is surveyed as a townsite every fourth block will belong to the prov-

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### EDUCATIONAL

#### ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE, TORONTO



A Canadian Residential and Day School for Boys. Re-opens after Christmas vacation Jan. 8th, 1908. Calendar sent on application.  
Rev. D. Bruce Macdonald, M.A., LL.D., Principal

ince of British Columbia. A few acres adjoining the wharf have been laid out in lots—about 50 in all. Some of these lots are occupied under a 'license,' which gives the occupier no other right than the right to move when ordered to do so by the railway company.

"There are a number of people here who would build if only they were assured of the right to purchase the lot on which they built once the lots were offered for sale; but as every fourth block of the townsite will be selected by the provincial government, the railway company does not know which blocks it will own until after the selections are made, so it cannot guarantee anything to those to whom it gives permission to occupy lots."

The Empire says that the G. T. P. is adhering to a policy of absolute exclusion, and that outside the company's employees and a half dozen business firms with "influence," it (the newspaper) is the only commercial venture in the place that has succeeded in getting a location without obtaining the railway's permission. Two hotel buildings have been erected and are owned by the railway company, but are not furnished or occupied. Some of the prices prevailing at the embryo city are: Nails, 5 cents a pound; ham, 25 cents a pound; shingles, \$3 a thousand; hot baths, 50 cents each; wood, yellow cedar, \$100 a cord; meals, cooked by a chef, 50 cents each; tea, 50 cents to \$1 a pound; fresh halibut, 5 cents to 8 cents a pound; bacon, 30 cents a pound; flour, made from No. 1 hard wheat, at \$1.50 to \$2 a sack; bread, 10 cents; fresh meats, 15 cents to 20 cents a pound; coal oil, \$1.75 for a five-gallon can; coal, mined at Lady-smith, \$10.50 a ton on the G. T. P. wharf; potatoes, grown at Metlakatla, by natives of that village, \$1.50 a hundred pounds.

The things that cannot be got at Prince Rupert are: Beds, whisky, amusements, land.

"It would please me mightily, Miss Stout," said Mr. Mugley, "to have you go to the theatre with me this evening." "Have you secured the seats?" asked Miss Vera Stout. "Oh! come now," he protested; "you're not so heavy as all that."—Catholic Standard and Times.

The Pessimist—A dollar won't go as far as it did ten years ago. The Optimist—No, but it gets there a great deal quicker.—Smart Set.

#### CENTRAL ONTARIO SCHOOL OF ART

165 King Street West  
Winter Term Begins Dec. 9  
Apply to the Secretary

#### ST. MARGARET'S COLLEGE

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New buildings, modern equipment, junior, middle and upper school.

Re-opens Wednesday, Jan. 8th.

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GEORGE DICKSON, M.A., Director

Late Principal Upper Canada College.

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This is the mark of the Kennedy School the school for those who prefer something better than business college instruction; who have in view the better class of stenographic positions.

What will a Kennedy School training do for you? Let us illustrate. It enabled one young lady to obtain a salary of \$1,000 a year within a few months after leaving our school.

A young man of eighteen graduated a few weeks ago, and went at once to a position at \$75 a month. And so with many others.

If you have the gray matter we can make it commercially valuable. We will send you a coupon worth \$3 if you are interested enough to ask for it. Address the Kennedy School, 9 Adelaide Street East, Toronto.

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Beware of imitations and substitutes.

## Lady Gay's Column

SINCE remotest ages we have had the tradition of the Stern Parent, whose principal work in life seems to have been to interfere between his child and any person who came in the guise of a lover. In this age of progress the stern parent is spelled without capital letters, he is no longer a power, his interdict isn't worth the breath it consumes. The chances are that he will never come back, any more than his contemporary, the scheming mother, although because of the natural crookedness of female intellectual workings, the latter dies hard. For the fashion of doing up one's female offspring in packages to be sold to the highest bidder, and the fashion of bullying your daughter and your daughter's young man, does not obtain favor in this independent age. The judgment of daughter has been enlarged, strengthened and quickened. She has achieved a good modicum of calculating and working sense. She rarely allows herself to drift, or fall, or be carried into a maelstrom of emotional rapture, with any mere man. Her study, thought, culture have developed and trained her reasoning powers, and she can generally select a husband with as much wisdom as her papa or mama could bring to bear upon the matter, quite apart from her susceptible or emotional side. The runaway match is almost a Dodo these days, a rarity and nearly extinct.

The Stern Parent of half a century ago had various reasons for his role. Back of it was the old Oriental and primitive thought of woman as a chattel, a thing to be guarded, disposed of or retained in the family as seemed convenient to the Head. Girl children were not credited with clear judgment or knowledge of values; as to opinions; can you fancy the consternation of old-fashioned parents if a daughter should have ventured seriously to argue with them as an equal, or demand the reasons why such and such treatment was accorded her? Nowadays what a reversal has been theirs! Daughter not only wisely selects her favorite study, sport, occupation, companions and husband, but is ready to justify her selection with composure and completeness. It's not how many moons since a timid suitor was cheered by his inamorata in these words, "You don't understand father as I do. You just trot in and tell mother, and I'll see what can be done with dad." This sounds laughable, but the young lady knew where she was at. Good-naturedly, firmly, reasonably she told her irate papa that she had made up her mind to marry, feeling sure such life would make her more contented and happy. When he threatened she answered with a joke, when he swore, she rebuked him with mock horror. She gave him plenty of rope, lots of leeway and time enough to cool off. Then she gravely asked him whether he would prefer to have her still his loving daughter, or must she make up her mind to survive his entirely inexcusable and unreasonable interference with her liberty as a sane and mature woman, by devoting all, instead of part of her time to her husband? And papa collapsed like the dear old bluffer he was, and she embraced him warmly and congratulated him on proving the trump she had always believed him to be. Then arm in arm they sought mamma and the young man, and there was handshaking and happiness all round. This is an absolutely true story of the decline of the Stern Parent, and it was that remodelled individual who told it to me.

Everyone knows that many a passing fancy of youth has been crystallized into an obstinate determination by unwise opposition, over detraction of its object, and an antagonistic attitude generally. What was fancied to be love, often turned out to be self-will, and loyalty was simply a mulish revenge for undue interference. The over-wrought girl or the excited boy, whose announced choice was criticized and whose alleged affection was jeered at, was driven to hasty acts, probably deeply regretted very soon, but it rarely occurs to those who were really to blame, that, left alone, the too-late repentant fool would probably never have committed them. It's the way of the young to try and annul injustice by extra generosity, and many a stern guardian or parent has been the real cause of martial unhappiness, following a marriage of protest.

The suffragettes of London are cer-

tainly a silly lot. Their last freak was to chain and padlock themselves to the railings before the Prime Minister's quarters in Downing street, and it's a thousand pities they were not left there for a night, just to give them a warning. The mind of the suffragette isn't working strong, in fact seems to be on vacation, while the ladies make themselves a nuisance in this way. It may or may not be true that a woman undergoing an operation for appendicitis was disturbed in the repose so invaluable after such a strain, by the commotion kicked up by these weird females. The papers state that such was the fact, which lends an added exasperation to that already working in the normal mind on the question of the woman who wants to vote.

A countryman came into town to do some shopping, and asked for some soap in a drug shop. "Scented or unscented?" enquired the shopman. "Thank ye, I'll take it meself," said the uncomprehending rustic.

Do not quite forget the friend who by reason of age or weakness has stepped aside from the rush of social and business life. Save an afternoon when life looks good to you, save a book that has moved you or made you laugh, a picture that seems cheerful and hopeful and sympathetic, and give them all to the friend who is laid aside. Keep a funny story, an interesting bit of news, a discovery, the account of an outing, play, or concert, for him or her whose world is within four walls. Remember that timely and kindly visits are benedictions to such an one, and there is no limit to their gentle good. Don't forget the friend who used to be bright and merry and popular in the gay world, but whose place there is now vacant. To visit the afflicted is put even before to keep oneself unspotted from the world, in the description of the truly religious man or woman. Keep it in your mind.

A great crowd was hurrying to worship the preacher! Don't say who am I to judge its motives? The crowd told me they were going to hear — preach! No one said a whisper about going to pray, no one mentioned any reason for crowding to a church to which some of them didn't belong, except their desire, curiosity or whatever it was to hear the preacher. That preacher should realize the responsibility he should shoulder, elbowing the real church-going reason off the sidewalk! Perhaps he does! perhaps he can somehow weave into his wonderful discourses suggestions that will bring the crowd to its knees. In the meantime the crowd goes to church to hear the great preacher.

LADY GAY.



The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps, or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupon are not studied.

Norman MacLeod.—May 25 brings you on the cusp of Taurus-Gemini. Persons born on any of the days between 20 and 26 of May, are often remarkably gifted. They can make fine thinkers, artisans, artists, orators or inventors. They are busy and helpful when at their best, but when depressed, are indolent. It is all up and down with them until they achieve self-control. They have the sort of pride that starves rather than beg. They are generous givers, but poor receivers. Gemini people should avoid foods which tend to restlessness, and any exciting ambitions, which if not realized, throw the Gemini person into despair. These people achieve great things if they retain composure. Luck and fortune, honor and success are only waiting to come to them. I am sure I have delineated this writing before. Thanks for good wishes, they never come amiss.

Cymro.—May 11 brings you under Taurus, and you are a very well developed specimen of that interesting sign. Taurus people naturally live in the realm of their emotions and sensations, and must do great things or suffer because of low things. It is easier for a Taurus to make than to save money. Your success in any calling demands earnest enthusiasm on your part. A Taurus man is naturally a leader, and should never be forced under dictation. To proceed

quietly, with the thought and judgment natural to you, and a plan to carry out which seems right, will result in success. Never blow your own horn. Your quality will be felt without any self-advertising. Above all live purely. Control every desire and think high and gentle thoughts of your fellows, especially of the women you meet. A Taurus man who respects and considers women is the greatest man of all. Anger is weakening, and Taurus people often express it with a force that injures them. Marriage brings the highest happiness to a well controlled Taurus man. Love of children is as natural as it is to a Virgo woman. Your writing shows concentration, great decision, social instincts, no dominance, care for detail, independence, ambition and a generally nervy, alert and optimistic character. You are intensely practical, reasonable and matter of fact. How charming a compliment to say that this paper is "a guiding light to all that is best in Canadian life." Everybody bows low to you!

Sally Brass.—Oh, you make me tired! Do I believe? Of course I do, or why would I be spending time on this column? As you have the same date as mine, S. B., I'll have to let you down easy, though your inane question rouses my resentment. I don't know where Cheerio is, probably in London, he goes about you know, and may be in Abyssinia or Norway. Your writing is susceptible, tenacious, impulsive, unreliable and exasperating. Order and method being peculiarly necessary to the harmony and progress of Virgo persons, I don't see how you are to advance in your present chaotic state. Your study has cleverness and a certain feminine attractiveness with love of beauty and a nature open to impressions, but you have never trained your straggling growth into comely and reasonable bounds. There is plenty of room above where you are roosting. Fly, climb, struggle up, sister Virgo. If you are given to doctoring let it alone. You don't need it. A sleeping Virgo isn't a sleeping Venus, therefore, make up to the possibilities you may attain, and attain 'em!

Olivia.—I dare say you could be popular with men and women, but you aren't with me, because you forgot the coupon.

Betsy Trotwood.—I trust you and the "great responsibility" are well. Things are great or small only in our imagination, and what you may think are small things may be the pivots on which life will turn. January 5 brings you under Capricorn, an earth sign to which everything good in the universe is attracted. Both your magnetic and hypnotic powers, properly developed, will ensure you great success. I should judge you were a very amenable and appreciative Capricorn, fond of home, loyal to your own, a large and generous nature. Don't try to help others too much. Hear good music, read and study. No one is more decided in preference than Capricorn and congenial work is needed to develop the best qualities of that sign. Never be sceptical about yourself, your fellows or your faith. Choose the broad lines, a narrow Capricorn is a very goat. A happy marriage is essential to the success and happiness of most Capricorners. Saturn governs this sign, melancholia is one of its mistakes and indigestion is principal disease. Overwork sometimes causes it. Don't wonder any more. Just a happy sort of philosopher, not asking anything or expecting much of anybody. Whether this world be good or bad isn't a paying subject for thought. It's usually just about what we are ourselves. Write again.

Editha.—I need exact date, please. Your writing is very good, and shows an enterprising, good-tempered, generous and sincere nature. You are probably a good business woman, and are broad in your views, sympathetic, a little careless of appearances, practical, dominant and given to thinking your geese are swans.

Alberta.—June 16 brings you under Gemini, a double air sign, and your writing is strong with its flavor. You love out-of-doors and all the brisk moving things of life, but may easily be hampered in their enjoyment. Your writing isn't as controlled as is Editha's, but I'd rather depend on you in need. You have sense of humor, hope, ambition, decision, quick mentality and some immaturity.

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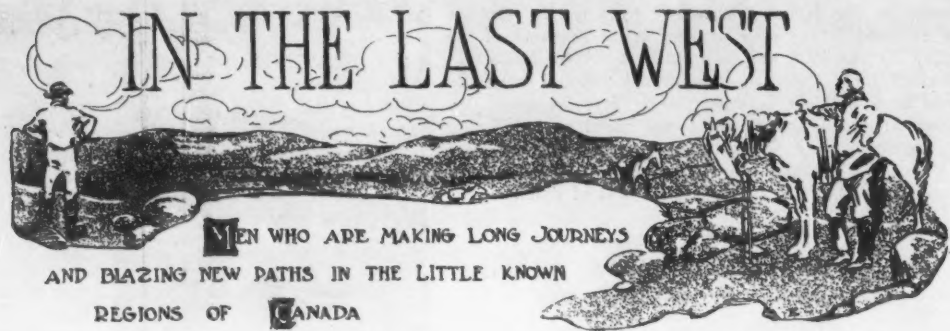
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**E**LBERT HUBBARD, the East Aurora sage, delivered a lecture in Winnipeg recently. Quite a number of Winnipeg people did not attend. In fact, although the lecture was given in a church capable of seating twelve hundred, only eight hundred were present. But one man—an Irishman by the way—named Vance travelled all the way from Edmonton, a distance of eight hundred miles, to hear what he of the curling locks and flowing necktie had to say. Mr. Hubbard heard about Vance and his trip and was naturally flattered and interested. He hunted him up after the lecture, and, finding him a "character," took him and his companion up to his room at a hotel, and had a long talk with him. Later Hubbard wrote an article about him for The Philistine. Of this man of the far Canadian Northwest he says:

"Vance came eight hundred miles to see me, and some day I'll go eight hundred miles to see him. But no matter how far Vance travels, he'll never find a man any finer than he sees when he looks into a mirror. He is a type that is peculiar, unique, strange, but well defined—an honest, simple and direct man. Vance is six feet tall and weighs over two hundred pounds. All of his forty odd and strange years have been spent in lumber camps, rafting on rivers, on the plains, far from so-called centres of civilization. All the scanty side of life to him is familiar, yet his soul has never been touched with pitch. He is so truthful, unaffected and sincere, that he commands the earnest respect of every one he meets. It never occurs to him to lie."

Hubbard found that Vance had read quite a number of books, and thought a lot about what he had read. He knew Shakespeare, had committed to memory most of Byron's poems, had read enough of Browning to dislike him, loved Tom Moore, and revelled in Robert Louis Stevenson. Vance's companion was a Scotchman, MacDonald by name, who loved Stevenson also, and who had, like Vance, evolved for himself a clean-cut philosophy and a well-defined idea of right and wrong. Over the pipes, these men were induced to tell some stories of our great last west, and here is the substance of one as related by MacDonald, without his dialect:

No, Indians are not bad people if you treat them about half right. They may be savage, but they are not as savage as white men. He is a child by nature, and responds to kindness. It pays to tell the truth to children, and I may be wrong, but I believe in keeping faith with Indians. This was always my policy, and Indians for hundreds of miles around were my friends. They even told me their troubles, which is a very unusual thing for an Indian to do.

The last few winters have been very severe, and my Indian friends have suffered greatly. Two squaws came into the Post last spring, just as the leaves had begun to come out. One of them had a papoose on her back, and with her was an eight year old girl. I remembered the year before when she came, her husband was with her, also a grown up boy and several children.

The squaws sat around all day and said nothing. I guessed they wanted to tell me something. At night they came back and told me a tale of hardship that really melted my stony heart, used as I am to suffering.

Winter had set in early and the snows fell. This woman, with the grown up boy who had just killed his first deer and therefore was a man, had laid in quite a stock of frozen rabbits, but a wandering band of trappers coming along and needing food, she had given them all the rabbits. She was sure that her husband and boy could get more.

But the snows kept falling, and the winds blew and drifted the snow so that it was unsafe to leave the teepee. They had eaten the dogs, all save one favorite.

The food was all gone, and after waiting two days the man and boy started forth to hunt. Not a track could be found for the snow was falling and drifting beside.

They did not return and during the night the dog came back alone. The

mother left the children and went forth following the dog to find her husband and boy. They had been famished for food, and were overcome by the cold before they had gone a mile. The boy was dead but the man was still alive. The woman carried and dragged him home.

Something must be done—she placed the man upon a toboggan, strapped the five year old child on top of him, and carrying the papoose on her back, and with the eight year old girl helping to pull the toboggan she started for her nearest neighbor's, ten miles away. All day she moved steadily forward. She arrived and entered the teepee of her friend. One glance told all—her neighbor was even in greater distress than herself, for all of her household were dead, and the woman was alone, just ready to let the fire go out and lie down and sleep the long sleep. The woman who had just arrived killed the dog, and this kept them alive for two days. But the man and the five year old child died, and then the woman, the papoose and the eight year old girl were alone.

The snow had ceased to fall and they caught rabbits and ate bark for food.

At last spring arrived, and when the ice melted they came to the Post to tell me of their loss. There were no tears—just a plain recital of the facts. They wanted nothing, only that I should know. They did not even wish me to condole with them, for after telling me their tale they disappeared in the forest and I sat there, dumb.

**V**ERY often the most interesting piece of news in a daily paper is a two or three-line item which, just missing the "make-up" altogether, is stowed away in some obscure corner. Such an item announces that Mrs. G. R. Ray arrived the other day in Winnipeg from York Factory, having made the long overland trip by dog teams. This was a journey of six hundred miles, and Mrs. Ray was in charge of her party, which consisted of her three children and several half-breed servants. It is interesting to note that Mr. Ray, the husband of this plucky lady, who has been at York Factory in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, keeps himself in touch with the literary world, even in the distant North, and has essayed some writing in his leisure moments. In this issue of SATURDAY NIGHT a poem of his appears, which he sent to us from York Factory.

**W**HEN an observant woman goes travelling, and then, carefully and conscientiously, tells what she has seen, we generally learn some new and interesting things. She is apt, of course, to run overmuch to exclamations, a feminine choice of words, and assertionless sentences—but she will tell us much of interest that we did not know before. Thousands of travellers—journalists and others—for many years roamed about England and wrote about what they saw for the magazines and newspapers. But it was left to Lillian Bell, in The Ladies' Home Journal, to inform untravelled Americans for the first time that in English cities traffic goes to the left, not to the right. So when a woman visits the Yukon country, and commits her impressions to paper with a fluent pen, we may be assured that she will throw some added light on life and conditions in that rugged region of gold and romance. Beatrice Briggs has been to the land of the midnight sun, and her observations, which are now being published, are not disappointing. Volumes have been written about Yukon, but she has something more to add to our stock of information on this ever interesting subject. This writer was not looking for the gloomy grandeur of mountain and valley so vividly pictured by Robert W. Service, the poet of White Horse, and she didn't find it either. She says the country isn't pretty. Here is her impression of the far north cities:

"Is that Dawson?"  
"Goodness! What an ugly place!"  
"Worse than White Horse, don't you think?"

"These and many other equally expressive exclamations were the criticisms that issued from the lips of the

disappointed, discontented group who stood on the deck of The — as she steamed into Dawson one bright afternoon early in September.

"Truly, what an ugly place."  
But, exclamations aside, Miss Briggs is illuminating. She says:

"The wharf was packed with men as we came in, there may have been some ten females among the number. Mounted police officers, rough miners (in most fascinating attire), fastidious pink and white youths, unmistakably of the remittance list, and non-descript collection of loungers, apparently from all parts of the globe, all en masse, elbowing each other with delightful democratic indifference.

"There are no cabs in Dawson. I believe on state occasions, when the governor's wife calls, when society marriages, etc., there is a two-horsed vehicle that does duty, plus an automobile, one red devil as well known round those parts as his famous namesake. Therefore on disembarking, having rid ourselves of our sundry pieces of luggage (one dollar per piece), there was nothing left us but to lift our chins and run the gauntlet of the curious-eyed, interested spectators. We made our way along First avenue—First avenue of saloon and dance hall repute! We turned various corners until we came to the large "fashionable boarding house," brown logs, two storeys high, which had been recommended to us. Boarding houses, especially when prefixed by the word "fashionable," are very much alike the civilized world over.

"After our canned fare on the trip in, how we enjoyed those first meals! How delicious were the fresh vegetables! (grown in ground which never unfreezes more than two feet!) the curly tender lettuce, the crisp celery, the cucumber, the beet root, potatoes, without their match, I wager, even in the little Emerald Isle itself. To be sure, we were still enjoying canned milk and cream, but then as everyone assured us that we should grow to love even that in time, we endured in silence, then, like the babes in the advertisement! For all this sumptuousness plus a clean room and minus plumbing, we paid four dollars and fifty cents per day. And here perhaps it would be as good a place as any to quote a few of the far famed, much abused Dawson prices. To the Toronto housewife they may be interesting. Upon reading them, she may feel a little thankful that she is not "up against it" quite so much after all.

"The house problem is not nearly as fierce as in Toronto. Dawson has remained a mining camp. In the opinion of many she can never become anything different. Her population comes, her population goes. Not only does her climate, seven months of winter (often 70 below they tell me) preclude anything pertaining to a lifelong residence, but her very inaccessibility and out of the worldness would always be an insurmountable obstacle. It is not only hard to get in, but it is expensive, and it is even more expensive to get out. Therefore when people having made their pile (or not, as the case very often is), pull up stakes and depart, as far as the stakes are concerned, metaphorically, alone. In other words, they are only too glad to leave everything except their golden nuggets, behind. It is no uncommon sight when walking in the hills to come upon a deserted cabin, either partly or wholly furnished. It is not much to be wondered at, then, that furnished houses are almost as cheap and much more available than unfurnished ones. As for rent, \$25, \$30, \$40, \$50 per month, according to size, etc. At present we are domiciled in a dear, cosy, seven roomed house, a two story log building covered with frame, furnished as comfortably as it is conveniently, and all for \$30 a month. Telephone (several on the same switch, \$5 extra. Lighted throughout with electricity and heated by two stoves. They burn a horrid native article called "sourdough," price \$15 per ton.

"Beef, in comparison, about the cheapest thing in here, is 50 cents per pound. Mutton is the same. Eggs and butter, 50 cents, not much worse than Toronto. We thought to have an economical dinner one day and ordered liver, the despised—three

pounds for one dollar, if you please. Vegetables are always sold by the pound, potatoes 8c., carrots 6c., turnips 5c.; fruit, singly, apples, two for 25c. Upon entering a green grocer's one feels very like the pathetic little boy of the joke: 'Farthing's worth of carrots, please; I'm a regular fiend for fruit.' Only in this country one would have to substitute in place of the farthing, 25 cents as being the smallest coin.

"It is interesting to notice one's changed attitude to this once mighty piece of silver. In the east it stood for: an afternoon at Shea's, six long street car rides, a bargain, as for church collection, a regular fortune. And coppers! Was one ever mercenary enough to stand waiting, tired, cross and nervous, until a dilatory clerk chose to hand over one's miserable two cents change?

"In compensation for all this outpouring of wealth, allow me to give a few facts concerning Yukon salaries. Beginning at the top: The commissioner, or governor, as he is generally called, draws yearly \$12,000, and is given house as well. Judges receive \$10,000; government clerks, \$2,200 to \$2,400; school teachers and bishops are for once on an equal footing, each drawing \$2,500 per annum, the church allowing the latter a residence. Stenographers command \$2,100, while nurses thrive on \$7.50 per day. And so forth."

**A** NEW post of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police is to be established at Fort Vermilion. This information was obtained at Edmonton the other day from Inspector Jennings, who is leaving Regina to take Major Constantine's place at Lesser Slave Lake, the Major being on a vacation.

In speaking of the condition of the country, Inspector Jennings said: We have no trouble at all in the district. Matters are very quiet, and really, the only people who are apt to create a disturbance are the freighters, who try sometimes to smuggle in a little whisky for the Indians. It is a rough country, is sparsely settled and will remain so for a few years at least. The produce that is raised is only for home consumption, for the farmers could not freight it and sell it to make it pay.

"The missions and schools are doing a great work there and probably are doing more for the country than anything else. They take a big interest in bringing up the children. The work of the mission is decidedly creditable.

"It is understood that two new police detachments will be opened in the spring in the vicinity of Lesser Slave Lake, and that is one of the reasons why I am going north. It is a big country and can not be adequately covered by one man."

**M**R. J. W. ASTLEY, civil engineer, of Dawson and Winnipeg, is in Ottawa, having come down to sound the Dominion Government concerning the development of the North country by means of the Saskatchewan, Saskatchewan, Peace River and Dawson Railway, from Saskatoon to Dawson, a distance of 1,600 miles. A Charter for this road has been applied for, and Mr. Astley believes it will help materially in developing the agricultural and mineral resources of that region.

Mr. Astley is sixty-three years old, and has just finished a walk of over 400 miles, alone, on a tramp over one of the transcontinental surveys, in which he is interested. The walk, which began on October 6, at Lake Saul, ended on December 26 at Heron Bay in Western Ontario.

"I've spent twenty years in the Northwest territory," said Mr. Astley, to a newspaper reporter at the capital the other day, "and nine years in Yukon. Some men say I'm getting old, but that little walk, I tell you, doesn't look like it! I like the snow, and Ottawa with its plenty of beautiful just suits me. Toronto made me ill—no snow to amount to much.

"The walk? Well, I began east of J. D. McCarthy's contract on the survey, and carrying 90 pounds, I made the 400 miles in six weeks. No Indian would come with me for more than three days; then they would slip away. I slept out with a six-pound blanket; but I had to get up every hour and light the fire again. It was cold, all night, but I made through. I never go in for a thing I can't look into, so I walked the land over."

**I**N the Prince Rupert Empire some very interesting information is given in regard to conditions in the Pacific port of the new transcontinental line now under construction. The Empire says:

"Prince Rupert is a townsite in which lots are not sold, because the townsite is not surveyed in lots. The land is owned by the Grand Trunk Pacific railroad company and when it is surveyed as a townsite every fourth block will belong to the prov-

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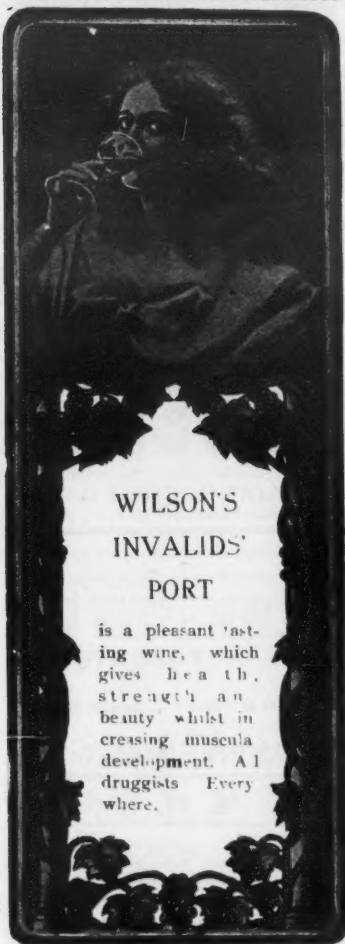
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## Lady Gay's Column

SINCE remotest ages we have had the tradition of the Stern Parent, whose principal work in life seems to have been to interfere between his child and any person who came in the guise of a lover. In this age of progress the stern parent is spelled without capital letters, he is no longer a power, his interdict isn't worth the breath it consumes. The chances are that he will never come back, any more than his contemporary, the scheming mother, although because of the natural crookedness of female intellectual workings, the latter dies hard. For the fashion of doing up one's female offspring in packages to be sold to the highest bidder, and the fashion of bullying your daughter and your daughter's young man, does not obtain favor in this independent age. The judgment of daughter has been enlarged, strengthened and quickened. She has achieved a good modicum of calculating and working sense. She rarely allows herself to drift, or fall, or be carried into a maelstrom of emotional rapture, with any mere man. Her study, thought, culture have developed and trained her reasoning powers, and she can generally select a husband with as much wisdom as her papa or mama could bring to bear upon the matter, quite apart from her susceptible or emotional side. The runaway match is almost a Dodo these days, a rarity and nearly extinct.

The Stern Parent of half a century ago had various reasons for his role. Back of it was the old Oriental and primitive thought of woman as a chattel, a thing to be guarded, disposed of or retained in the family as seemed convenient to the Head. Girl children were not credited with clear judgment or knowledge of values; as to opinions; can you fancy the consternation of old-fashioned parents if a daughter should have ventured seriously to argue with them as an equal, or demand the reasons why such and such treatment was accorded her? Nowadays what a reversal has been theirs! Daughter not only wisely selects her favorite study, sport, occupation, companions and husband, but is ready to justify her selection with composure and completeness. It's not how many moons since a timid suitor was cheered by his inamorata in these words, "You don't understand father as I do. You just trot in and tell mother, and I'll see what can be done with dad." This sounds laughable, but the young lady knew where she was at. Good-naturedly, firmly, reasonably she told her irate papa that she had made up her mind to marry, feeling sure such life would make her more contented and happy. When he threatened she answered with a joke, when he swore, she rebuked him with mock horror. She gave him plenty of rope, lots of leeway and time enough to cool off. Then she gravely asked him whether he would prefer to have her still his loving daughter, or must she make up her mind to survive his entirely inexcusable and unreasonable interference with her liberty as a sane and mature woman, by devoting all, instead of part of her time to her husband? And papa collapsed like the dear old bluffer he was, and she embraced him warmly and congratulated him on proving the trump she had always believed him to be. Then arm in arm they sought mamma and the young man, and there was handshaking and happiness all round. This is an absolutely true story of the decline of the Stern Parent, and it was that remodelled individual who told it to me.

Everyone knows that many a passing fancy of youth has been crystallized into an obstinate determination by unwise opposition, over detraction of its object, and an antagonistic attitude generally. What was fancied to be love, often turned out to be self-will, and loyalty was simply a mulish revenge for undue interference. The over-wrought girl or the excited boy, whose announced choice was criticized and whose alleged affection was jeered at, was driven to hasty acts, probably deeply regretted very soon, but it rarely occurs to those who were really to blame, that, left alone, the too-late repentant fool would probably never have committed them. It's the way of the young to try and annul injustice by extra generosity, and many a stern guardian or parent has been the real cause of martial unhappiness, following a marriage of protest.

The suffragettes of London are cer-

tainly a silly lot. Their last freak was to chain and padlock themselves to the railings before the Prime Minister's quarters in Downing street, and it's a thousand pities they were not left there for a night, just to give them a warning. The mind of the suffragette isn't working strong, in fact seems to be on vacation, while the ladies make themselves a nuisance in this way. It may or may not be true that a woman undergoing an operation for appendicitis was disturbed in the repose so invaluable after such a strain, by the commotion kicked up by these weird females. The papers state that such was the fact, which lends an added exasperation to that already working in the normal mind on the question of the woman who wants to vote.

A countryman came into town to do some shopping, and asked for some soap in a drug shop. "Scented or unscented?" enquired the shopman. "Thank ye, I'll take it myself," said the uncomprehending rustic.

Do not quite forget the friend who by reason of age or weakness has stepped aside from the rush of social and business life. Save an afternoon when life looks good to you, save a book that has moved you or made you laugh, a picture that seems cheerful and hopeful and sympathetic, and give them all to the friend who is laid aside. Keep a funny story, an interesting bit of news, a discovery, the account of an outing, play, or concert, for him or her whose world is within four walls. Remember that timely and kindly visits are benedictions to such an one, and there is no limit to their gentle good. Don't forget the friend who used to be bright and merry and popular in the gay world, but whose place there is now vacant. To visit the afflicted is put even before to keep oneself unspotted from the world, in the description of the truly religious man or woman. Keep it in your mind.

A great crowd was hurrying to worship the preacher! Don't say who am I to judge its motives? The crowd told me they were going to hear — preach! No one said a whisper about going to pray, no one mentioned any reason for crowding to a church to which some of them didn't belong, except their desire, curiosity or whatever it was to hear the preacher. That preacher should realize the responsibility he should shoulder, elbowing the real church-going reason off the sidewalk! Perhaps he does! Perhaps he can somehow weave into his wonderful discourses suggestions that will bring the crowd to its knees. In the meantime the crowd goes to church to hear the great preacher.

LADY GAY.



The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps, or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column, Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupon are not studied.

Norman MacLeod.—May 25 brings you on the cusp of Taurus-Gemini. Persons born on any of the days between 20 and 26 of May, are often remarkably gifted. They can make fine thinkers, artisans, artists, orators or inventors. They are busy and helpful when at their best, but when depressed, are indolent. It is all up and down with them until they achieve self-control. They have the sort of pride that starves rather than beg. They are generous givers, but poor receivers. Gemini people should avoid foods which tend to restlessness, and any exciting ambitions, which if not realized, throw the Gemini person into despair. These people achieve great things if they retain composure. Luck and fortune, honor and success are only waiting to come to them. I am sure I have delineated this writing before. Thanks for good wishes, they never come amiss.

Cymro.—May 11 brings you under Taurus, and you are a very well developed specimen of that interesting sign. Taurus people naturally live in the realm of their emotions and sensations, and must do great things or suffer because of low things. It is easier for a Taurus to make than to save money. Your success in any calling demands earnest enthusiasm on your part. A Taurus man is naturally a leader, and should never be forced under dictation. To proceed

quietly, with the thought and judgment natural to you, and a plan to carry out which seems right, will result in success. Never blow your own horn. Your quality will be felt without any self-advertising. Above all live purely. Control every desire and think high and gentle thoughts of your fellows, especially of the women you meet. A Taurus man who respects and considers women is the greatest man of all. Anger is weakening, and Taurus people often express it with a force that injures them. Marriage brings the highest happiness to a well controlled Taurus man. Love of children is as natural as it is to a Virgo woman. Your writing shows concentration, great decision, social instincts, no dominance, care for detail, independence, ambition and a generally nifty, alert and optimistic character. You are intensely practical, reasonable and matter of fact. How charming a compliment to say that this paper is "a guiding light to all that is best in Canadian life." Everybody bows low to you!

Sally Brass.—Oh, you make me tired! Do I believe? Of course I do, or why would I be spending time on this column? As you have the same date as mine, S. B., I'll have to let you down easy, though your inane question rouses my resentment. I don't know where Cheero is, probably in London, he goes about you know, and may be in Abyssinia or Norway. Your writing is susceptible, tenacious, impulsive, unreliable and exasperating. Order and method being peculiarly necessary to the harmony and progress of Virgo persons, I don't see how you are to advance in your present chaotic state. Your study has cleverness and a certain feminine attractiveness with love of beauty and a nature open to impressions, but you have never trained your straggling growth into comely and reasonable bounds. There is plenty of room above where you are roosting. Fly, climb, struggle up, sister Virgo. If you are given to doctoring let it alone. You don't need it. A sleeping Virgo isn't a sleeping Venus, therefore, make up to the possibilities you may attain, and attain 'em!

Olivia.—I dare say you could be popular with men and women, but you aren't with me, because you forgot the coupon.

Betsy Trotwood.—I trust you and the "great responsibility" are well. Things are great or small only in our imagination, and what you may think are small things may be the pivots on which life will turn. January 5 brings you under Capricorn, an earth sign to which everything good in the universe is attracted. Both your magnetic and hypnotic powers, properly developed, will ensure you great success. I should judge you were a very amenable and appreciative Capricorn, fond of home, loyal to your own, a large and generous nature. Don't try to help others too much. Hear good music, read and study. No one is more decided in preference than Capricorn and congenial work is needed to develop the best qualities of that sign. Never be sceptical about yourself, your fellows or your faith. Choose the broad lines, a narrow Capricorn is a very goat. A happy marriage is essential to the success and happiness of most Capricorns. Saturn governs this sign, melancholia is one of its mistakes and indigestion is principal disease. Overwork sometimes causes it. Don't wonder any more. Just a happy sort of philosopher, not asking anything or expecting much of anybody. Whether this world be good or bad isn't a paying subject for thought. It's usually just about what we are ourselves. Write again.

Editha.—I need exact date, please. Your writing is very good, and shows an enterprising, good-tempered, generous and sincere nature. You are probably a good business woman, and are broad in your views, sympathetic, a little careless of appearances, practical, dominant and given to thinking your reese are swans.

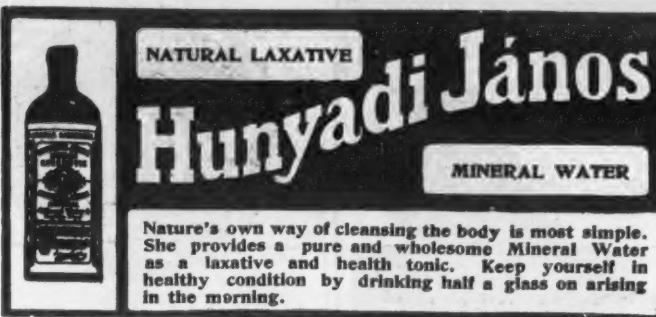
Alberta.—June 16 brings you under Gemini, a double air sign, and your writing is strong with its flavor. You love out-of-doors and all the brisk moving things of life, but may easily be hampered in their enjoyment. Your writing isn't as controlled as is Editha's, but I'd rather depend on you in need. You have sense of humor, hope, ambition, decision, quick mentality and some impatience.

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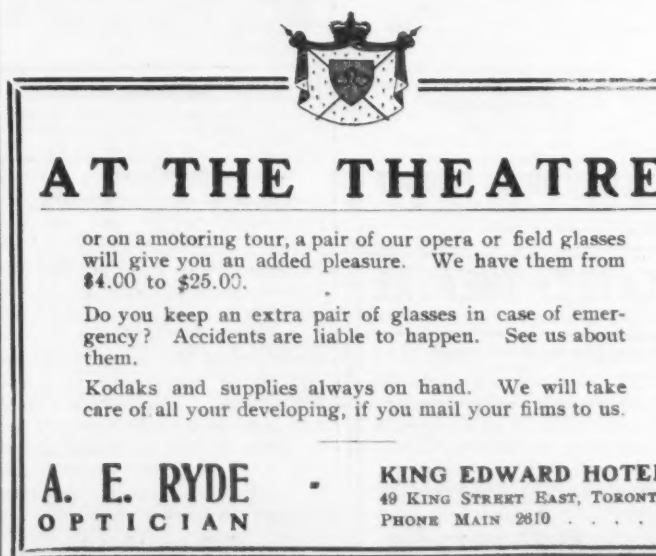
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"The Beer that is always O. K." 127



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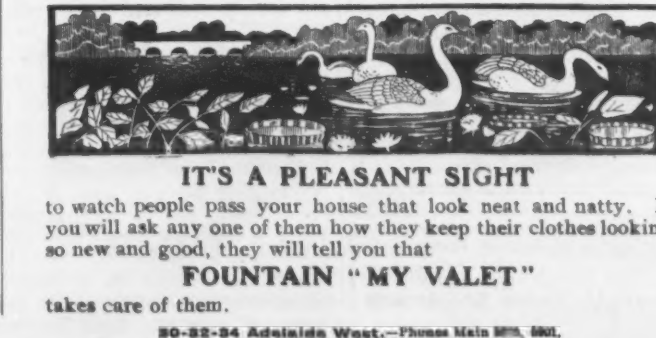
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# The DRAMA

LILLIAN RUSSELL, who has the reputation of being one of the most beautiful and well dressed women on the stage, will appear at the Princess Theatre the first part of next week in "Wildfire." The piece is a comedy by George Broadhurst and George V. Hobart, and a general idea of its character was given on this page last week. Miss Russell does not essay roles that call for any particular histrionic ability, and "Wildfire" is not a remarkable play in any respect. It contains no surprises of dialogue or situation, but it aims—and this aim is surely creditable—to furnish wholesome entertainment and amusement. The play lauds the horse and touches diplomatically on the automobile. In some of the material concerning "Wildfire" emanating from its publicity agents, the interesting information is elicited that some of "the best and most polite slang the stage has collected and thrust into the language of America" has been introduced into the play. Opinions differ as to what constitutes the best slang. However, here is a sample epigram from "Wildfire," and the reader can form his own opinion according to his own conceived standards: "Before you are married he is an ideal; after you are married he is a new deal."

The play, of course, furnishes a good setting for Miss Russell's beauty and for the parade of a large number of gowns. These gowns are described as "dreams," and no doubt they are. In all probability the famous stage beauty will attract many admirers to the Princess during her three-day engagement.

It never rains but it pours. When Mr. Patrick Campbell came to the Princess recently for a half-week, who should be sent along for a coincident engagement but Mrs. Leslie Carter. So we had these two—each of whom is "the greatest emotional actress on the stage"—both in one week! Now, Lillian Russell will be followed at the Princess next week by Adele Ritchie. Both of these actresses wear "gowns that are positively the latest creations of the dress-maker's art."

Miss Ritchie—the "Dresden China"



Lillian Russell

Who will be seen at the Princess Theatre next week in the racing comedy "Wildfire."

that are whistled everywhere. Mr. Burnside personally directed the staging of the production and with his well known ingenuity devised extremely novel effects for the song numbers. Introduced features include Miss Jansell's imitations of established stage favorites.

Commencing Monday evening, Miss Ida Conquest and the Royal Alexandra Players will commence their farewell week at the Royal Alexandra theatre. The play to be presented will be "Her Great Match" by Clyde Fitch. This is said by many to be his best work. It was written by him for Miss Maxine Elliott, and critics have declared that Miss Conquest's portrayal of Jo, the heroine, fully equals that of Miss Elliott.

The story deals with Augustus Botes, a wealthy New York brewer, who is anxious to advance his children in society, and secure a title for his son Cyril. He goes on a visit to England with his family and leases Mederham Manor, belonging to a country gentleman in Hertfordshire, where he entertains lavishly. Among his guests are H. R. H. the Duchess of Hohenstein and her nephew, H.R.H. Crown Prince Adolph, of Eastphalia, which by the way, is the birthplace of Botes, Sr. Then there is Mrs. Sheldon, the wife of a wealthy New York banker, and her stepdaughter, Jo.

Mrs. Sheldon, before leaving New York for England, becomes heavily involved financially through investing in stocks. By the use of her husband's name and false pretences, she secures from the president of another bank, named Printer, a large sum of money, and she practically has to flee from New York until the affair has blown over. Mrs. Sheldon then forms a scheme by which she thinks she can save herself. She plans to have the Crown Prince fall in love with Jo, and through him secure a baronetcy for Cyril Botes, for which his father is to pay her the sum of £40,000.

While this is going on, Frank Wilton, a lawyer representing Printer, the banker, arrives. He tells Mrs. Sheldon that in order to save her husband and family from disgrace, she must pay him two hundred and fifty thousand dollars the following morning, so that he can return by the first steamer. As Mrs. Sheldon expected, the Crown Prince and her stepdaughter Jo fall in love. At a fete given on the grounds of the manor, Jo is disguised as a gypsy, and reads the hand of the Crown Prince. She tells him, and makes him believe that he will eventually marry a dark-haired woman, her own hair being light. This disappoints him. The next day they meet, and become engaged as far as his position of Crown Prince will allow him. His father, the king, has already chosen a bride for him, who is the daughter of the ruler of an adjoining principality. Jo, however, objects to a morganatic marriage. In the meantime, Mrs. Sheldon has prevailed upon the Crown Prince to bestow a title on young Botes, receives the forty thousand pounds from the brew-

er, and absconds. When Jo refuses to marry the Crown Prince, except in the good old way, he writes his father, the King, and arranges with him to allow his younger brother to succeed to the throne. When Jo learns of the deal of the £40,000 she is ashamed of her mother's scheming and tells the Prince she cannot marry him, and takes the responsibility of repaying the money to Botes. The Prince overcomes Jo's scruples, and they are happily married.

While the story has more interest than is usually found in a Fitch play, there is a rich vein of comedy running through the whole piece, and the principal characters are all exceedingly well drawn. Matinees will be given on Thursday and Saturday only.

Following the closing of the engagement of Ida Conquest and the Royal Alexandra players, a theatrical event that will be welcomed in Toronto by lovers of good drama, is the coming of the well-known English-speaking actress, Bertha Kalich, under the management of Harrison Grey Fiske, in one of the greatest, if not the greatest, emotion roles which she has ever essayed—that of Marta in Angel Guimera's poetic and powerful drama of Catalonian peasant life, "Marta of the Lowlands." In all Spanish-speaking countries this piece has become a popular classic, because it tells a dramatic story that is of universal interest. The play has been beautifully and realistically staged by Mr. Fiske, and the oddly picturesque costumes—the same to-day as they were hundreds of years ago—were made in exact duplicate by the costumer of the Teatro Principal in Mexico. The exceptionally well balanced supporting company will include Henry Kolker, Hardee Kirtland, Robert McWade, Tomas Fallon, Henry Hanscombe, R. M. Dolliver, Bertram Grassby, Edward Leahy, Mary Hughes, Genevieve Blinn and Edith Taliaferro, and besides, peasants and dancers. This will be the first appearance of Madame Kalich in Toronto.

The Futurity Winner will be the headline act next week at Shea's. Others billed to appear are Eddie Leonard, Tacianu, Lola Cotton, Mlle. Louise Agoust, Keno, Welsh and Melrose, Howard and Howard.

Overflowing with novel "stunts," and with plenty of brilliant costumes and scenery, "The Casino Girls Extravaganza Company" will appear at the Gayety theatre all next week with daily matinees. Manager Jess Burns, as usual, presents an entertainment which will be practically new from the rising of the curtain to the falling thereof. In the olio are Deely and Austin, Nolan and White, Moran and Wiser, Graham and Randall, Crawford and Manning, Lillian Washburn and a comely lot of chorus girls in two tuneful catchy musical burlettas entitled "A Night at Goldfield," and "A Gay Old Boy."

The gradual passing of the fine old type of actor, of which Sir John Hare may be cited as a surviving representative, is something we must all deeply regret. The power of these players of the old school did not come so much from their superior knowledge of the technique of their art as from the fact that they brought im-



Adele Ritchie

Who will appear at the Princess Theatre during the latter part of next week in "Fascinating Flora."

"Be ruled by Time - the wisest counselor of all"  
Paraphrased this saying might read  
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PRINCESS Three Nights Only Jan. 27  
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SPECIAL MATINEE WEDNESDAY - 25 - 50 - 75 - 1.00

## LILLIAN RUSSELL

"WILDFIRE" A RACING COMEDY by  
Geo. Broadhurst and Geo. V. Hobart

agination and personality into their studies—they put themselves into their work. Technique is only the mechanics of any art, and if this be forgotten by players and play-goers we may surely look for the decadence of the drama, which many critics tell us has already set in. In the current number of Cassell's Magazine Sir John Hare has an article such as one could expect from scarcely any modern actor. It is to be hoped that many modern actors will read it with some thoughtfulness. Here is a little of his advice to the young player: "Acting itself cannot be taught, for it is essentially an art, and, like other arts, depends greatly upon the personality and intelligence of the individual, but with favorable conditions and an adaptable mind, the technique of the theatre may be learnt as are the rudiments of music and painting. And would be actors to whom artistic success on the stage is a sheer impossibility can by preliminary exercise or examination be weeded out and spared the humiliation of public discomfiture, while young men and women of talent can go forth inspired by the confidence which only knowledge can bring forth. The early training of the actor is all-important. The reason why acting seems so easy to the ignorant or the novice, and so difficult to the man of experience, is that the former only sees a simple idea, while the other observes and appreciates the intricacy of a complex problem which only concentration, imagination, and sympathetic study can solve."

The Royal Alexandra has been enjoying very large patronage of late. This week the offering has been "Old Heidelberg," with Miss Ida Conquest in the leading role. On Monday night the students of the University of Toronto practically had possession—quiet possession, however—of the house, which was entirely sold out several days in advance. And at each succeeding performance the play has proved remarkably popular.

William H. Crane, the sterling old comedian, who has not been in Toronto for fifteen years, is concluding a week's engagement at the Princess Theatre, in George Ade's "Father and the Boys." The play is an excellent one, and suits Mr. Crane's talents and methods very, very well, indeed. Theatre-goers who have been to the Princess this week must feel regret that we have not seen more of this admirable player in his prime, especially when it is recalled that the experience he gained here while a member of the old Royal Lyceum Stock Company had much to do with equipping him for his highly successful career. Mr. Crane has those qualities so rarely found in modern American comedians—mellowness, restraint, and an underlying earnestness of purpose. There are comedians who can please indiscriminating people all the time and discriminating people sometimes, but Mr. Crane comes about as near as possible being a comedian who can please all the people all the time. May he live long, and may we see him often hereafter in Toronto!

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\$1.00 Seats, Tuesday, Feb. 4th, at 12 o'clock.

Subscribers will consult their own convenience by carefully noting the time schedule on their subscription cards.

Mr. Crane is capably supported in "Father and the Boys" by a good company of players. Miss Margaret Dale does the leading feminine role—a lively one—very intelligently, and the other parts are well acted.

In the course of her autobiography which she is writing, Ellen Terry says:

Henry Irving used to spend hours and hours teaching people. I used to think impatiently: "Acting can't be taught." Gradually I learned to modify this conviction and to recognize that there are two classes of actors:

Those who can only do what they are taught.

Those who cannot be taught, but can be helped by suggestion to work out things for themselves.

Irving said to me once: "What makes a popular actor? Physique! What makes a great actor? Imagination and sensibility." I tried to believe it. Then I thought to myself: "Henry himself is not quite what is understood by 'an actor of physique,' and certainly he is popular! And that he is a great actor I know! He certainly has both imagination and 'sense and sensibility.'"

After the lapse of years I begin to wonder if Henry was ever really popular. It was natural to some people to dislike his acting—they found it "queer" as some find Whistler's painting; but he forced them, almost against their will and nature, out of dislike into admiration. They had to come up to him, for never would he go down to them. This is not popularity.

Brain allied with the instinct of the actor tells, but stupidity allied with the instinct of the actor tells more than brain alone. I have sometimes seen a clever man who was not a born actor play a small part with his brains, and have felt that the cleverness was telling more with the actors on the stage than with the audience.

Two and two make four. This is a platitude.

Two and two make three. This is demagogism.

Two and two make 150. This is high finance—Washington Herald.



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**H**AMILTON'S crack chorus, the Elgar Choir, announce a concert in Toronto, at Massey Hall, for February 28. They have engaged as soloists for the occasion such distinguished artists as Mme. Sembrich, the famous soprano; and Mr. Van Hoose, the popular tenor. The choir is not a large one, numbering about one hundred voices, but in the refinements of part singing, they take the second place in Canada. They occupy this proud position mainly through the talent of their conductor, Mr. Bruce Carey, who, although but a young man, has in a few seasons attained an enviable position as a choir leader. I feel assured that Toronto concert-goers will be delightfully surprised with the singing of the Elgar Choir, who should be cordially welcomed. Their fraternal visit to Toronto will be of great value in showing us that although Toronto may be the centre of music in the Dominion splendid work is being done in a neighboring city. They should be greeted by a bumper house, for I take it that there will be a great desire on the part of the members of our own choral societies to hear them. It is unnecessary to say anything about Mme. Sembrich, who will be the star attraction for the occasion; everybody knows that she is one of the most accomplished artists of the opera and concert stage.

Mr. Wheelton gave a most interesting and successful twilight organ recital at the Metropolitan church last Saturday afternoon. Mr. Wheelton has now made himself familiar with the resources of the fine organ of the church and displays them to the best advantage. He has proved himself to be a sound and legitimate performer on the instrument, one, moreover, who does not descend to clap-trap effects. A second recital is announced for next Saturday.

In a letter to Mr. A. S. Vogt, from Sir Edward Elgar, who is spending the winter in Rome, the eminent English composer makes several cordial references to last season's appearances of the Mendelssohn Choir in New York. Sir Edward expressed the great gratification felt by him during his visit to New York, subsequent to the concerts referred to, because of the "rapturous references, heard on all sides, to the singing of the Toronto chorus." Sir Edward expressed the hope to hear the Canadian choir at some future time and regretted that he was not present at the New York concerts of February last.

The many friends of Mr. Alfred Jury will be interested to learn that he has formed "The Clef Club of Buffalo," numbering one hundred and eighty mixed voices, and purposes giving his first concert in Convention Hall, Buffalo, on February 14, with Madame Emma Calve assisting. Arrangements are being made for private coaches on the regular 3.45 p.m. train (C.P.R.) from Toronto, and a special train leaving Buffalo at midnight, with the option of returning on any regular train Saturday, February 15. Return fare, \$2.10. Further particulars may be had from Miss Brown, 184 Spadina road.

Following is the argument of the cantata, Joan of Arc, to be given on January 30, in Massey Hall, by the Toronto Oratorio Society, assisted by the Toronto Conservatory Symphony Orchestra and eminent soloists. Joan of Arc was born at Domremy on January 6, 1412. Domremy is a village in the department of Vosges, France, in a vale prolific in flowers—hence the name of its chief town—Vaucouleurs. Youths and maidens of Domremy are holding May festival. Joan comes but, brooding over the woes of France, shuts the festivities and leaves the village in obedience to the commands of heavenly "voices." She seeks aid from Robert de Baudricourt, Governor of Vaucouleurs, who receives her at first slightly, but finally yields aid. She dons armor, and provided with a sword and banner, leaves in company with Jean de Novellonpont, "a brave gentleman of Metz," and Philip, her lover, making her way to Orleans, which is being besieged by English and Burgundian forces. The besiegers, believing that she is a witch, allow her to enter Orleans, and the siege is raised. Joan goes to the cathedral to give thanks. Other victories follow, but the hour of reversal arrives. At Compiègne, driven back from a sortie, the French retreating into the town close the drawbridge on Joan, through treach-

ery or cowardice, and she is captured. Taken to Rouen, she is tried, condemned, and led to the stake for execution.

The most important musical event of next week will be the performance of that most charming historical work of Alfred Gaul's, "Joan of Arc," which will be given in Massey Hall on Thursday, 30th, by a somewhat unique combination of performers. This occasion will be the first in which our local organization, the Toronto Conservatory Symphony Orchestra, under Mr. Welsman, will be heard in conjunction with one of the large choral organizations for which Toronto is noted. The work to be presented in an attractive one, being semi-opera in character, and will give ample scope to both the chorus of the Toronto Oratorio Society, under Mr. Sherlock, and the orchestra and soloists, to demonstrate their abilities. Besides the orchestra and chorus there will be heard three most satisfactory singers, including Mr. Claude Cunningham, of New York, a baritone who combines a fine stage presence with a magnificent voice and finely-strung artistic temperament; Mr. William Lavin, of Detroit, who has not been here for some years, but whose singing will be one of the most satisfying features of the concert, and Mabel Manley-Pickard, our local soprano, who will make on this occasion her third appearance with the Toronto Oratorio Society. The plan will open to subscribers this Saturday at the box office.

Ysaye has lost his famous "Strad," for which it is said he paid \$12,000. He left it in his dressing-room, at the St. Petersburg opera, and when he returned it was gone, whereat it is said, he burst into tears. In London he always carried it about in the same case with his Guarnerius, and on many occasions at Queen's Hall an anxious guard has been kept over his "Strad," left in the artists' room as a reserve while the violinist had his other instrument in use. The thief will find it difficult to dispose of the violin, as all the dealers know about it.

Mr. George Bernard Shaw, Having been asked by Col. Mapleson to write the libretto of an opera to be set to music by Saint-Saens, has replied to the invitation in the following facetious strain:

Unfortunately, I have a prior engagement with Richard Strauss, which is at present rather hung up by the fact that I want to write the music and he wants to write the libretto, and we both get along very slowly for want of practice.

I wonder whether Elgar would turn his hand to opera. I have always played a little with the idea of writing a libretto; but though I have had several offers, nothing has come of it. When one is past fifty, and is several years in arrears with one's own natural work, the chances of beginning a new job are rather slender.

It is only in America that one notices ill-breeding at places of amusement, owing, no doubt, to the *nouveaux riches* who abound here. Musical America has the following from Boston:

Boston's Symphony audiences, which have been pronounced "the best listeners to music in the world," may be surprised to hear that Dr. Karl Muck, leader of the orchestra, has said: "Nowhere in Europe would it be possible to find so disrespectful an audience as that which throngs Symphony Hall each Friday afternoon. I have conducted in many cities in Europe, and never have I played before audiences that persist in leaving their seats before the orchestra finishes, as here in Boston."

The Viennese operetta is again becoming "all the rage" in Europe, as it was in the days of Johann Strauss, Suppe and Millocker. In Berlin, for instance, "The Merry Widow," had 420 consecutive performances before it made way for the latest sensation, Oscar Strauss's "Waltz Dream." Concerning this already famous operetta, which is to be produced here a week from Monday, the Berlin correspondent of the Musical Courier writes:

Oscar Strauss, the composer of the "Walzertraum," is a Viennese, who, however, laid the foundation of his fame in Berlin, where he first came into prominence with his melodious composition, "Die Musik Kommt," and "Der Lustige Ehemann," the biggest success of Ernst von Wolzogen's "Ueberbrettel," which was all the rage

here a few years ago. Wolzogen earned a fortune with it and lost it again in building a theatre of his own. The endless cabarets Berlin owns at present are all the outcome of Wolzogen's really excellent undertaking, where he was assisted by a number of artists who have all attained prominence in their own spheres of artistic life. After leaving Wolzogen, Strauss went back to Vienna, where he attempted compositions on a larger scale than hitherto, and in his "Walzertraum," he has not only achieved fame for himself, but he has raised the operetta to a higher plane than it has occupied for many years past. It is an excellent work, original in conception, of a wide individuality, full of attractive melodies, of much musical value, and of a very clever instrumentation. The leit-motif is a delightfully catchy waltz, the theme of which, cleverly treated, runs through the whole of the operetta... Strauss conducted himself and had his orchestra under splendid control. The house was sold out and the applause rapturous. The success of the "Walzertraum" was, all in all, even greater than that of "The Merry Widow," in fact there has been no such success at the Theatre des Westiens before. The work is, as already stated, of real musical value, and one that will interest musicians much more than Lehar's, yet it is a question whether it will conquer the world as his operetta has done, because Strauss' melodies are not of that extraordinary catchiness which Lehar's possesses.

The Toronto Conservatory School of Expression announces a dramatic recital of Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet," by Miss Gladys Noxon, on Friday evening, January 24, in the Conservatory Music Hall. Invitations may be secured at the office of the Conservatory of Music.

On Saturday afternoon at the Toronto College of Music a recital was given by pupils of Dr. F. H. Torrington. The following was the program: Organ, Mendelssohn, Sonata No. 1, Wolstenholme; Fantasia Rustique, Estelle Slater; piano, Chopin, Valse in D flat, Berceuse in D flat, Cecilia Riddell; Beethoven Sonata, Op. 27, Estelle Slater; Sauer, Concert Etude, Mamie McDonald; vocal, Gumbert, "Ye Merry Birds," Olive Casey; Ellis, "Do Not Forget," Eveline Hall; Beresford, "The Triton," Harold Meir.

Considerable interest is being manifested by music lovers generally in the series of recitals to be given in the Greek Theatre of the Margaret Eaton School of Literature and Expression, North street, commencing on Saturday evening, Feb. 8, and continuing on each succeeding Saturday evening until April 11. The repertoire is as follows: Feb. 8, English and American Composers; Feb. 15, Shakespearean Night; Feb. 22, German Composers; Feb. 29, Oratorio Composers; March 7, Italian and Polish Composers; March 14, French Composers; March 21, Operatic night (costumed); March 28, Miscellaneous night; April 4, Russian, Hungarian and Scandinavian composers; April 11, request programme. Representative talent from the principal musical institutions will take part supported by several other well-known artists. Plan is now open for subscribers at Gerhard Heintzman's, 97 Yonge street, and at the Margaret Eaton School of Expression, North street.

"Una del Cherubini" writes: "Do you not think that your comments about the orchestra employed in interpreting 'The Little Cherub' somewhat ill-advised? The management goes to the expense of supplementing the usual house orchestra by the addition of French horns, oboe, bassoon, second clarinet and extra strings so as to give the theatre-goers of Toronto a performance as nearly as possible up to the Metropolitan standard, and you comment unfavorably on the addition; had they omitted to supply the extra instruments that the score calls for, it seems to me that you would have had occasion to remark upon their absence. I presume that in future engagements, they will dispense with these auxiliaries where their presence meets with so little appreciation as your critique would lead one to believe. Because these instruments are not used in 'Soli' does not argue that their effect is not felt in the fullness and rounding out of the orchestral ensemble and in the filling out of otherwise incomplete chords. True, the music could be played with 'the regular band of nine members'; it might also be played on the piano alone, but would that satisfy the regular theatre-goer? No? Then how much less should a depleted orchestra satisfy 'Cherubino' the critic? Trusting you will see the inappropriateness of your comment from this standpoint, I have the honor to be."

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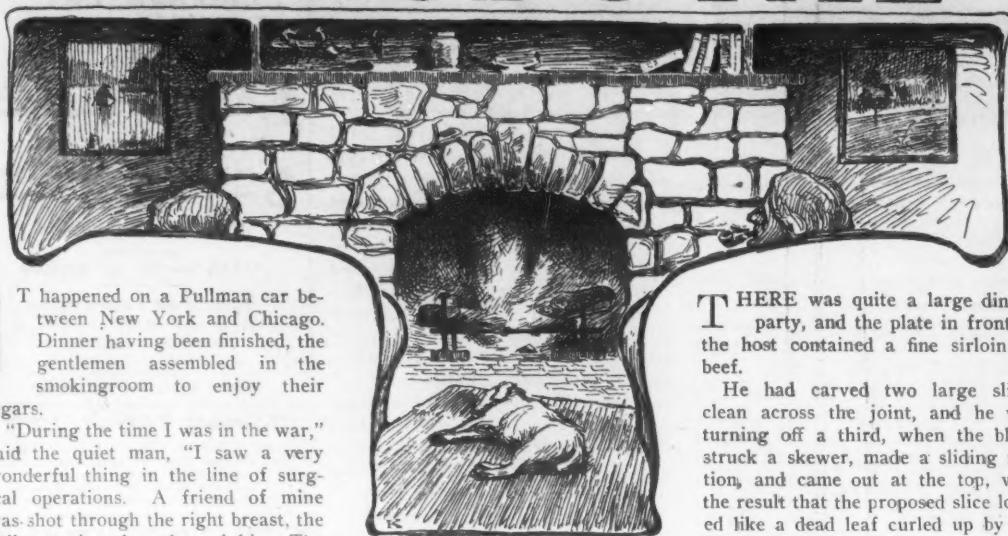
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# A NECDOTAL



It happened on a Pullman car between New York and Chicago. Dinner having been finished, the gentlemen assembled in the smokingroom to enjoy their cigars.

"During the time I was in the war," said the quiet man, "I saw a very wonderful thing in the line of surgical operations. A friend of mine was shot through the right breast, the bullet passing clear through him. The presence of mind of his companion undoubtedly saved his life. He wrapped his handkerchief around the ramrod of his gun, and, pushing it through the path made by the bullet, cleared the wound of all poisonous lead. I know it is hard to believe, but, gentlemen, the man still lives to tell the tale."

"Which man?" inquired the slim passenger on the other seat, quietly. "The wounded one, of course?" exclaimed the old soldier, scornfully. "Oh, I beg your pardon; I thought it might be the other."

A WET and witty Scotch barrister one Saturday encountered an equally bacchanalian judicial friend in the course of a walk to Leith. Remembering that he had a good leg of mutton roasting for dinner, he invited his friend to accompany him home, and they accordingly dined together. After dinner was over, wine and cards commenced; and as the two friends were alike fond of each of these recreations, neither ever thought of reminding the other of the advance of time till the next day, as it happened, about a quarter before 11 o'clock.

The judge then rising to depart, the host walked behind him to the outer door, with a candle in each hand, by way of showing him out. "Tak' care, my lord, tak' care," cried the kind host, most anxiously holding the candles out of the door into the sunny street, along which the people were pouring to church, "tak' care; there's two steps."

A WOMAN suffrage lecturer recently brought down the house with the following argument:

"I have no vote, but my groom has. I have a great respect for that man in the stables, but I am sure if I were to go to him and say: 'John, will you exercise the franchise?' he would reply, 'Please, mum, which horse be that?'"

AT about 3 o'clock one morning, according to Toby, M.P., T. P. O'Connor was orating in the House of Commons to twelve or fifteen members lying about in various stages of drowsiness. Sir Patrick O'Brien was among them, and now and then rescuing himself with a start from falling asleep, audibly engaged in conversation.

"I protest against this disorderly conduct," exclaimed Mr. O'Connor, at length; "the honorable baronet is constantly interrupting me." "Sir," replied Sir Patrick, with a graceful bow, "the honorable gentleman misinterprets my motive. I interrupted, it is true. But it was with the intention of waking the honorable gentleman's audience."

A PROMINENT banker, retired from business life, bought a house in the heart of a quiet country district. The residence was situated several miles from a railway, and when he first visited his new property, in company with a friend, he covered the distance in a trap hired from a hotel near the station. After traversing several miles of sparsely settled country, the banker and his friend came upon a farmer ploughing on the side of a hill. Wishing to appear civil to his new neighbors the wealthy man stopped the horse and yelled to the farmer, who came to the fence.

"Good morning!" "Mornin', mister!" "You live here, I suppose?" "Yes." "How's crops?" "Fair to middlin'." "That's a bad hill you're ploughing."

"I know it. Bad hoss pullin' th' plough, bad plough, bad everything."

"Why, you talk as if you were the poorest man in the country," laughed the banker.

"I ain't, though," was the response, as the farmer smiled goodnaturedly. "Another fellow owns half o' this land."

A JOURNALIST at a dinner was talking to William Dean Howells about literary fame. "But after all," said Mr. Howells, with his gentle smile, "literary fame is not so very highly regarded by the people, is it? I remember when I was in San Remo some years ago seeing in a French newspaper a notice that bears upon this question. It was a notice inserted by a rat-trap maker of Lyons, and it said:

"To Whom It May Concern—M. Pierre Loti of Lyons, inventor of the automatic rat-trap, begs to state that he is not the same person, and that he has nothing in common with one Pierre Loti, a writer."

CHARLES R. THORNE used to tell the following story: During a very bad performance of "Hamlet" one night, the audience in its entirety commenced to hiss, with the exception of one man. At last the man next to him said: "Why don't you hiss this tart show?" "It wouldn't hardly be fair," he said, "as I came in on a complimentary; but if they don't do better soon, I'd if I don't go out and buy a ticket and join you."

AN old country gentleman returning home rather late, discovering a yokel with a lantern under his kitchen window, who, when asked his business there, stated he had only come a-courting.

"Come a what?" said the irate gentleman.

"A-courting, sir. I've courting Mary."

"It's a lie! What do you want a lantern for? I never used one when I was a young man."

"No, sir?" was the yokel's reply; "I didn't think you 'ad, judging by the missis."

A LANKY countryman from the mines entered the office of the Melbourne Argus recently, and said: "My old guv'nor's dead and I should like a bit of poetry or sumthink put in the paper about him."

"All right," says the clerk, "hand it over."

"Can't you fix sumthink up for me," asks the miner. "He was a right good chap."

"Oh, yes," replied the clerk, "we'll manage that for you; our charge for 'In Memoriam' notices is sixpence an inch."

"Oh, thunder!" exclaims the mourner, "I can't stand that; my guv'nor was over six feet!"

A TEACHER in a certain school has several Russian pupils. The other day she was explaining a sum in subtraction which these little ones found difficult to understand.

"Now," said she, to exemplify the proposition, "suppose I had ten dollars and went into a store to spend it. Say I bought a hat for five dollars. Then I spent two dollars for gloves, and a dollar and fifty cents for some other things. How much did I have left?"

For a moment there was dead silence. Then a boy's hand went up.

"Well, Isaac, how much did I have left?"

"Vy didn't you count your change?" said Isaac, in a disgusted tone.

"THE population of China," announced the school teacher impressively, "is so vast that two Chinamen die at every breath we take."

The small boy was an Imperialist, and his father had pronounced views on the question of alien immigration, so this piece of news impressed him hugely.

Shortly afterwards, he was observed to be turning purple in the face, and puffing like an overburdened steam engine.

"What's the matter? What are you doing?" asked the inadequately paid instructor of youth, anxiously.

"Killin' Chinamen," grunted the patriot.

THERE was quite a large dinner party, and the plate in front of the host contained a fine sirloin of beef.

He had carved two large slices clean across the joint, and he was turning off a third, when the blade struck a skewer, made a sliding motion, and came out at the top, with the result that the proposed slice looked like a dead leaf curled up by the sun's rays.

He could not say intense things in the presence of his guests, so he froze his wife with a glance, dug the skewer out viciously, made a grim joke concerning the indigestibility of roasted wood, and ordered little Willie, who had made several attempts to speak, to keep silent or leave the table.

His evident temper led to an embarrassing silence, and Willie saw an opening that he could not resist.

"Cook burnt her nose awful!" he announced.

"Too bad," said the mother, glad of any excuse for conversation. "How did she do it?"

"Why," answered Willie, very apropos, "trying to pull them skewers out with her teeth!"

AN English visitor to Carnoustie last summer was one day starting a match when his caddie asked to see his cigarette case, and when it was handed to him coolly put it into his pocket. The visitor expostulated. The caddie responded: "It's a' richt, sir. I'll gie it back to ye after the round. Ye see, I've gotten hauf a croon on ye an' I dinna mean ye to smoke till ye win! Gang on. I'll tak' care o' ye a' richt."

The Englishman grinned and went on to win.

MR. WILL CROOKS, the English M.P., has a great dislike for the loafer; and the man who will not work may expect but little of his sympathy. In the House of Commons he once told two amusing stories of idlers whom he had met.

A certain "out of work" went to a foreman for a situation, but he was told that there was scarcely enough doing to keep the regular hands employed. "Oh, that's all right, guv'nor," said the applicant, "anything I do won't make very much difference."

Mr. Crooks also described the case of a lazy artisan who was engaged in some work which could only be done on fine days. When his wife called him at six o'clock in the morning he used to inquire anxiously if it was raining. When she said "no," he inquired if it looked like raining, and when she had killed all hope, he tumbled into his clothes muttering: "I wish to 'eaven it was Sunday."

TWO young ladies on the promenade of a seaside resort in England had been watching the vessels pass, through a telescope lent them by an "ancient mariner." On handing the glass back one of them remarked that it was a very good one.

"Yes, miss," said the old tar; "that 'ere telescope was given me by Lord Nelson."

"Good gracious! Why, Nelson has been dead nearly a hundred years."

"Well, I'm blowed," remarked the salty one, quite abashed; "ow the time do fly."

HARRY LAUDER, the noted Scottish comedian and golfer, was describing at a recent dinner a great golf professional.

"But he is ugly," Mr. Lauder said. "Dear me, he is ugly! He is as ugly as that sultan who had all the mirrors removed from his palace so that he might avoid the pain of seeing his own face."

The sultan called on his grand vizier one day and by accident happened to catch sight of his reflection. His hideousness overpowered him and he broke into violent sobbing. In this outburst the vizier joined. Finally the sultan calmed down, wiped his eyes, got ready to smoke and talk. But not so the vizier. He sobbed on and on. His master, tapping his slipper impatiently on the cushions, waited for him to cease. At last the sultan got angry and exclaimed:

"Why do you weep longer than I, vizier?"

"Alas!" the grand vizier exclaimed. "You wept, O commander of the faithful, because you saw your face but for an instant, but I see it all day and every day."

## A HOCKEY PLAYER'S GOOD JUDGMENT

No game requires such quick judgment, nerve and staying power as hockey. A player who wants to excel will take a light meal with a cup of "BOVRIL" before the game. This supplies the nerve—the muscle and consequently the staying power necessary. "BOVRIL" contains all the nourishment of meat in its most assimilable forms.


## WHEN DECORATING YOUR HOME



just arrange to visit these beautiful display rooms; furniture of worth in all styles of finish; beautiful creations, all of them.

Also treasures in rare old Silverware and China.

**B. M. & T. JENKINS, 422-424 Yonge St.**  
**ANTIQUE FURNITURE**  
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## Lager, Pale Ale, Stout.

The Ales shipped to Canada by the firm of S. ALLSOPP & SONS, Ltd., the famous English Brewers, are identically the same excellent beers as those consumed by the people of England and all the wide world over.

**BOTTLED AT THE BREWERY, BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENGLAND.**

**Distillers' Agency Limited, Toronto**



**Best Quality**  
**COAL and WOOD**  
**OFFICES**

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 577 Queen Street W.  
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 722 Queen Street E.  
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 Esplanade E. Foot of Church Street  
 Bathurst Street Opposite Front Street  
 Pape Avenue At G.T.R. Crossing  
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**EXTRA DRY**

**IS THE MOST EXQUISITE DRY CHAMPAGNE EVER IMPORTED**  
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## OTHER POINTS OF VIEW

THE present generation is, we are assured, the smartest the world has ever seen, but is it the most competent? The average man of to-day has a better job than the average man of thirty or forty years ago had. But does he fill it any better? He looks smarter, dresses better, talks more knowingly, but is he any more capable? Or is he less capable? The world is full of modern machinery for doing the world's work. But are the men who operate the machinery doing it as well, as carefully, as conscientiously, as intelligently as they might? We take great pride in being up-to-date, but, when it comes down to the fine thing, are we up to our jobs any better than the generation who have just dropped out of the harness—the back numbers? With all our increased possibilities for doing good and finished work, are fewer mistakes made in the course of every-day business than formerly? These questions are worth thinking over. And in this connection it is profitable to recall the advice given recently to the students of McGill University, by Rudyard Kipling. The advice was intended for young men, but it is good for everybody. Among other things Mr. Kipling said:

When, to use a detestable phrase, you go out into the battle of life, you will be confronted by an organized conspiracy which will try to make you believe that the world is governed by the idea of wealth for wealth's sake, and that all means which lead to the acquisition of that wealth are, if not laudable, at least expedient.

Sooner or later you will see some man to whom the idea of wealth as mere wealth does not appeal, whom the methods of amassing that wealth do not interest, and who will not accept money if you offer it to him at a certain price. At first you will be inclined to laugh at this man, and to think that he is not smart in his ideas. I suggest that you watch him closely, for he will presently demonstrate to you that money dominates everybody except the man who does not want money. You may meet that man on your farm, in your village, or in your legislature. But be sure that, whenever or wherever you meet him, as soon as it comes to a direct issue between you, his little finger will be thicker than your loins. You will go in fear of him; he will not go in fear of you. You will do what he wants; he will not do what you want. You will find that you have no weapon in your armoury with which you can attack him; no argument with which you can appeal to him. Whatever you gain, he will gain more.

I would like you to study that man. I would like you better to be that man, because from the lower point of view it doesn't pay to be obsessed by the desire of wealth for wealth's sake. If more wealth is necessary to you, for purposes not your own, use your left hand to acquire it, but keep your right for your proper work in life. If you employ both arms in that game you will be in danger of stooping; in danger also of losing your soul.

But in spite of everything you may succeed, you may be successful, you may acquire enormous wealth. In which case I warn you that you stand in grave danger of being spoken and written of and pointed out as a smart man. And that is one of the most terrible calamities that can overtake a sane, civilized white man in our Empire to-day.

I regret that I noticed certain signs of irreverent laughter when I alluded to the word "smartness." I have no message to deliver, but if I had a message to deliver to a university which I love, to the young men who have the future of their country to mould, I would say with all the force at my command: Do not be smart. If I were not a doctor of this university with a deep interest in its discipline, and if I did not hold the strongest views on that reprehensible form of amusement known as "rushing," I would say that whenever and wherever you find one of your dear little playmates showing signs of smartness in his work, his talk, or his play, take him tenderly by the hand, by both hands, by the back of the neck if necessary, and lovingly, playfully, but firmly, lead him to a knowledge of higher and more interesting things.

THE financial stringency in America has cast a shadow of real sadness over the gay city of Paris. The Parisian shopkeeper feels somewhat like the schoolboy who has received the letter from home, but without the expected remittance. There are just as many Americans as ever, and they are haunting the marts with their old assiduity, but they are buying cheap things instead of dear ones, and counting the change with unusual accuracy. It is all very

sad and very perplexing, because Paris has learned to look upon the traveling American as a kind of vested interest, and when the returns fall below the average Paris feels a positive sense of injury and of slight. Certainly the French capital could not get her living from herself. She could not imitate the people of one of the Orkney Isles, who are said to exist by taking in each other's washing. She must sell her pretty things to the foreigner or go supple to bed.

Henri Rocher, that fire-eater of the Commune and the barricades, voices the general consternation in the columns of the *Figaro*. He says:

"France is anxious. She likes Americans. She awaits them as the student awaits the letter-carrier who ought to bring him tidings from home. Every day jewelers, picture dealers, gamblers, and, let us confess it, fair ladies, consult the list of voyagers disembarking at Havre. Yesterday an American was finally perceived crossing Paris in an automobile. In his rapid rush he knocked over a pedestrian, but so glad were Parisians to see him that no one paid attention to this insignificant accident. He immediately was surrounded by all the merchants in the neighborhood. Diamond merchants, antiquarians, automobile makers, tailors, and a host of others fought for this legitimate prey, which really has become too rare.

"I can't swear that it is so, but I understand that the unique American's mail next morning was lined with perfumed notes declaring the affection of the correspondents.

"Alas! Paris was doomed to disappointment. The supposed Yankee millionaire packed his valise next day and disappeared. It was not discovered till then he was merely a German travelling man."

It is the American purse that France likes. The owner of the purse she endures.

THE world of fashion may well pause for a moment to drop a tear upon the grave of Isidore Paquin, who died in Paris a few weeks ago. Paquin identified his name with all that expresses grace and beauty of coloring in feminine dress. No man labored more faithfully to make woman beautiful—sadly against their will sometimes, it must be confessed. Paquin first became known by the costumes that he made for actresses. He made them intelligently, believing that the costume should contain some subtle indication of the part. Then came the fashionable world, also hoping to be dressed for their part, and Paquin again succeeded. He adopted the vogue of the first empire, the high waisted bodice, the classical draperies, the clinging skirts, and the short sleeves of the day when Napoleon and Josephine were the admired of all beholders. But his imagination was not controlled by a single period. He took what was best from the directory and the second empire, impressing them always with the dignity of his own conceptions. Paquin was fortunate in his wife, Mme. Paquin was his worthy coadjutor, sharing his sympathy for beauty and his realization of the picturesque.

Paquin founded a great establishment in Paris and it will continue to be dominant in the world of fashion so long as it shall adhere to the ideas of its author.

THE daughter of Professor Lombroso, herself a scientist of repute, contributes to *La Revue* an interesting article on "Feminine Coquetry." She says that the craving of women for elegance, luxury in dress, and extravagance in jewelry and ornamentation are merely an outcome of a desire to please man, to attract his attention, and to conquer him. To the man this is, of course, a mere truism, but there are some women who maintain that they would dress just as carefully on a desert island and for an audience of oysters and coconuts.

The gifted Italian lady, (says The Argonaut), seems somewhat to contradict her own theory by what she tells us of her researches among the female inmates of the Italian prisons. But she first tells us a good story, which is at least *ben trovato* if not true:

"An American millionaire recently had the privilege of receiving at her castle a prince of royal blood.

"She had ordered from the leading faiseur two gowns, one pink and the other white. She paid a thousand pounds for each. Both suited her beauty to perfection.

"In pink she looked the ideal Eve; in white she had the seraphic grace of an angel. She hesitated, not knowing which to put on. How could she manage to appear in both gowns during the princely visit? She wore the pink dress, but during

the dinner a servant, cleverly awkward, spilled some sauce on the magnificent costume. Of course, she retired precipitately, only to appear a few minutes later as a heavenly being in white."

This is the pretty coquetry of the woman with much money. The poor girl who lives for weeks on dry bread in order to buy a new dress is no less ardent.

But to return to the unfortunate sisters in captivity. It seems that personal adornment is just as much a passion in prison as out of it, although there are no men to be captivated, unless we except a few officials, who are not usually of the melting variety. Thus we are told of several prisoners who found the means of powdering their faces. They licked the walls of their cells, masticated the whitewash, and so obtained a kind of paste with which they gave to their faces a desired pallor, although one would suppose that their hard fate would do this quite effectually. But they also had rouge, and this was a more difficult problem. It was quickly solved by the women, although it was a long time before the officials could penetrate the closely guarded secret. Then it was discovered that in the night-gowns worn by the unfortunates there were a few red threads. These were patiently extracted and soaked in water to obtain the coveted dye.

We are told that women in prison talk about nothing but the fashions. Crime and coquetry go hand in hand, and even when insanity has extinguished the last spark of womanliness there still persists coquetry and the passion for adornment, even with the most absurd ornaments, colored rags, and bits of tinsel. The miser's greed for gold is as nothing to it.

It is strange, comments The Argonaut, that the coquette has become a term of disfavor. Men profess to avoid the coquette and women regard such a charge as an insult. And yet the only unpopular women are those who are not coquettes. Intellect and wit are only forms of a universal instinct and the man who denounces coquetry means nothing more than that certain forms of it are distasteful to him. There is no man who can not be captured by flattery, no man who is insensible to it, and coquetry is the art of applying it in such a way that it shall do its work undetected for what it is. One woman will do it by a smile and a glance and another by an ability to discuss the origin of coal or the conquests of Attila. The intention is the same.

There are no newshoys in Spain; women sell newspapers in the streets.

# ANNUAL STATEMENT BANK OF HAMILTON

As submitted to the Shareholders at the Annual Meeting held at the Head Office of the Bank, at Hamilton, Monday, January 20th, 1908.

HON. WM. GIBSON, President.  
JOHN PROCTOR

BOARD OF DIRECTORS FOR 1908:

GEORGE RUTHERFORD

J. TURNBULL, Vice-President & General Manager  
CYRUS A. BIRGE

HON. J. S. HENDRIE, C.V.O.

## LIABILITIES

### To the Public

Notes of the Bank in circulation .....	\$ 2,215,621.00
Deposits bearing interest, including interest accrued to date .....	\$19,902,027.86
Deposits not bearing interest .....	4,314,939.69
Balances due to other Banks in Canada and the United States .....	24,216,967.05
Balances due to Agents of the Bank in Great Britain .....	197,568.51
Dividend No. 74, payable 2nd. December, 1907 .....	517,397.56
Former Dividends unpaid .....	\$61,759.00
	324.00

### To the Shareholders

Capital Stock .....	\$2,470,360.00
Reserve Fund .....	2,470,360.00
Amount reserved for Rebate of Interest on Current Bills Discounted .....	75,000.00
Balance of profits carried forward .....	217,949.79
	5,233,669.79
	\$32,443,306.91

## ASSETS

Gold and Silver Coin .....	\$ 534,978.33
Dominion Government Notes ..	2,575,070.00
Deposits with the Dominion Government as Security for Note Circulation .....	\$3,110,648.33
Notes of and Cheques on other Banks .....	125,000.00
Balances due from other Banks in Canada and the United States .....	1,495,108.95
Dominion and Provincial Government Securities .....	141,488.68
Canadian Municipal Securities, and British, or Foreign, or Colonial Public Securities, other than Canadian .....	226,818.23
Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks .....	3,246,917.94
Loans at Call, or Short Call, on negotiable Securities .....	801,685.77
Notes Discounted and Advances current .....	1,441,119.62
Notes Discounted, etc., overdue (estimated loss provided for) .....	\$10,578,787.52
Bank Premises .....	20,343,839.60
Office Furniture, Safes, etc. .....	62,842.94
Real Estate (other than Bank Premises), Mortgages, etc. .....	1,186,075.34
Other Assets not included under foregoing heads .....	115,029.45
	87,666.85
	69,065.21
	\$32,443,306.91

## PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT

The Balance at Credit of Profit and Loss Account, 30th. November, 1906, was .....	\$110,270.04
The profit for the year ended 30th. November, 1907, after deducting charges of management and making provision for bad and doubtful debts, are .....	384,708.25
Premium received on new Stock .....	270.00
	\$495,248.29

From which have been declared four quarterly dividends, in all 10 per cent. ....	\$247,028.50
Carried to Reserve Fund from Premium on new Stock as above .....	270.00
Written off Bank Premises .....	\$5,000.00
Allowance to Ex-President authorized by Shareholders .....	5,000.00
	277,298.50
Balance of Profit and Loss carried forward .....	\$217,949.79

HON. WM. GIBSON, President

J. TURNBULL, Vice-Pres. and General Manager

## ANNUAL RECORD OF TEN YEARS' GROWTH

Year.	Paid-up Capital.	Reserve.	Circulation.	Deposits.	Total Liabilities to the Public.	Total Assets.
1897...	\$1,250,000	\$725,000	\$934,249	\$6,437,436	\$7,820,649	\$9,846,678
1898...	1,250,000	775,000	1,187,573	7,684,374	9,117,310	11,199,144
1899...	1,500,000	1,000,000	1,189,726	8,770,994	10,622,526	13,163,057
1900...	1,703,212	1,234,119	1,393,695	10,019,581	11,837,592	14,827,357
1901...	2,000,000	1,500,000	1,660,221	11,349,904	13,479,007	17,071,759
It will be seen by the above that during the last ten years the Bank's Capital increased .....						
Preserved increased .....						
Circulation increased .....						
Deposits increased .....						
Total assets increased .....						

The Best that Money can Buy.

# Old Pensioner Gin

Distilled since 1770 by HUMPHREY TAYLOR & CO., LONDON.  
Wholesale Agent:—Mr. Colin Campbell, 17 St. John St., Montreal

## Ars Longa.

NOT thy great gifts, O God! I would not be

A prophet honored in an alien clime,

Or send my name trumpeting down through time,

Selling my manhood for a memory! So should I fade into the shows of me:

My joy become the reason of a rhyme,

My pain, a figure in the pantomime, My love, a light over an unknown sea.

Give me but what thou givest all mankind:

A little faith in that I labor for,

A friend whose name I daily think to bless,

A woman in whose eyes I seek and find,

Children mysteriously mine—no more

Than common, ordinary happiness!

—Brian Hooker, in The Forum.

STORY, said to be characteristic, is told of an Arkansas judge. It seems that when he convened court at one of the towns on his circuit it was found that no pens, ink, or paper had been provided, and, upon inquiry, it developed that no county funds were available for this purpose. The judge expressed himself somewhat forcefully, then drew some money from his own pocket. He was about to hand this to the clerk, when a visiting lawyer, a high-priced, imported article, brought on to defend a case of some importance, spoke up, in an aside plainly audible over the room.

"Well," he remarked, with infinite contempt, "I've seen some pretty bad courts, but this—well, this is the limit!"

The old judge flushed darkly.

"You are fined twenty-five dollars for contempt, sir! Hand the money to the clerk!" he said, and when the

pompous visitor had humbly complied, he continued:

"Now, Mr. Clerk, go out and get what pens, ink, and paper the court may require, and if there is anything left over, you can give the gentleman his change."

The women of the royal house of Saxony have made an arrangement with a publishing house in Dresden for the sale of a series of postcards on which pictures painted by royal artists will be reproduced. The proceeds of the sale will be given to an institution where consumptives are cared for. "The German Emperor," says a Dresden paper, "will probably also become a contributor, and the little cards will give the world an idea of the artistic talent of the sovereign who has said so much on the subject."

Incomes may be roughly divided into three classes: respectable incomes, disreputable incomes and impossible incomes. Impossible incomes are, as yet, relatively few. You may, perhaps, count them on the fingers of your two hands. Disreputable incomes, on the other hand, are rather many. There are at least enough of them to constitute a real society in about all the larger cities. Respectable incomes are, of course, too numerous, as well as too insignificant, to mention.—Life.

One Hundred Years Hence—First Litterateur: Have you completed your edition of that early twentieth century fellow, Punkpiffle? Second Litterateur: Almost; the hundredth volume is on the press. How are you going to wind it up? In the usual way—with his "Life and Postcards."

—Puck.

A man who was charged at the Willesden police court with intoxication and using bad language pleaded guilty to the first part of the charge, adding: "As to the language, I know nothing about that because I'm deaf."

—London Express.

## LARGE INCREASE IN DEPOSITS.

SATISFACTORY STATEMENT MADE BY UNITED EMPIRE BANK OF CANADA.

The annual meeting of the United Empire Bank of Canada was held on Wednesday, January 15, at the head office, corner of Yonge and Front streets.

There was a good attendance of shareholders, and the report submitted by the General Manager, Mr. G. P. Reid, was received with much satisfaction, and will be issued to the shareholders in due course.

The organization expenses of the bank were very small, being \$8,300. These have been paid out of the profits of the past year, and a surplus carried forward to the credit of profit and loss.

The deposits are now over \$800,000, making a very notable increase of 39½ per cent. over a year ago.

During the year six new branches were opened at Hamilton (2), Galt, Cobourg, Belleville, Islington and Stirling.

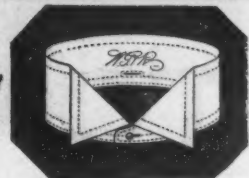
The President, Mr. S. Barker, M. P., referred to the probability of the bank paying a dividend in the near future.

The following directors were re-elected: S. Barker, Esq., M.P., Hamilton; Mark Bredin, Esq., Toronto; George A. Clare, Esq., M.P., Preston; E. E. A. DuVernet, Esq., Toronto; Rev. T. C. Street Macklem, D. D., Toronto; M. McLaughlin, Esq., Toronto; Bennett Rosamond, Esq., Almonte; William J. Smith, Esq., Toronto.

In England—T. Willes Chitty, Esq., 9 Leicester Gardens, London; Lieut. Col. F. T. C. Du Vernet, 7 Sloane street, London; S. S. Marling, Esq., J.P., Stanley Park, Stroud, Gloucestershire.

Mr. S. Barker, M. P., was re-elected president.



**"Castle Brand" Collars Satisfy**20c. each,  
3 for 50c.

**KENORA**—The new Castle Brand wing collar, 2 1/2 in. front, stylish for winter wear. Made in comfort-fitting **QUARTER SIZES**

The collar that is doubly-sewn, with wear-proof, easy button-holes.

**QUALITY COLLARS**

Same style in ELK Brand at two for 50c. is named **COBALT**.

**DEMAND THE BRAND**

**MAKERS**

**CATERING**

For Banquets, Weddings, Parties, Social Teas, etc., a specialty. (First-class service guaranteed. Estimates given.)

**ROBT. J. LLOYD & CO.**

744-746 Yonge Street

Phone N. 3036, W. 127

## The Stetson Shoe

Good shoes are neither made nor bought by accident—but by intent. Buy Stetsons.

You can see this aristocratic shoe by calling on

**H. & C. BLACHFORD**  
114 Yonge Street

**W.H. STONE CO.**  
**Undertakers**  
32 CARLTON ST.  
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**E. HOPKINS BURIAL CO.**  
(E. Hopkins) **UNDERTAKERS**  
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**UNDERTAKER**  
Private Mortuary  
Phone M. 679. 359 Yonge St.

**DANIEL STONE**  
**UNDERTAKER**  
Telephone M. 981. 385 Yonge Street

**The God, The Architect.**

WHO Thou art I know not,  
But these things I know:  
Thou hast sent the Pleiades  
In a silver row;  
Thou hast sent the trackless winds  
Loose upon their way;  
Thou hast reared a colored wall  
'Twixt the night and day;  
Thou hast made the flowers to blow  
And the stars to shine,  
Hid rare gems and richest ore  
In the tunnelled mine;  
But, chief of all Thy wondrous works,  
Supreme of all Thy plan,  
Thou hast put an upward reach  
In the heart of man.

—Harry H. Kemp, in *The Century*.

Some of us have fads, others are fads.

We must usually plant labor if we want to raise money.

It is hard to believe the truth the way some people tell it.

It is soothing to the nerves to be popular with yourself.

Besides gathering no moss, a rolling stone gravitates down hill.

The less you think about yourself the more others are apt to think of you.

If the question "Who is wise?" were put to popular vote, we would each score one.

Some people are so interested in making money that they forget how to spend it.

The quality of their work troubles many people less than the quantity of their wages.

All that many men save out of life is enough to buy themselves tombstones when they are dead.

It is wiser for us to admit we are in the wrong than to leave it for our adversaries to discover.

When a woman has to make her hat do for another season, she usually says: "I don't find the new hats very tempting."—Answers.

When some men start out to look for the deserving poor their first stop is in front of a mirror.—Chicago News.

**SOCIETY**

THE very funny little play at the Princess this week has attracted hilarious audiences to enjoy an actor whom some of our daddies and grand-parents used to laugh at thirty years ago. Mr. Crane's sudden rejuvenation and his excellent support go well together. Among the audience on Wednesday were: Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Matthews, Miss Matthews, Miss Enid Wornum, Mr. and Mrs. Munroe, Mrs. Duggan, Mrs. Rutherford, Mr. German, Mr. George Christie Gibbons, of London, and Miss Gibbons, Mrs. Haas, Mrs. Sullivan, Mrs. Kittermaster, Miss Garrie, Hon. Dr. and Mrs. Pyne, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Davies, Mr. E. Gordon Jones, and many others.

The Canoe Club's annual dance came off last Friday night with much éclat at McConkey's, the programme opening at nine o'clock and dancing being kept up with much verve until an early hour. The red and white flags of the club decorated the ballroom and the newly elected Mayor of Toronto and Mrs. Oliver were the guests of honor. Mrs. Oliver wore white satin, veiled in white lace. The other patronesses were handsomely gowned, Mrs. Edmund King being in white with red flowers. Mrs. Bailey was in dove-gray, Mrs. Ramsay wore pale blue, Mrs. Blackhall, pale blue; and Mrs. Thomas, black lace over white. The canoeists and their fair friends thoroughly enjoyed the dance, for which every accessory was perfect, and also the tempting supper served in the cafe at eleven o'clock.

I hear that it is likely the authorities will purchase Closeburn, the residence of the late Sir George Kirkpatrick, in Simcoe street, for military headquarters. The lease of the present headquarters expires before long, and the General is looking out for another official habitation. Da and Mrs. Warren have been very comfortable at Closeburn and will regret losing their winter home, which they find very conveniently situated.

Miss Clarkson Jones gave a girl's tea on Thursday. Miss Edith King gave a dance at the La Plaza Galleries on Wednesday. Mrs. Alexander Gibson gave a small tea on Thursday. Mrs. Phillips, Queen's Park, gave a girls' tea on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Castell Hopkins are being at 14 McMaster avenue, where Mrs. Hopkins held her first reception last Friday, and also yesterday was at home to visitors.

On February 8 Miss Irene Alexander and Mr. Gordon S. Gooderham, son of Mr. William Gooderham, of Elm avenue, will be married in St. Augustine church.

His Excellency the Governor General arrived in town on Thursday and was Sir Mortimer Clark's guest during his visit. Lady Clark held her fortnightly reception on Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. Good, of New York, was expected this week on a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Harris Hees, 151 St. George street.

Miss Mildred Montizambert, of Ottawa, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Charles Walker, in Prince Arthur avenue.

Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt and Miss Lucy McLean Howard went down to New York a few days ago. Miss McLean Howard will spend some time there.

Miss Mary Clark is visiting in Montreal, where she is very welcome.

Dozens of notices of "days" upon which hostesses intend to receive are sent to this column every week, but it is quite impossible, in a weekly paper to give them insertion. Only notices of special receptions are inserted. I trust the many ladies who have not thought this out will accept this explanation and not write personal demands for reasons why such notices are left out. A glance at the columns of the dailies will show them that if the scores of "days" were inserted here we should have room for little else.

A very pleasant dance was given on Tuesday by Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston, for her daughter's young friends, in her always artistic and beautiful home. All the rooms were thrown open and the young folks danced in the large new room about which many of Mr. Johnston's most valuable pictures are hung, and which is too comfy to be designated a gallery, and too cosy for a formal salon, but is either by day or evening the favorite room in the house. Mrs. Johnston

received in a handsome gown of blue brocade, and Miss Jessie was in pink. The guests included the Misses Mortimer Clark, the Misses Mabel and Florence Reed, Miss Hess, of Philadelphia; Miss Kenny, of Dublin; Miss Ina Matthews, Miss Hunter Craig, of Scotland; Miss Blackstock, Miss Fleury, Miss Parmenter, Miss Kay, Miss Biscoe, the Misses Shoenberger, Miss Gyp Armstrong, the Misses Kerr, the Misses Baldwin, Miss Helen Davidson, Miss Burton, and many other of the season's belles, with a bountiful supply of nice men.

The girls assisting at Mrs. Cawthra's large tea last Saturday were: Miss Wallbridge, Miss Brouse, Miss Brock, Miss Davidson, Miss Morrison and Miss Boulbee.

The marriage of Mr. James Grayson Smith and Miss E. Livingstone, takes place on Saturday next, in Central Presbyterian church.

The first of the University Saturday lectures takes place to-day in the Chemical Building at three o'clock.

The German Conversational Club will meet this (Saturday) evening at the home of Mr. Louis F. Heyd, 418 Sherbourne street.

Mrs. Mabey gave a bridge on Wednesday afternoon for Miss Cartwright, of Ottawa. Mrs. Chadwick is giving a tea next Tuesday, for Mrs. Tylee, of Montreal. Miss Gormally, of Ottawa, is visiting Mrs. J. K. Osborne.

Miss Hess, of Philadelphia, who has been such a popular visitor with Mrs. Edmund Bristol, has returned home, but has promised to return in May for the races.

Mrs. Henry Cawthra gave a very smart dance to a number of her daughter's friends, at Yeadon Hall, on Wednesday. Mrs. and Miss Cawthra are going to Bermuda next month.

The ladies of Fort William interested in the Hospital Fund are getting out a Women's number of the Daily Times Journal of that city. The paper will be issued on a holiday and for the Easter announcements. This looks like a Good Friday issue, but no date is mentioned.

**BANK OF HAMILTON.**

The statement presented at the Annual Meeting of the Bank of Hamilton, held Jan. 20th, must be thoroughly satisfactory to the shareholders in that institution. This statement, appearing in detail elsewhere in this issue, shows net profits for the year of \$384,708.25, of which one-quarter million dollars was paid out in ten per cent. dividends on the \$2,500,000 Capital Stock of the Bank, the balance being carried forward at the credit of Profit and Loss account.

Profits were the largest in the history of the bank and, what is at present of greater importance, is the fact that their "liquid" assets, in other words, immediately available cash and securities amount to over ten and one-half million dollars, this being practically one-third of their total assets of \$32,443,306.91. Certainly this is evidence of solidity and conservative banking in unsettled times.

Hon. Wm. Gibson, President, in his annual address to the shareholders, when moving the adoption of the published report, said the banks of Canada had passed through a very trying time during the past year, and the excellent statement submitted should be gratifying. What has taken place during the past few months showed the excellence of our banking system as compared with that of our neighbors to the south of us. While complaints had been made that the banks of Canada had treated their customers in a niggardly way, the customers of the Bank of Hamilton had no reason for complaint. Every legitimate customer of this bank, who desired money for legitimate business, was treated fairly and squarely.

This sound policy of liberality to business customers in times of stringency, at the same time refraining from stock market loans and the tying up of large sums in financing speculative enterprises, has done much towards gaining for the Bank of Hamilton its splendid reputation as a business man's bank.

The stock of the Bank of Hamilton is evidently popular with the small, conservative investor, for the number of stockholders has increased from 436 in 1898 to 825 shareholders in 1907.

A study of this year's annual report should give full confidence and satisfaction to depositor, shareholder or customer of this sterling institution.

The Coldwater Planet reports a wedding in which the presents were not numerous and costly. In this case they were costly and numerous. —Orillia Packet.

# Bulloch, Lade & Co's

## Scotch Whisky

Quality—and quality only—has been the means by which this famous brand has attained its present high position in the Canadian market.

For Sale by  
All Leading Wine Merchants.

**The Knight Errant.**

LADY, I know your gaze is bent  
Across a listening continent  
To where your sky-line far and pale  
Expects the lifting of my sail  
Out of the world it shuts from view—  
The sky-line between me and you!

O Lady, Lady of my dreams,  
O'er windy hills and tangled streams  
You watch until my ship shall ride  
The front of the arriving tide;  
You watch until the shore shall feel  
The shock of my expected keel.

You know how tall the plume that I  
Shall shake against the morning sky.  
How bright my sword and lance; you know  
The very road that I must go,  
Whereon my horse's hoofs in fire  
Shall beat the tune of my desire.

So do your eyes expect me still  
To top the summit of the hill;  
So are your ears prepared to note  
My trumpet blown beyond the moat;  
So do your heart and soul await  
My hand in summons at your gate.

Because of this the dawns arise  
For me into enchanted skies,  
And twilight knits a trembling place  
About the shadows of your face,  
And all the hours of darkness are  
Made vast with you as with a star.

And thus for you the dusk is tense  
With music of mine imminence.  
And shifting sands of noon define  
The journey that shall yet be mine,  
And dimly through the starlit air  
Mine eyes confront you unaware.

—London Spectator.

**DR. WILHELM KOEHLER** of Mannheim, Germany, contributes a new anecdote to the recollections of the late King Oscar of Sweden. It goes back more than fifty years, to a time when Oscar, then Crown Prince, was travelling about seeing the world.

One day he boarded a passenger steamer at Marseilles for a trip to North Africa. He was in civilian's dress and unattended. The captain, who did not know who he was, accosted him.

"It seems to me I saw you at the naval review yesterday," he said. "Very likely you did," said Prince Oscar.

"And it seems to me you were wearing an Admiral's uniform."

"I rather think I was."

"You must be a remarkable seaman to have reached that rank at your age; you can't be over 25."

"Oh, a little older than that, but I'm no seaman at all. I wear an admiral's uniform in right of my name."

"Which is—"

"Bernadotte."

"Ah, some relation of the old Marshal?"

"Merely his grandson. I am Prince

Oscar of Sweden, brother of the King."

"Then may be your Highness would like to meet a cousin."

"I shouldn't object. I know there are some, but I have never seen one yet."

The captain stepped to the speaking tube and shouted to the engine room: "Send up Bernadotte."

In a minute or two a grimy stoker, naked to the waist, appeared.

"This is your cousin," said the captain, who was an extreme republican, with a bow in which the irony was only latent.

But if the captain hoped to embarrass or annoy the Prince he was disappointed. Oscar put out his hand and shook his cousin's black hand. He asked him about the relationship; about other cousins near Pau, where the Marshal was born, and about his own life and work. Then he made the other Bernadotte a present worthy of a Prince and took his name and address with a view to future benefits.

Had the Automobile and Supply Company, 24 Temperance street, occupied a less substantial building, there would have been many anxious owners of automobiles in Toronto Tuesday night, when the Dominion School Supply Company, who occupied the store next door, were completely burned out. The Automobile and Supply Company's handsome building was uninjured. Customers who store cars with the company know that the building is thoroughly protected with a sprinkler system; the back of the building is protected by a water curtain, which when turned on floods the lane to the rear of the building. The floors of the building are all water-proof and are so constructed as to carry from four to six inches of water. The rear windows are all protected by iron shutters, and the front with patented wire glass. Customers leaving their machines in the building have little reason to lose sleep on account of fire.

The company had over \$70,000 worth of autos on the ground floor the time of the fire. It is not known what the total value of the machines stored in the building would amount to, as there are five floors filled with automobiles, the greater majority of which are high-class machines, such as are sold by the Company.

The man inspired by the worthy ambition to do something to make the life of Canada pure and strong and wholesome cannot possibly do better than to begin with himself.—Toronto Presbyterian.

'08—Who's that awful frump over there? '09—That, sir, is my mother.

'08—"Er—ah—oh, yes—um. Well—ahem—you just ought to see mine!"

—Harvard Lampoon.

**Cradle, Altar and The Tomb" BIRTHS.**

BURWELL—On Friday, Jan. 17, to Mr. and Mrs. E. V. Burwell, 68 Sussex ave., a son.

MONTGOMERY—At Sudbury, Sunday, Jan. 19, the wife of W. J. Montgomery, manager Bank of Montreal, a son.

AMBROSE—At Hamilton, Jan. 21, the wife of E. H. Ambrose, of a daughter.

AULD—At Dunnville, Jan. 18, to Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Auld, a daughter.

BONIS—At Vienna, Ont., Jan. 18, the wife of H. Bonis, of a daughter.

RUSSELL—At Leamington, Jan. 15, to Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Russell, a son.

MARTIN—At Brantford, Jan. 18, to Rev. W. A. J. and Mrs. Martin, a son.

**MARRIAGES.**

MAGEE-DODS—At Parkdale Presbyterian church, Toronto, on Jan. 20, by Rev. A. L. Geggie, Agnes Dods, to William Weston Magee, of Hamilton.

ROBERTSON - HENDRICK — In New York, on Saturday, Jan. 18, Jane Carlyle Hendrick, daughter of Wm. Jackson Hendrick, of New York, to John Sinclair Robertson, son of J. Ross Robertson, of Toronto.

CLARK-TULLY—At Midland, Jan. 15, Della Beryl Tully, to William Alexander Clark.

HANCOCK-WILSON—At Crumlin, Ont., Jan. 15, Edith May, only daughter of Arthur Wilson, Esq., to John Henry Hancock, barrister-at-law, of Galt.

BOOTH-LOWNDES—In Toronto, Jan. 22, Florence Evelyn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lowndes, to Mr. George Whitehead Booth.

PAUL-WALLACE—At East Orange, N.J., on Jan. 1, Marie, daughter of Albert Bruce Wallace, Esq., of East Orange, to Chas. Crawford Paul, of New York, formerly of Toronto.

**DEATHS.**

BLUTH—At Chatsworth, Jan. 19, George Jackson Bluth, proprietor of the Chatsworth News, in his 63rd year.

ROBERTSON—In Toronto, Jan. 16, Mary Anne Cowling, widow of the late Rev. Dr. Robertson, aged 68 years.

CLARK—At Orangeville, Jan. 20, William Clark, in his 74th year.

HODGENS—At Goderich, Jan. 17, Norah Hovenden, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Hodgens.

ARNOTT—At "Baskerville," Guildford, England, Mrs. Caroline M. Arnott, daughter of the late Hon. Robert Jones, of Montreal.

CULP—In Winnipeg, Jan. 19, Samuel Alexander McArthur Culp, LL. B., barrister, aged 27 years.



## Society at the Capital

OTTAWA has, all the year round, the pleasure of welcoming many strangers within its gates, but this is especially the case during the winter season when the Capital is at its best, and our hostesses are always only too charmed to do their utmost for the entertainment of the many sojourners who thus honor our fair city. Last week we had quite a number of "Uncle Sam's" fair citizens among us, who were the *raisons d'être* of many a bright and merry gathering, but nothing on a very large scale was on the week's social programme.

The Misses Elizabeth and Helen Van Dusen, of New York, who have been spending a fortnight in town, dividing their visit between Lady Fitzpatrick's household and that of her daughter, Mrs. Alex Hill,—and who also paid Miss Marion Lindsay a visit of a few days—were much fettered during that time and all the young people are loth to part with them early in the present week, when it is their intention to return to New York. On Tuesday afternoon three popular young bachelors, Mr. C. E. O'Brien, Mr. Dean Suckling and Mr. Saunders, "tea-ed" the Misses Van Dusen and about thirty or forty of their companions at that cosy and extremely popular rendezvous, Miss Lindsay's tea room in Sparks street. Mrs. Hammett P. Hill, Jr., chaperoned the party and Miss Dorothy White and Miss Ruth Sherwood did duty concerning the tea, coffee, ices, etc. The room, which is most artistically furnished in green mission furniture, and has the daintiest of green china appointments, was further beautified with a wealth of pink carnations and an exquisite pink shade suspended over the centre table. The hour which was reserved for this jolly little gathering went all too quickly.

Mr. D. J. MacDougall was the host on the same evening at a dinner at the Golf Club in honor of the same fair guests, when others present were Miss Claire Oliver, Miss Marion Lindsay, Mr. Fred Hogg, Mr. C. E. O'Brien and Mr. Ainslie Greene.

On Friday afternoon Miss Dorothy White gave a "tealet" in their honor, when a coterie of their more intimate friends enjoyed an interesting chat with the bright young New Yorkers. Mrs. Drummond Hogg also entertained in honor of the Misses Van Dusen at a dinner which eighteen young people thoroughly enjoyed, all going on immediately afterwards to Mrs. Hughson's dance.

Another guest from New York who has been having a good time in the Capital recently is Miss Emily Ayres, who is the guest of Col. and Mrs. H. Allan Bate, in Wilbrod street. On Tuesday the Misses Morna and Claudia Bate gave a very well-arranged and jolly luncheon in her honor, when the table was lovely with pale pink carnations and lilies of the valley. Those invited to meet Miss Ayres were Mrs. Godfrey Greene, Jr., Mrs. Hammett Hill, Jr., Miss Gladys Hanbury Williams, the Misses Van Dusen, Miss Ethel Perley, Miss Cowie, Miss Pansy Mills, Miss Elma Reid, Miss Isobel White, Miss Marjorie Macpherson, Miss Cotton, Miss Lillias Ahearn and Miss Katie Christie.

Two more welcome guests from over the border at present in town are Miss Culver, of New York, and Miss Wilson, of Chicago, both of whom are with Mrs. C. Ward Hughson, who on Thursday evening was the hostess of a large dance given at the Hughson residence in Bronson avenue, thus giving them an opportunity of meeting the *jeunesse doree* of the Capital.

Miss Dorothy Chamberlain, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Chamberlain, of London, England (and niece of Hon. Joseph Chamberlain), who has been visiting in Toronto, came on to the Capital on Tuesday, and is with Mrs. Collingwood Schrieber. On the day following her arrival Mrs. Crombie invited a number of ladies, both married and single, to meet Miss Chamberlain at the tea-hour. Mrs. David Gilmour and Miss Fielding did the honors of the tea table, and about twenty guests were present. Mrs. Schrieber gave a luncheon on Friday for Miss Chamberlain, but unfortunately was unable herself to be present owing to a severe cold which laid her up for a day. Her guests included Mrs. David Gilmour, Mrs. George Chapman, of Dover, England (who with her husband, Capt. Chapman, is spending a month or so with her grandfather, Sir Sandford Fleming), Miss Winifred Gor-

mully, Miss Pauline Lemoine and her guest, Miss Yvonne Bosse, of Quebec, Miss Edith Fielding, Miss Dorothy Fletcher, Miss Marguerite Crombie, the Misses Claire and Anna Oliver, Miss Gladys Carling and her visitor, Miss Parry of Toronto. Mrs. Schrieber entertained, also, at a dinner at the Golf Club on Saturday evening, which evening of each week sees many a jolly and informal little dinner at this attractive rendezvous.

Mrs. Digman, of Toronto, President of the Woman's Art Association, who spent a week in Ottawa, first being the guest of Mrs. J. Lyons Biggar in King Edward avenue, and later visiting Mrs. R. N. Slater at "Broadview," was made the *cause d'être* of several most charming luncheons, one of which on Friday was given by Mrs. Hanbury Williams, when her guests were: Mrs. J. Lyons Biggar, Mrs. John Gilmour, Mrs. Fred Powell, Mrs. Avery, Mrs. Aylwin Creighton, Mrs. Louis Jones, Mrs. E. L. Newcombe and Mrs. H. K. Egan. Another, on Saturday, had Mrs. Biggar as hostess. Mrs. Biggar now has Miss Helen Scott, of Toronto, staying with her, and on Wednesday will make her and Miss Dorothy Chamberlain, the guests of honor of a large tea.

THE CHAPERONE.

Ottawa, Jan. 20, '08.

## The Bible League

Some Pertinent Questions. Why—  
Wrestle With Trifles When Big  
Issues Abound?

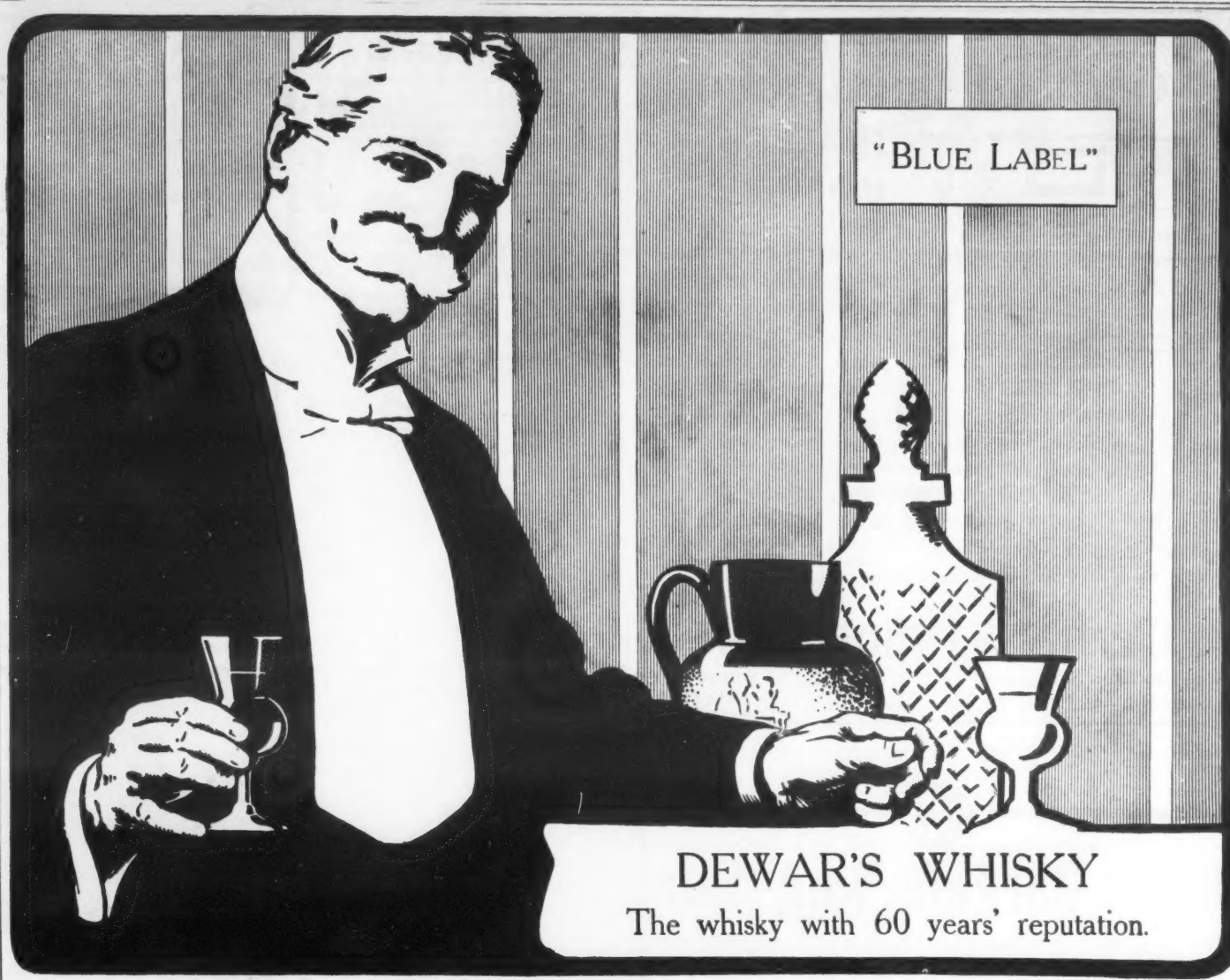
By W. A. Douglas

COMPARISONS may be very odious, but at times they are very instructive. Of all the teachers of religion, Jesus Christ stands out pre-eminently the first and greatest. In a ministry of three years he revolutionized the world. To this accomplishment history furnishes no parallel. He introduced an entirely new style of presenting religious truths, grand in its simplicity and simple in its grandeur,—at once convincing, illuminating and inspiring. For the student who wishes to study the best style of pulpit oratory, there are no better models than the sermons of Christ.

Suppose Jesus Christ were to visit the cities of this continent at the present time, would he call together such meetings as those of the Bible League? Would he devote his time to questions of inspiration, to the theories of German professors and criticisms of the latest teachings of the historical or evolutionary methods? Can we imagine Jesus Christ thus wasting his time? Is it not much more likely that he would denounce and deprecate such meetings as being much out of place under our present conditions? It is very questionable if he were allowed to occupy our fashionable pulpits, and if he did, he might still find use for his whip of cords. It is hardly conceivable that he would spend much time weighing the comparative worth of the higher or the lower criticism, nor would he devote much attention to forms of church government. As to the vast volumes that the student is expected to master, the numerous theories he is expected to study, the great doctrines that the schools have developed, it is hardly likely that he would trouble himself very much. Nor is it likely that he would hold many examinations of the longer or the shorter catechism.

It is exceedingly interesting to enquire how he would have succeeded in revolutionizing the world, if he had been subjected to the depressing influence of some of the theological colleges, so far away from the actualities of practical life, or how he would have succeeded if he had been condemned to spend the energies of his life wrestling with a large mortgage on a small church.

If Christ came would not his first question likely be: Where is that kingdom of equity, of justice and brotherhood that I came to establish? Would he not be much more concerned about the inequities that doom the child to the factory, the mother to the machine and the father to a life of unrequited toil, than the would about the theories of evolution, the doctrines of inspiration and the researches of the higher criticism? Is it not altogether certain that he would display much more zeal in the search for inequity than he would for heresy? If he were to ascend some lofty height, behold the city as he did in former times, would he not have just as much cause to weep as he did over the city of Jerusalem? It is true He would see gorgeous temples of worship, with all their wealth of ornament, their beauty of architecture, but at the same time, would He not see the abomination of the slums, rendered all the more conspicuous by the contrast with the splendor of the palaces of the rich. He would have no difficulty in seeing the



"BLUE LABEL"

DEWAR'S WHISKY

The whisky with 60 years' reputation.

J. M. Douglas & Co. (Established 1857) Montreal, Agents

rich man with his sumptuous surroundings, asking no question why Lazarus is still lying at the gate.

Jesus Christ did not trouble his hearers so much about the inspiration of truth into the Bible as He focused all His powers of wealth of illustration and parable in the effort to convey inspiration into the hearts of His hearers. The inspiration into the book is not of the smallest value, unless it is followed by the inspiration of an enthusiastic love of righteousness into the soul of the man.

There can be no question as to the place where Christ laid the emphasis of His teaching. First, before great cathedrals, before great century or other funds, before speculative philosophies, first, he reconciled to thy brother. He did not say: Blessed are ye, when ye are post-graduates, nor did he distinguish John and James with the title of D.D. We cannot conceive of Christ stooping to these puerilities. No, when He looked on the graduates in His school He gave the sublimest of titles: Blessed are the peacemakers. Blessed are those that hunger and thirst after righteousness; Blessed are ye when ye are persecuted for righteousness sake. These were His titles of graduation into the trust of true nobility. To a world striving with unwonted ardor to gain the pinnacle of wealth, He proclaimed the true doctrine: Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you. Seek first the equitable division of wealth, and then we shall have the proper abundance of wealth. Everywhere in His teaching stands out in monumental prominence, the ethical first, before all other considerations. He does not waste much time hurling anathemas against heretics and infidels; but He does again and again denounce the observance of the church formularies and the crime of offending the least of these little ones. And to-day we have the little ones, not born into the world; but damned into the world among the pestiferousness of the beggars' alleys and the slums. God provides; man divides. The provision is a royal banquet. The division is the blunder of blunders, setting at naught, the essential teachings of the religion we profess to reverence.

In the series of meetings, organized with much éclat and extensive advertising, so far as the programme is concerned, there was not the slightest hint that the ethical teachings of Christ would have any consideration. Was the first question, How shall we be an honest people? How can we render to every man his due? How can we remove the hostility between the employers' association and the employees' union? How can we become the peacemakers between these hostile forces? How can we reconcile our brethren? These questions were most conspicuous by their absence. These meetings were evidently organized to discuss the very things which Jesus would have avoided and neglected, the very question He would have considered.

There is an exceedingly important

aspect to this question. This conference is an indication of the kind of thought to which our ministry and our theological colleges are devoting their attention, emphasizing the secondary and unimportant while the all important is passed by on the other side. It is not difficult to arouse interest in our churches in questions of trifling importance, or to arouse zeal for the raising of funds without asking where they come from. But suppose an effort were made to ask the church to consider how we can enthrone the law of righteousness, the equities of brotherhood, the proper division of the gifts of God to his children, the equitable method of adjusting taxation, the man who would have the temerity to do this in our wealthiest churches would soon find himself in the midst of the frigid zone.

Toronto, Jan. 21, '08.

## All That I Know of Love.

ALL that I know of love I see  
In eyes that never look at me,  
All that I know of love I guess  
But from another's happiness.  
A beggar at the window I,  
Who, famished, looks on revelry;  
A slave who lifts his torch to guide  
The happy bridegroom to his bride.

My granddam told me once of one  
Whom all her village spat upon,  
Seeing the Church from out its  
breast  
Had cast him cursed and uncon-  
fessed.

An outcast he, who dared not take  
That wafer that God's vicars break.  
But, dull-eyed, watched his neigh-  
bors pass  
With shining faces from the mass.

Oh, thou, my brother, take my hand,  
More than one god hath blessed and  
banned,  
And hidden from man's anguished  
glance  
The glory of his countenance.

All that I know of love I see  
In eyes that never look at me;  
All that I know of love I guess  
But from another's happiness.  
—Theodosia Garrison in Harper's  
Weekly.

There has just been sold in Paris a collection of some fourscore paintings and drawings belonging to M. Alfred Robaut, the friend of Corot, who, with M. Moreau-Nelaton, compiled the invaluable work on the paintings of the French master. From the catalogue of the sale, it is apparent that the owner of this collection enjoyed some rare opportunities. With the works of Corot and Delacroix he was especially fortunate. One picture by the former, "The Belfry of Douai," has a notable personal significance.

In 1871, during the Commune, the painter was staying for a time with M. Robaut, at Douai. He was then in his seventy-fifth year, but still possessed all the gaiety of spirit of which his biographers have had so much to say. He labored over this picture with great care, giving twenty

## TO THE PUBLIC

Announcement is made of the opening of an Optical and Kodak Establishment at 131 Yonge Street, Toronto, by Joseph C. Williams, Prescription Optician.

Mr. Williams' years of select experience with the leading optical house of New York, and his position of recent years as manager of Ryrie Brothers' Optical Department, Toronto, are suggestive of the kind of service to be had at his present quarters.

Numerous styles of glasses offered are exclusive designs. All lenses and mountings made by him are of the very best quality. Mr. Williams enjoys the distinction of being the first optician in Canada to successfully grind the celebrated "Kryptok" Invisible Bifocal Lenses, and has acquired patents and exclusive rights to manufacture these lenses for the Dominion.

Mr. Williams says: "You may trust the care of your glasses here with confidence. The pleasure of serving you is most respectfully solicited."

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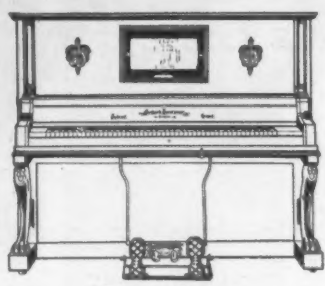
"seances" to its completion and then, as a further expression of interest, he introduced his own portrait into the scene. He painted himself in the blue blouse he wore when at work, standing in talk with a woman placed in the foreground. It is a tiny figure, but the author of the preface to M.

Robaut's catalogue states that the resemblance is exact, giving a perfect idea of the old painter.

"This is a warm doughnut: step on it," drawled Robbie. "No," corrected his teacher. This is a worm; do not step on it."—Lippincott's Magazine.



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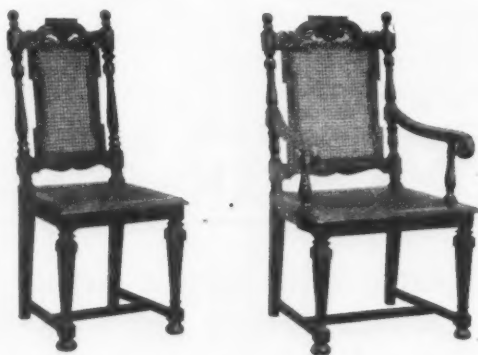
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There still remains seven days of opportunity to buy furniture of the highest class at from **15 to 50** per cent. below regular prices.

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Greek may be growing less and less in the educational institutions of New York City, but it is certainly appearing more and more on signs. The letters made familiar in early college days are springing up on all sides, and tell principally of fruit, candies, shoemaking, tailor shops and restaurants.

"Your son joined a college fraternity, didn't he?" "No, it was tripping at the top of five flights of stairs that laid him up that way."—Puck.

## Irish Anarchy

A Correspondent Reviews the Question of Agrarian Grievances in Ireland, and Expresses His Views Regarding the Cause and the Outcome of Irish Turbulence and Discontent.

*Editor Saturday Night:* Though The Mail and Empire often dilates on this prolific theme, it never presents the conditions in such a way as to enable an independent mind to form a fair conclusion.

To denounce lawlessness is easy; but there have been times in the history of the world when lawlessness has not only been justifiable, but absolutely necessary. The people of Great Britain shook off the fetters of feudalism, and broke what was even more degrading—the tyranny of masters, mine-owners, manufacturers and capitalists who turned their workmen into slaves—by revolts, rebellions, and refusals to recognize law which sanctioned such iniquities.

The people triumphed, and we applaud their action, though at the time denunciation as fierce as that which now assails the Irish agrarian agitators fell from the inspired oracles of the daily press. Similar conditions preceded, accompanied and followed the Reform Acts, which are the charters of the political liberty of the people of the British Isles.

For fifty years Great Britain flourished under a fiscal system which followed the abrogation of the Corn Laws; but even that was not inaugurated without the aid of riots and turbulence of the most disastrous character. These continued spasmodically for years against the forces of the Crown until the menace of their becoming the regular order of life, forced that fiscal transformation which has ever since been glorified by all sections of the press and by all shades of politicians. Yet the press of the day of Sir Robert Peel faithfully manned the reactionary guns, denounced the people and their lawlessness, and insisted upon the suppression of their opinion which they could then express only in one way—by organized disorder.

All political parties—Conservatives, Liberals, Radicals, and Unionists—in Great Britain to-day contend with each other as to which had the greatest part in ameliorating the agrarian grievances of Ireland. The Liberals originated dual ownership. The Conservatives and Unionists largely effected the removal of landlordism by means of state-aided purchase. The transformation which all now applaud was effected or rendered inevitable by combinations amongst the tenantry of Ireland. These combinations were at first only against an intolerable system—the oppressed against the oppressor; but the governments of both Liberals and Conservatives interposed to suppress the combinations and perpetuate the system. By this act the feud was elevated into a national disorder bordering on insurrection, and Ireland, as a nation, has had to bear the obloquy.

Still Truth and Justice are ever stronger than Law, and Truth and Justice prevailed. The excesses to which the occupiers were driven never ceased until the abolition of their originating cause was entered upon. In the conflict, however, many had been sacrificed. Large tracts of land were swept of their tenant-occupiers, who were driven to the roadside, and their dwellings, which had been erected by them and their fathers, burned before their eyes. The military forces of the Sovereign were employed in this vandalism.

These tracts, which were never again occupied by agricultural tenants, form the battle ground around which strife is now raging. For many a year they lay idle wastes while their former occupiers passed away—some into the position of hired farm workers, some into the towns and cities as laborers, some into exile, and some into death. They were the heroes and martyrs of the now triumphant cause of landlord abolition.

The landlords would not sell the desolated tracts, or restore to the sacrificed tenantry the *status quo ante bellum*; and gradually, under the tutelage and tact of the Boycotts and Clanrickards, they became grazing ranches on terms that excluded the provisions of the Land Acts. The graziers are city butchers and large cattle dealers who supply the British market. They have no interest in the soil.

The legislation which has virtually abolished landlordism has itself affirmed the truth that the original occupiers of these tracts were unrighteously driven from them. Why then should these remnants of an accursed system be allowed to exist as festering sores in the hearts of the people; or why should they fall a spoil to vanquished landlordism?

Long ago the British Government who used the forces of the Crown to

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consummate a work as cruel, as ruthless, and as barbarous as the annals of any country reveal, should not only have restored the victims, but have compensated them, as they have compensated the rebellious Boers, by a treasury grant to ameliorate the wrong and restore the devastated homes. Had they done so—and they have often promised to do it—to-day Ireland would not be engaged in agrarian strife; and the sickening spectacle would not be witnessed of a powerful government devising and enforcing extraordinary and repressive laws as a fiasco-pretense to the abolition of the very wrongs which directly produce, or render necessary, those laws.

We would also be spared the deplorable spectacle of landlord judges, still animated with hate, turning the bench of Irish justice into a political brawling shop in their incitement to the law officers of the crown to prosecute, and in their own quest for the real instigators of the present turbulence. If the real instigators are wanted, let search be made not among the agricultural people, nor among the politicians of Ireland, but among the occupants of the treasury bench in the British Parliaments of the past twenty years, where men will be found who have frequently promised to restore the evicted tenants, and to abolish the last vestige of accursed landlordism from Ireland. These are the culprits.

Their promises kept the people expectant until patience exhausted itself; and if the methods which won the forefront of the agrarian war are again adopted to round up the people who are now driven to them; and we can as little doubt of, or wonder at, their ultimate triumph.

Yours obediently,  
BRAM THOMPSON.  
Toronto, January 8, 1908.

When Eleonora Duse went to see De Maupassant's mother, the latter said to the actress at parting, as she held her hand: "My dear, you have youth, beauty, genius. What can I wish you? You already possess everything that a woman covets most in a public career." "Rest, madam, rest," said the great actress.

Greek architecture will be the subject of a lecture at the University. The curious thing about the Greeks was that they did not always apply their ideas of simplicity and beauty. Look at Greek verbs, for instance. No one but a genius like Prof. Hutton can get the strangle-hold on them.

—Toronto News.

### The Peaceable Race

"W HO says that the Irish are fighters be birth?"  
Says little Dan Crone.  
"Faix, there's not a more peaceable race on th' earth."

If ye l'ave 'em alone.  
"Tim O'Toole? Well, I grant ye now, there is a lad

That's beset wid the curse o' pug-nacity bad.

But he's jisht th' ixception that's provin' the rule;

An' what else could ye ask from a lad like O'Toole?

Shure, he's sich a big mountain o' muscle and bone,

Sizin' up to the heft o' some seventeen stone,

That he fair aggravates iv'ry other would buck

To be wishful to hand him a couple for luck.

An' to prove that there's others as clever as him,

Now, I ask ye, suppose ye was husky as Tim,

Don't ye think 'twould be right ye should take a delight

In definin' yer title an' testin' yer might?"

Says little Dan Crone.

"Is it me? Arrah! now it is jokin' ye are.

But I bid ye be careful an' not go too far,

Shure, it's true I'm no more nor the height o' yer waist,

But there's many a bigger has sampled a taste

O' the knuckles that's bunched in this little ould fist.

Where's the dog wouldn't fight whin his tail gets a twist?

Do I hunt fur the trouble? Mayhap, now, it's thrue

Upon certain occasions that's jisht what I do.

Shure, how else would they know—I'm that stunted an' small—

I'd the heart of a man in me body at all?"

Says little Dan Crone.

"Well, thin, keep yer opinion. 'Tis little it's worth."

Says little Dan Crone.

"Faix, we're jisht the most peaceable race on th' earth."

If ye l'ave us alone."

—T. A. Daly in Catholic Standard and Times.

The London correspondent of the New York Sun says: English dealers in antiques and old furniture are smiling at the way one of their fraternity has just outwitted an Ameri-

can customer and the American is veighing against the English habit of putting off till to-morrow what you can get to-day, which he has acquired from long residence here and which has made him lose an excellent bargain. The American is Mr. Jimmy Van Alen, and the story of his misplaced confidence in human nature is this:

Mr. Van Alen is completing the re-fitting of Rushton Hall, his estate in Northamptonshire, and to carry out his scheme of decoration it is necessary to obtain early English mantelpieces strictly in accordance with the old ceilings, which are already in position. The other day he ascertained that in an old, delapidated mansion in Battersea were a pair of mantels which exactly matched his ceilings, so he decided to secure them, but being perfectly sure of his purchase he neglected entering into final negotiations.

Now Americans don't prowl around Battersea without causing some slight stir and news of this visit reached the ears of a West End dealer. He also made a pilgrimage to Battersea and promptly secured the mantels for about \$25.

When Mr. Van Alen decided to carry off the mantelpieces to grace Rushton Hall he learned that they were to be purchased at this particular dealer's establishment and that their price had gone up thousands of dollars. Now his American astuteness, which resents such an experience, is battling with his artistic sense, which tells him that those mantels are necessary to complete the beauty and harmony of his home.

"We are going to put all the grafters in jail," declared the prosecutor. "But why are you so slow?" "Say, you wouldn't deny us the pleasure of anticipation, would you?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

"Yes," said the Rev. Mr. Goody, "I opposed the contemplated prize drawing for our building fund. I can't connive at any form of lottery." "Except a marriage in the church," suggested the crusty bachelor.—Philadelphia Press.

"So you enjoyed Venice?" said the traveller. "Yes," answered Mr. Cumrox. "It was kind of pleasant, for a change, to be robbed by a gondolier instead of a hack driver."—Washington Star.

The Professor—I want you children to go to my lecture to-night. Robert—Couldn't you whip us instead, just this once, papa?—Life.